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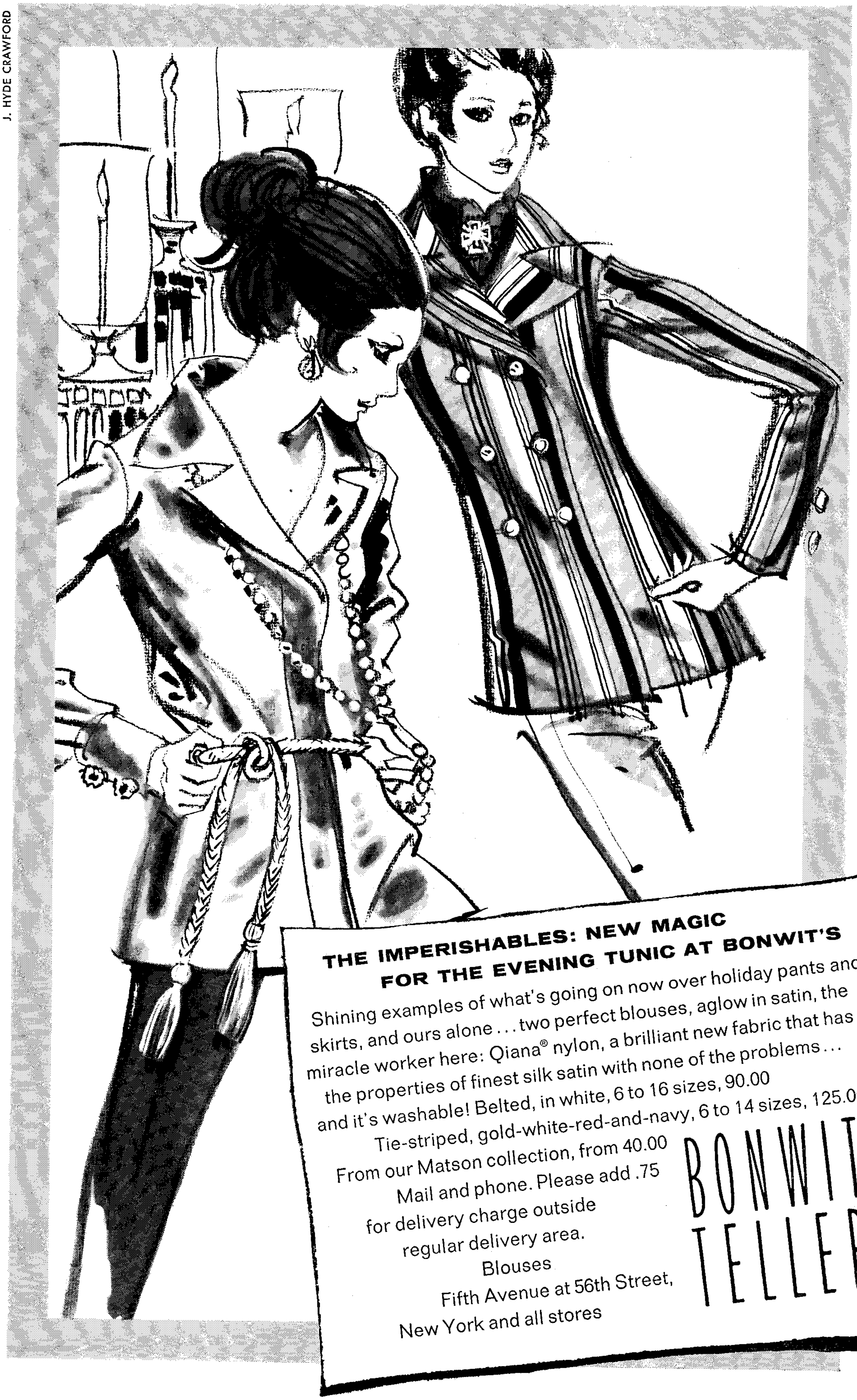

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TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—except that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, Helen Hayes, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Henry V—The production of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre of Stratford, Conn. Len Cariou heads the cast, under the direction of Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 22.)

Indians—Stacy Keach plays Buffalo Bill in this rousing phantasmagorical account, by Arthur Kopit, of the white man's centuries-long betrayal of the Indian. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Local Stigmatic—A disagreeable but promising first play, by Heathcote Williams, about a pair of vicious Cockney homosexuals who mug and mutilate an actor; Al Pacino appears as the more vicious of the Cockneys. It is preceded by seven funny, mysterious, and extremely bracing sketches by Harold Pinter. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mercy Street—Marian Seldes and William Prince in a play by Anne Sexton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Friday, Nov. 21.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Patriot for Me—A rather lackadaisical history lesson from John Osborne, who is not very good at history. With Maximilian Schell, Dennis King, and Salome Jens. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Polish Laboratory Theatre—The final two productions in a six-week engagement of three avant-garde plays, directed by Jerzy Grotowski. Wyspianski's ACROPOLIS will be performed through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . APOCALYPSIS CUM FIGURIS, a dramatization of quotes from T. S. Eliot, Dostoevsky, and other sources, will open Tuesday, Nov. 18, and will run through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Nightly, except Sunday and Monday, Nov. 16-17, at 9; opening-night curtain at 8:30. This notice is primarily for the record; tickets are virtually nonexistent.)

The Reckoning—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

A Scent of Flowers—A fantasy in which the heroine is a girl recently dead by her own hand. Katharine Houghton is delightful in the part, and she gets strong support from John Glover, Jeremiah Sullivan, and Roderick Cook. James Saunders wrote the play, and Brian Murray directed it. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three Men on a Horse—A marvellous revival of the nineteen-thirties farce by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. The admirable cast includes Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, Dorothy Loudon, Paul Ford, Rosemary Prinz, and

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 51
"ONE OF MY GENERATION" . . . . . *John Updike* 57
"HOW IT TURNS OUT" . . . . . *Gilbert Rogin* 59
"FIVE POEMS" . . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 62
ANNALS OF POLITICS (THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE—II) . . . . *Richard Harris* 64
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 163
OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 164
U. S. JOURNAL: LOWER BUCKS COUNTY, PA. . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 169
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 177
FOOTBALL . . . . . *J. W. L.* 182
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . *Andy Logan* 184
THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 191
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . . *Lois Long* 195
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . . *Genêt* 200
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 211
BOOKS . . . . . *George Steiner* 217
BRIEFLY NOTED 236

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Alan Dunn, Ronald Searle, Warren Miller, Dana Fradon, William Steig, Al Ross, Stan Hunt, Lee Lorenz, F. B. Modell, Joseph Mirachi, George Price, Carl Rose, Charles Saxon, Richard Oldden, Robert Minter, Mischa Richter, William O'Brian*

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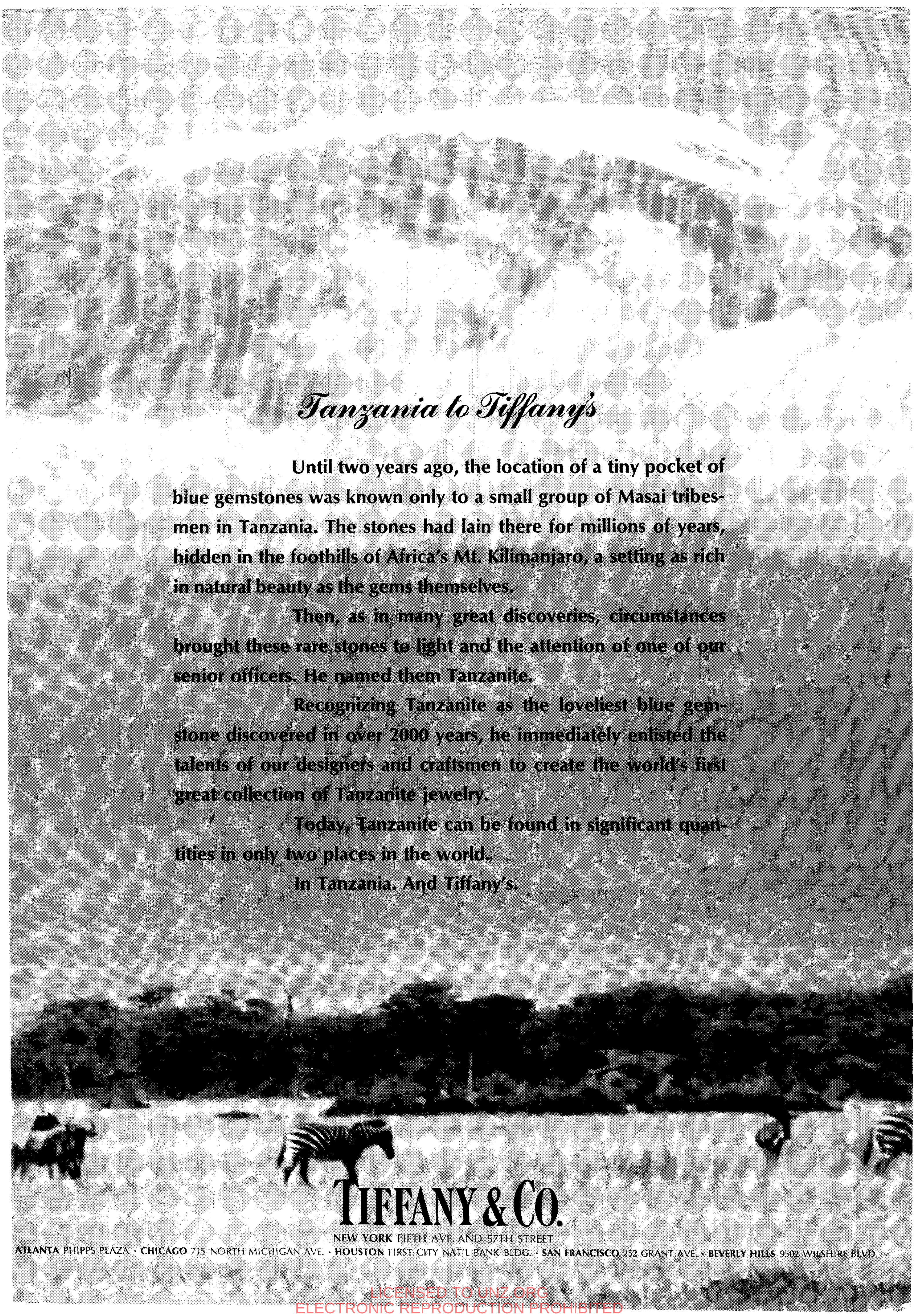

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leon Janney. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. *Nightly, except* Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—William Saroyan's romantic comedy about low life in San Francisco is thirty years old and, alas, seems older. Nevertheless, the cast is able and the set a miracle of dusty aptness, so the evening is far from being a waste. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE TREES DIE STANDING—This comedy is the first entry in Ida Kaminska's proposed Yiddish repertory season. The play is rather foolish, and the simultaneous translation available over transistor radio is rather deadening, but Miss Kaminska, as a kind of foxy grandma, is a total delight. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays—except Nov. 15—at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ADAPTATION and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Julie Harris and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** A huge cast, headed by Yaphet Kotto, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HADRIAN VII:** A play by Peter Luke, based largely on Frederick Rolfe's novel of the same name. Barry Morse plays the paranoid hero. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 15.)... **LITTLE MURDERS:** A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK:** A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

JIMMY—Not a humdrum musical comedy for the reason that there is literally nothing to hum. Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson are valiant in vain. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW MUSIC HALL OF ISRAEL—Vaudeville turns out of the nineteen-twenties, by gifted young Israelis who, bless their souls, seem to have no idea they didn't invent them. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

RONDELAY—A foolish and tedious musical adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's "La Ronde." (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

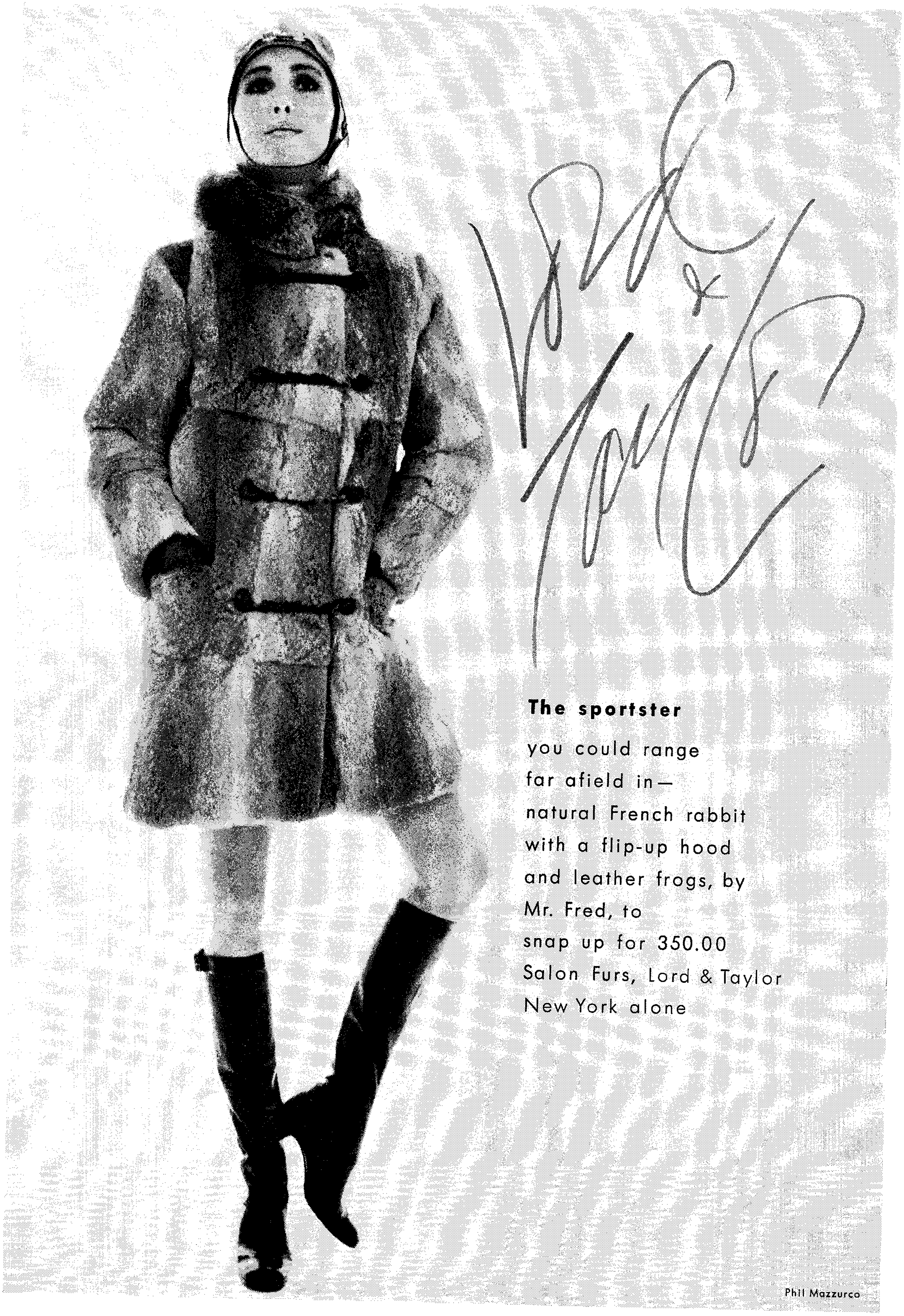
1776—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:**—You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you, Buck Mulligan said. I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you... (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Claudio Brook plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

HARKNESS BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Canto Indio," "A Season in Hell," and "La Favorita."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: "Time Out of Mind," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "After Eden," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Madrigalesco," "Feast of Ashes," "Le Diable à Quatre," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: "La Favorita," "A Season in Hell," "Canto Indio," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Monday, Nov. 17, at 8:30: "Night Song," "L'Absence," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." ... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30: "La Favorita," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 15—Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:15: "Symphony in C" and "Dances at a Gathering." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 242-9050.) ... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:15: "Ivesiana," "Tarantella," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:15, and Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:15: "Episodes,"



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Pas de Deux," "Irish Fantasy," and "La Sonnambula." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a one-and-a-half-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 30—Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30: "Dance for Six," "Masekela Langage" (New York première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2:30: "Quintet," "Revelations," and two works to be announced. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30: "Quintet," "Panambi" (New York première), "Poème" (New York première), and "Revelations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

The Heyday of Rodgers and Hart—A benefit program, with Peggy Lee, Marian Mercer, Constance Tower, Andy Williams, Jerry Orbach, Ray Bolger, Benny Goodman, Bobby Short, Cy Coleman, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. A British group known as the Scaffold will play until Friday, Nov. 21, when singer Tom Paxton will turn up. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

La Bohème, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—A misnamed box whose mainspring is its music (the rest is *comme ci, comme ça*). Singer Anita O'Day shares the bill with the Lee Konitz quartet and the Dave Frishberg trio. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. The Ross Tompkins trio plays six nights a week. On Fridays and Saturdays, singer Chris Connor is also here. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, rather depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—usually played by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, George Reed, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

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Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Art Farmer quintet. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, things will be handed over to Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370): A bar like the ones that used to front on 52nd St. in proliferation during the Jazz Era, with—in a sort of window box—a band dedicated with conviction to Dixie. Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Graham Stewart, and even venerable Freddie Moore are concerned. The cast may change now and then, but the sound will not. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. The David Amram-George Barrows quartet takes turns with the pianist Joel Shulman. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Esther Marrow, who has soul and then some, is one of those rare, totally real performers who come along *all* too seldom. She sings nightly (accompanied by the Kenny Barron trio), trading sets with Charlie Mariano's quartet. Mondays are reserved for the big and often original sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele look satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Heritage plays for dancing until Tuesday, Nov. 18, when Ambergris takes over. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Oh! Cairo! Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Between record sets, some Spanish boys and girls known as the Zaras entertain. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Nite Train does. On Monday, Nov. 17, Max will arrive. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "In the Year 2525," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Everybody else got into the act at one time and another; now it is the turn of Billy Reed, a man of more experience, to revive the venerable fun-and-gamesmanship club, and we will see what we will see; Horace Diaz is in charge of the dance tunes, which have already enjoyed a revival. The music starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The household words here, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): No great shakes, such as rocking, rolling, and strangleholding, are permitted by the management, which prefers such old-fashioned virtues as the two-step. The nourishment is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and a pretty good one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He does two turns an evening (nine-thirty and midnight), and every evening.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Now that there is no Met, no Isolde, Felicia Sanders must be relied upon for our super-songs of passion, and here she is—Mondays at eleven, then at ten and twelve up to Saturday, when she begins at nine-thirty and ends at one. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-

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The first great perfume born in America.
Perfume. Spray Perfume. Cologne. Spray Cologne.
(And matching new perfumed bath accessories.)

9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play instruments (well, a Persian dumbek) that don't grow on trees, or do they? The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

The Twelve Steps, 44 W. 54th St. (JU 2-2348)—A mere slip of a place, in which a rock operetta (the not at all overbearing group called A More Perfect Union does the music) anthologizes city life in an Edgar Lee Masters' sort of way, with a "Pins and Needles" point of view. All hands are young, extremely earnest, and deserving. Tee-off times are nine and eleven, Wednesday through Saturday. Eats.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The new local revue, "Weigh-In, Way-Out," is not altogether pleased with some aspects of the current edition of civilization, and says so. Diatribes twice a night, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Engelbert Humperdinck, the rousing singer of the dinner and supper pastimes in the Royal Box, does not opt for Welsh independence from American mountain music, but he does devote most of his true men-of-Harlech voice to many more worthy enterprises; as for the humorist of the occasion, everyone is apt to be caught napping during his recital. In between all this, there is music by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an army perfect at minding its p's and cues. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, a fine set of sentimental gentlemen, come driving across the plains from Barcelona, which simply has to be a Fun City whenever their song-and-prance act is in residence there. They, and their accompanying ballerinas, do their specialties every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Antonio Arenas) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—A couple of things (Jack Jones on his own tenor, making the songs of the day flourish, and Adam Keefe on a wild tear through a flock of merry-indeed impersonations) must come to an end on Wednesday, Nov. 12. Next evening, along come the songs of Jimmy Roselli, if anyone really cares. Open every night; no waiting. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where many knowing worlds meet, the Pacesetters start in on their Nevada-desert airs at ten. When they cease, nobody knows.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The threesome of Marian McPartland, part retrospect, part introspect, part easy-rolling jazz, alternates with the newly created band known as the Seven Shades of Jazz. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—It really is true that Julius La Rosa, the old whoop-and-a-holler man, is the singer during dinner and supper in the Persian Room, which, come to think of it, is *grande-dame* enough to be permitted its little jest now and then. Unperturbed by the rumble, Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's play on and on. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ:** Cannonball Adderley's quintet, which puts out a hardy brand of sound, departs on Sunday, Nov. 16; on Tuesday, Nov. 18, Lionel Hampton's band of showmen moves in. The music these groups produce is for meditation, not gymnastics. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio, which is staying on, will continue chipping in with music for further listening and music for footwork. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

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Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Peter Nero, whose piano can stray a fair distance from the jazz it was brought up on, is making waves (sound ones) that break twice a night, during dinner and supper, on this Costa Brava. Dance music as early as seven, and curfew as late as two. Mr. N. retires on Saturday, Nov. 15; on Monday, Nov. 17, the Sandpipers, whose pipings are pop, take over. Closed Sundays.

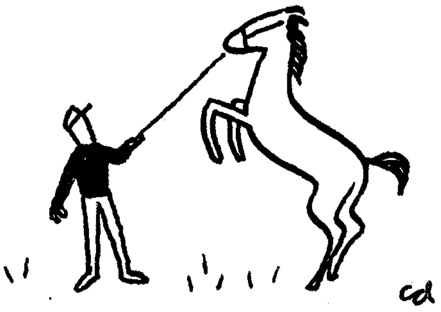
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a new band led by Hal Turner) except when, amid dinner and supper, someone starts singing. The current someone, Marilyn Maye, will be replaced, on Thursday, Nov. 13, by Leon Bibb, whose voice is a truly solid-state baritone. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room gets rather special when, in the course of dinner and supper (and late, late supper, too, on Saturdays), Johnny Mathis sings in his sometimes withdrawn way, which adds an Irish-minstrel note of sorrow to his songs. He takes his leave on Saturday, Nov. 15; on Monday, Nov. 17, at ten (and only then) Petula Clark, Mr. Chips' favorite girl (his good taste is shared by many) will be singing. Thenceforward, she will be a dinner and supper item. Lots of dance music, some of it hot and some of it rather heavy. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

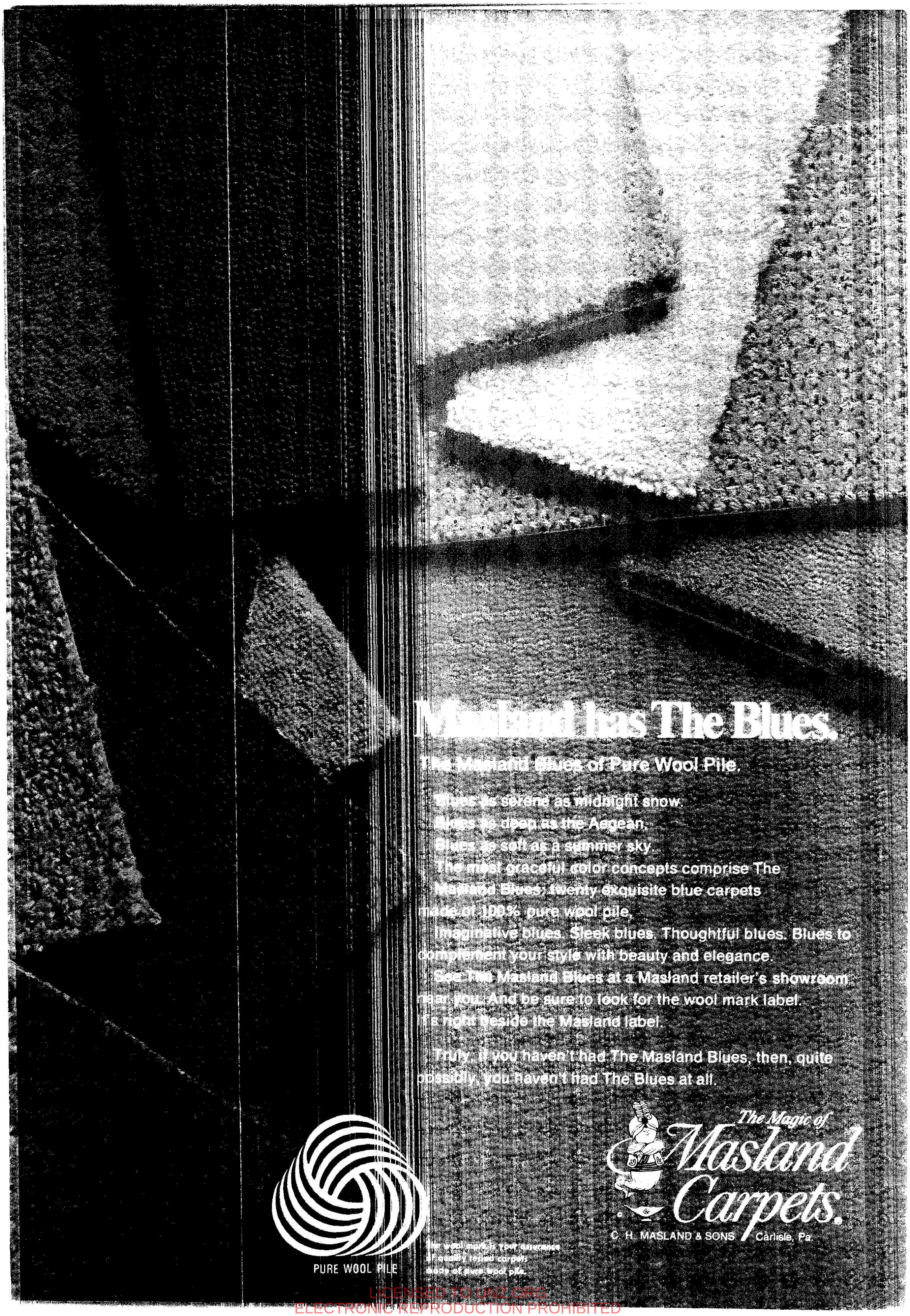
GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This little star, so long a part of our firmament, shines more brightly now that it is soon to disappear forever. Until it does, Wayne Sanders and Otis Clements will keep the two pianos properly stoked. Eight, or not long after, until quite well along. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eat, drink, and be merry, for not until morning does Bobby Short cease and desist from his labor of songs of love (requited, benighted, delighted). Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are, as always, his devoted sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning; he is off duty Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The piano in the bar is the property of Lynn Richards, a girl whose lyrics indicate that she knows her way around New York. Nine to two is her stint, and she has Sundays to herself. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Muriel Roberts represses only part of her jazz instinct as she addresses her piano and her lyrics from five-thirty until nine-thirty Tuesday through Friday and from seven to nine-thirty Saturday; Scott Reed, who plays and sings from nine-thirty until three, runs from Tuesday through Saturday.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): An evening's leisurely journey from Vienna to Schönbrunn, conducted by George Feyer's piano. The journey takes from eight-thirty until one. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band, Elemer Horvath's, that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): This year's venue for Bob Kail's piano is the Bombay Bicycle Bar, where, except on Sundays, he is in play from five-thirty until twelve-thirty. . . . **GOTHAM RES-**



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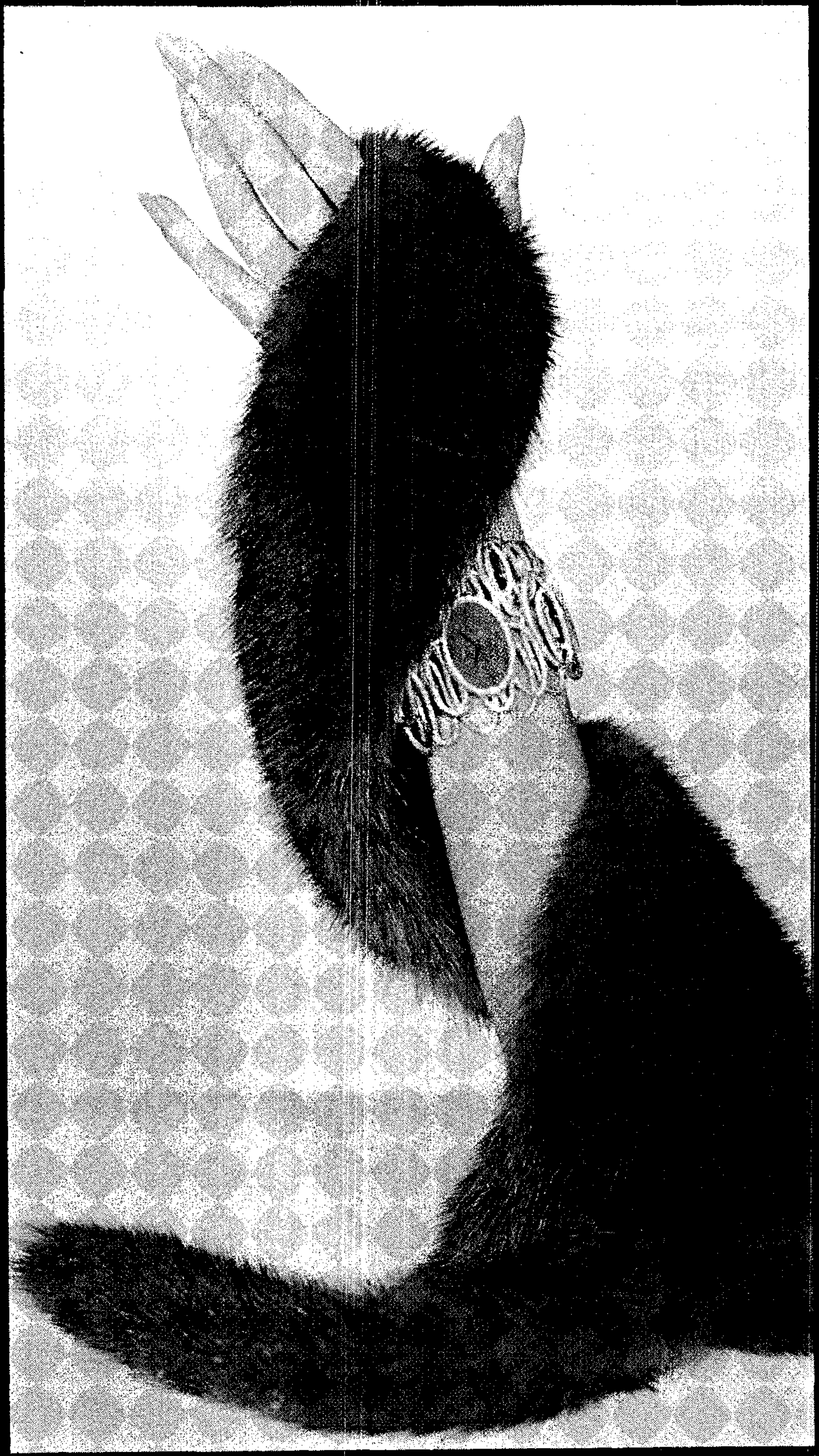

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TAURANT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, once upon a time the entire population of Bermuda, are making just-plain-folks music and commentary for their off-island constituency during the Sunday and Monday dinner hours—six to ten.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Karel Appel—A veteran of Abstract Expressionism and Pop has turned to paintings and sculptures with fantastic motifs; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Paintings that incorporate words; through Nov. 27. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peggy Bacon—Realistic works, often satirical, of people and cats in Maine; through Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Color-area paintings; through Thursday, Nov. 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Battenberg—Life-size plastic sculptures based on the Hell's Angels; through Nov. 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings done in the United States from 1947 to 1950 by an important German Symbolist; through Dec. 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur Biehl—Realistic landscapes and interiors; starting Tuesday, Nov. 18. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Thirty-six watercolors, oil temperas, and brush drawings by the well-known artist of tiny paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Luminous abstractions by a painter who is also a sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Alexander Brook—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes from 1923 to the present; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Bryon Burford—Figurative mixed-medium compositions, including silk screen; through Nov. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christo—Scale models, collages, drawings, and photographs of this artist's packaging of a portion of the Australian coast; through Nov. 28. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Corot—A benefit show of eighty paintings selected from all periods of the master's career; through Dec. 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Robert Craner—The first one-man show of this artist's well-handled conventional paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Sonia Delaunay—Forty small Orphic compositions; through Nov. 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Abstract paintings suggestive of landscapes; through Nov. 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Landscapes, tables, trees, and figures assembled from multiple sculptural units in black and white; through Dec. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Farr—Bronze horses and riders; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Ferren—Emblematic paintings by a veteran colorist; through Dec. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—New color-area paintings; starting Saturday, Nov. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Giobbi—Oils and collages; through Nov. 29. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joel Goldblatt—Realistic paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Gottlieb—Contemporary New York scenes by an artist well known in the thirties; starting Monday, Nov. 17. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

Hans Haacke—This artist devotes himself to systems—hydraulic, formicarian, political, and so on—and celebrates them with his own devices; through Nov. 20. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Held, Jr.—Drawings, prints, watercolors, photographs, and bronzes representing the flapper and other figures of "the roaring twenties;" through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Horst Egon Kalinowski—Leather wall sculptures; starting Tuesday, Nov. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky—Fifty paintings from his Parisian period in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Fifty-six oils, drawings, and works on paper in gouache and watercolor, done from 1913 to 1940; through Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Koerner—Paintings and drawings by an artist known for cover portraits on news magazines; through Nov. 26. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Gary Kuehn—Abstract sculptures in wood and fibre glass; through Nov. 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Laning—Scenes of American life; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract Plexiglas constructions; through Nov. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Linda Lindeberg—Pen-and-ink landscapes and figures by an artist who studied with Hans Hofmann; through Nov. 26. (Moss, 140 W 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louisa Mattiasdottir—Realistic still-lifes, landscapes, figures, and portraits; starting Saturday, Nov. 15. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Quiet low-keyed landscapes by an artist frequently seen in Afro-American exhibitions; through Nov. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claude Monet—A benefit show of forty-five paintings covering a sixty-year span; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Legh Myers—Abstract marble sculptures; through Nov. 25. (Chapman, 922 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6.)

Harry Nadler—Paintings that reproduce Ingres; through Nov. 26. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jules Olitski—Spray paintings; through Dec. 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—More of this artist's panels and sculptures of assembled exotic materials; through Nov. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings, assemblages, and pastels by a Canadian Abstract Expressionist who lives in Paris; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Rose—Paintings and drawings by an artist who has long specialized in Bronx rooftops; starting Tuesday, Nov. 18. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Peter Saul—Pop-related paintings that fiercely attack current political situations; through Nov. 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Oskar Schlemmer (1888-1943)—More than a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures constituting a first retrospective in the United States of an artist who taught at the Bauhaus along with Klee, Kandinsky, and Gropius; through Nov. 26. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Works in several mediums by America's leading social realist; through Nov. 29. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Nov. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Soto—Optical paintings by a leading Latin-American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—Twenty-eight paintings by this artist, who is infrequently shown in New York; through Dec. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Saul Steinberg—Two exhibitions of drawings, some made with rubber stamps; through Nov. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—More shaped canvases; starting Tuesday, Nov. 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Steven Urry—Large looping aluminum shapes by a Chicago artist; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Arline Wingate—Sculptures representing letters of the Hebrew alphabet; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Outdoor sculptures in painted steel; through Nov. 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Four large geometric constructions in transparent colored plastic; through Dec. 20. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

Group Shows—At the ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.: A hundred twentieth-century American paintings, by Avery, Eilshemius, Homer, Hopper, O'Keeffe, Prendergast, and others; through Nov. 29. . . . ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK, 41 E. 65th St.: An exhibition, organized by Les Levine, lampooning art establishment taste by exhibiting the participants' "worst work;" through Friday, Nov. 21. (Closed Saturdays.). . . BANFER, 23 E. 67th St.: Around twenty artists, among them Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . BYRON, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: More than fifty paintings, drawings, and sculptures by leading Surrealists; through Dec. 20. . . . CISNEROS, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: Drawings and engravings by such major Latin-American artists as Matta, Lam, Merida, Tamayo, and Siqueiros; through Nov. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings by ten Israeli modernists; through Dec. 9. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . GOLDOWSKY, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: One work each by Chamberlain, di Suvero, Diller, and Myron Stout; through Friday, Nov. 14. . . . HAHN, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings from Corot to Picasso; through Nov. 20. (Closed Mondays.). . . HIRSCHL & ADLER, 21 E. 67th St.: A hundred paintings of the American scene from 1825 to 1875, by, for example, Cole, Homer, and Eakins; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . IBM GALLERY, 16 E. 57th St.: Twenty-nine works representing a capsule view of nineteenth-century American painting by such artists as Raphaelle Peale, Thomas Cole, Washington Allston, Winslow Homer, George Inness, and Thomas Moran; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . LEWISON, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . NEW SCHOOL, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred and forty-five drawings done in the sixties by a hundred prominent Americans; through Jan. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.). . . SABARSKY, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Posters done between 1900 and 1920 by seventeen German artists, among them Kirchner, Pechstein, Otto Mueller, and Schiele; through Nov. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . ZIERLER, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann, Marin, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—By the SCULPTORS GUILD, Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: An annual exhibit, this time by fifty-three members, who include Chaim Gross, Dorothea Greenbaum, Dorothy Dehner, and Harvey Weiss; through Sunday, Nov. 16. (Closed Saturday morning; open Sunday, 1 to 5.) . . . STAEMPFLI, 47 E. 77th St.: Examples in a variety of modes by Bauermeister, Bertoia, Bill, Chryssa, and Etrog (to name a few); through Dec. 6. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . ¶ American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections; through Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of ten years of work in many mediums by Claes Oldenburg; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ More than fifty drawings and watercolors by George Grosz, executed in different phases of his career as artist and illustrator and including well-known satiric drawings of the twenties; through Sunday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Preliminary studies and photographs of some rather mystifying works executed by Peter Hutchinson and Dennis Oppenheim "somewhere in the Caribbean;" through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty-three paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is his show at Knoedler & Co., 14 E. 57th St.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Martin J. Heade, a nineteenth-century itinerant painter of landscapes, portraits, and tropical birds and flowers; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by eighty-seven American artists, going back to the nineteenth century, dealing with extreme emotions aroused by the human environment, from political corruption to German concentration camps and black-and-white conflict; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection will be the main show until "Drawings of the Hudson River School" opens on Tuesday, Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

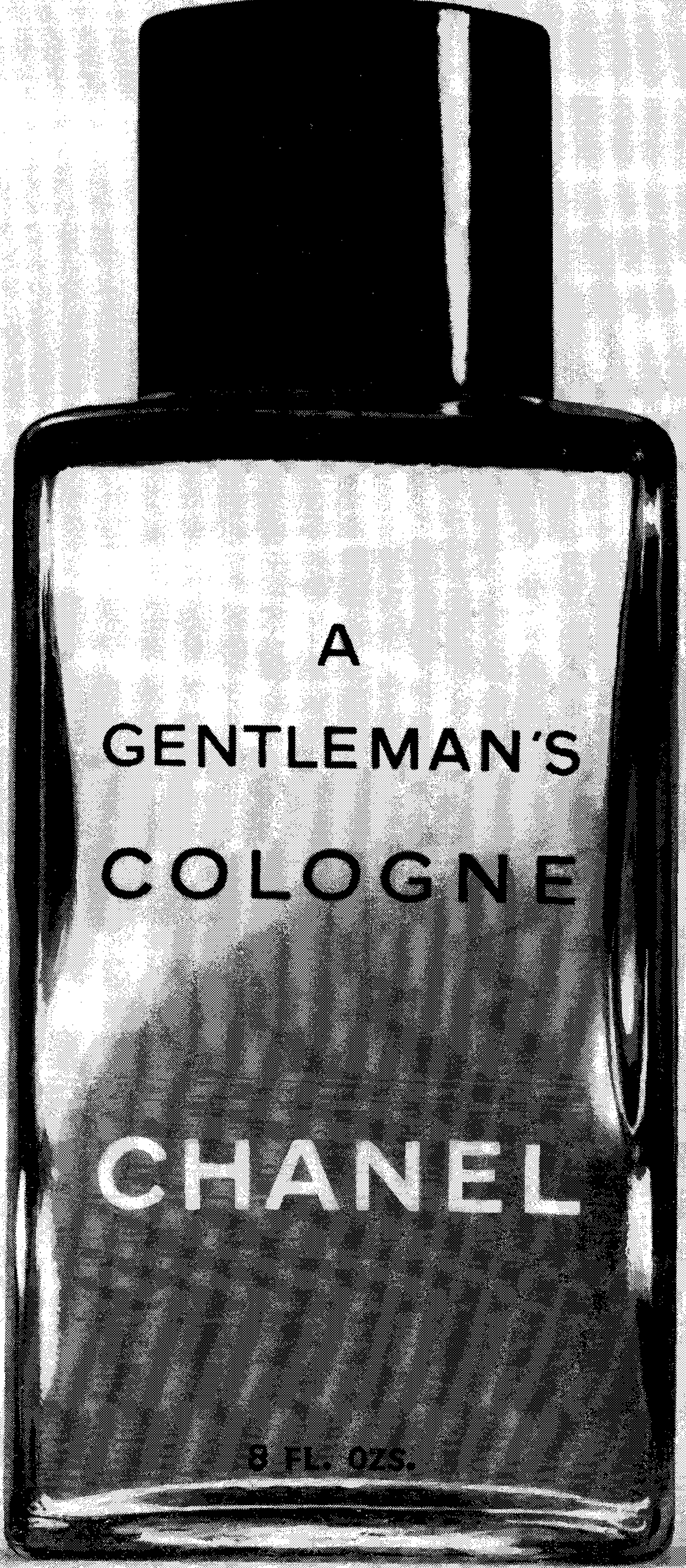
American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-one works by such artists as Raymond Saunders, Sidney Goodman, Lowell Nesbitt, Hans Moller, and Stefano Cusumano) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Sculptures and graphics by Institute members; through Dec. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Sixty-one bronzes and stone figures, including such subjects as deified monarchs and animals, and architectural fragments, all representing the creation, between 650 and 1250 A.D., of the Khmer people of Cambodia; through Dec. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Posters by artists including practically everybody; through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifteen paintings and drawings by Robert Henri, founder of the Eight, also known as the Ashcan School; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Sculptures depicting the human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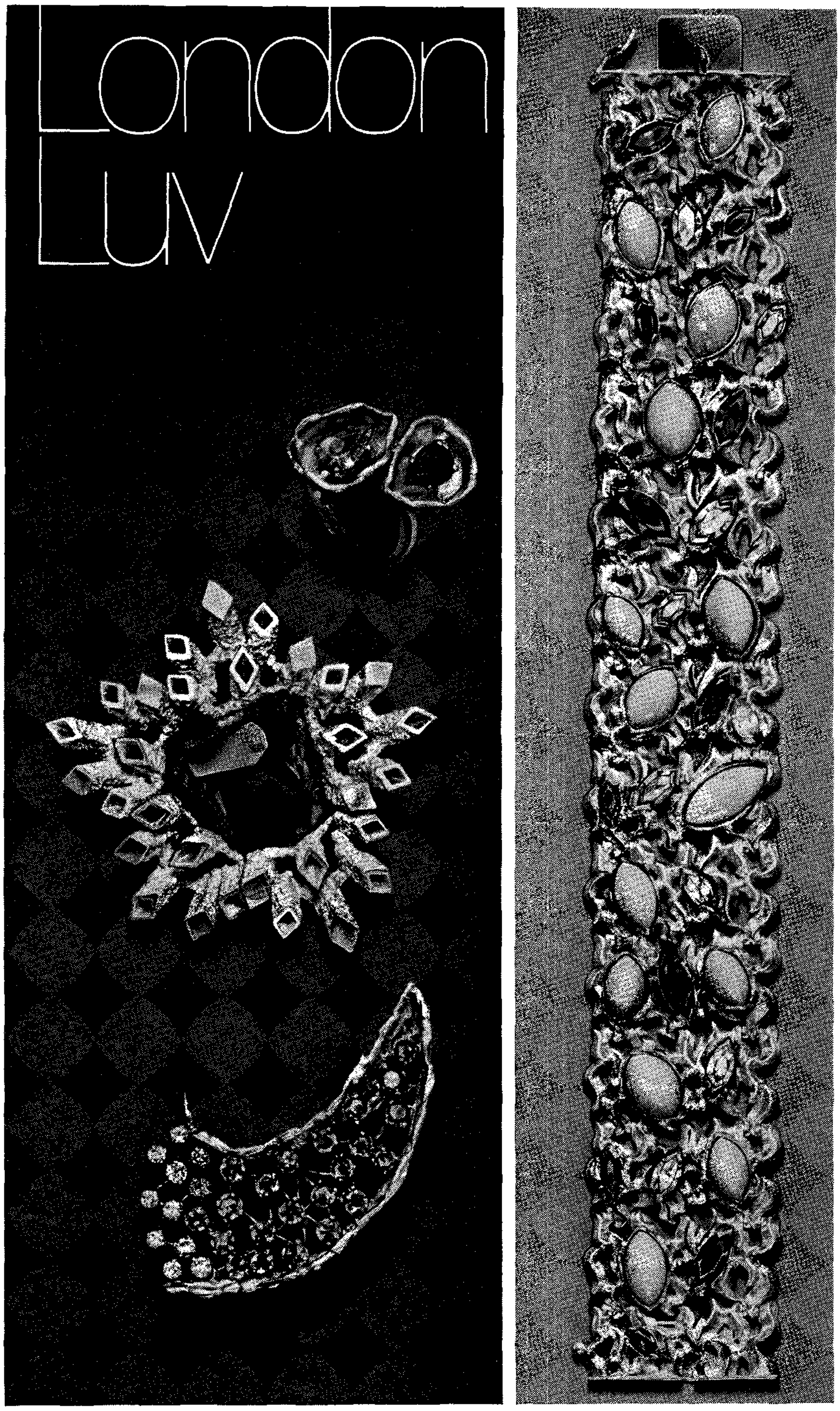

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

condition by Rhoda Sherbell; through Dec. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last decade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—*From the Berg Collection:* Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "L'Heure Espagnole," with Karan Armstrong, Kenneth Riegel, Richard Fredricks, Spiro Malas, and Nico Castel; and "Songs of Catullus," with Patricia Wise, John Lankston, and Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Beverly Sills, Muriel Greenspon, Nell Evans, Walter Cassel, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Mary Cross Lueders, Louis Quilico, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Patricia Wise, Frank Porretta, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 1:15: "L'Heure Espagnole," with Barbara Blanchard, Kenneth Riegel, David Clatworthy, Spiro Malas, and Nico Castel; and "Songs of Catullus," with Patricia Wise, John Lankston, and Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall. George Szell conducting—Performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 14, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 17, at 7:30 (all with Heather Harper, soprano; Jane Hobson, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Camerata Singers); and Mahler's Symphony No. 6 on Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 21, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 24, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and Jean Cox, tenor. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano.)

NHK Symphony Orchestra—Hiroyuki Iwaki conducting this orchestra from Tokyo, with Yoshio Unno, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 15-16, at 8:30, with Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus as piano soloists; and Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, with Artur Balsam, piano, and Charles Russo, clarinet. All seats have been sold for the first two concerts, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8.). . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of this program at the Brooklyn Academy of

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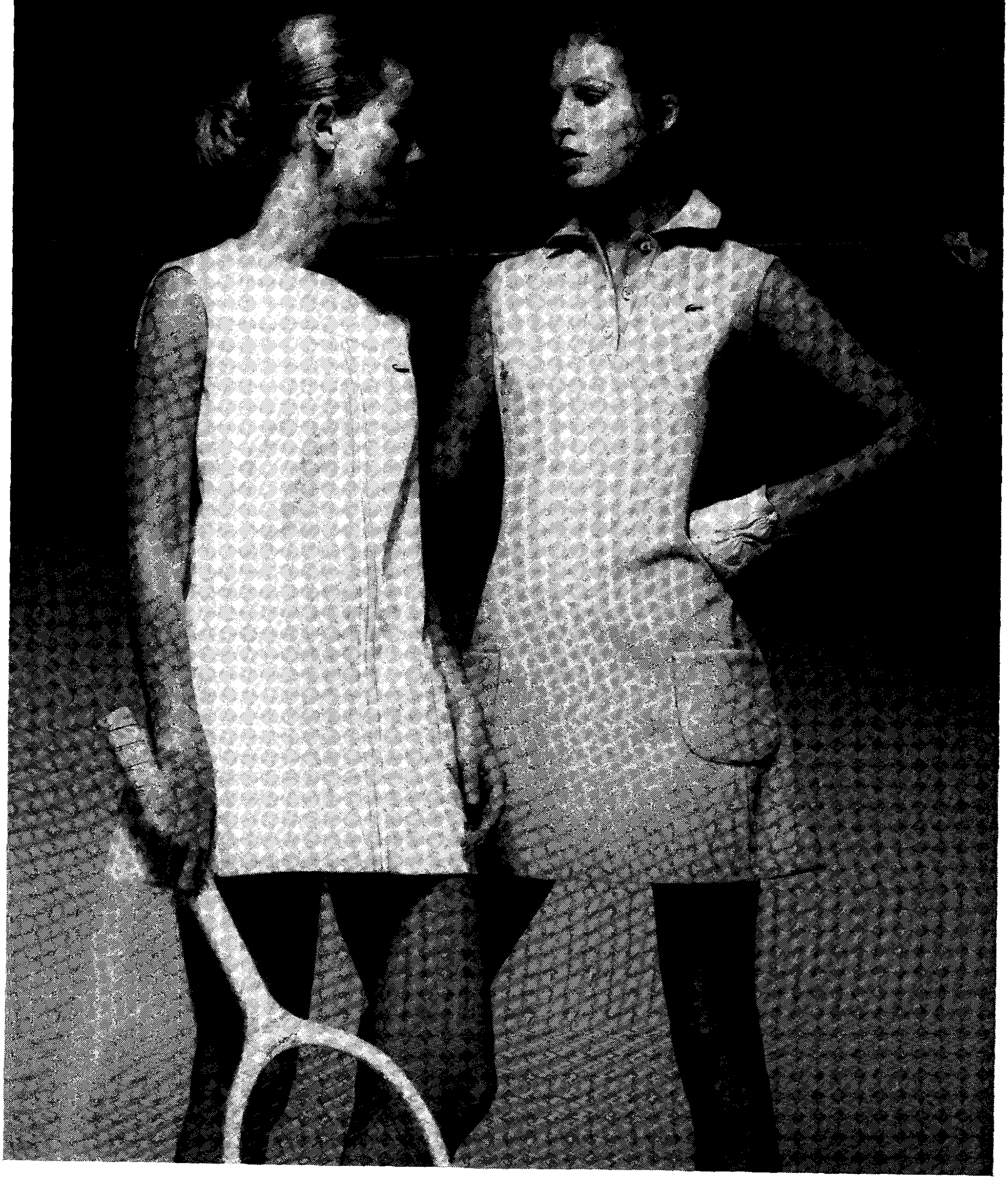

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2:30.

Manhattan Orchestra and Concert Chorale—Anton Coppola directing the inaugural concert in the new quarters of the Manhattan School of Music, formerly the home of the Juilliard School. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Mozart's Requiem, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals, this one a program of Scarlatti sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Rey de la Torre—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Jan Gorbaty—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—The second in a series of six programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Nelli Shkolnikova, violin. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the evening of the concert.)

Kohon String Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux-Arts String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

Daniel Barenboim, Jacqueline du Pré, and Pinchas Zukerman—Piano, cello, and violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

New School Concerts—A Villa-Lobos commemorative concert, performed by Joy Zornig, mezzo-soprano; Nico Castel, tenor; Alexander Schneider, violin; Mieczyslaw Horszowski and Joan Dornemann, piano; Walter Trampler, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3 and 9.)

Earl Wild—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Sergiu Luca—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Ernst Haefliger—Tenor, in an all-Schubert program, with a male chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

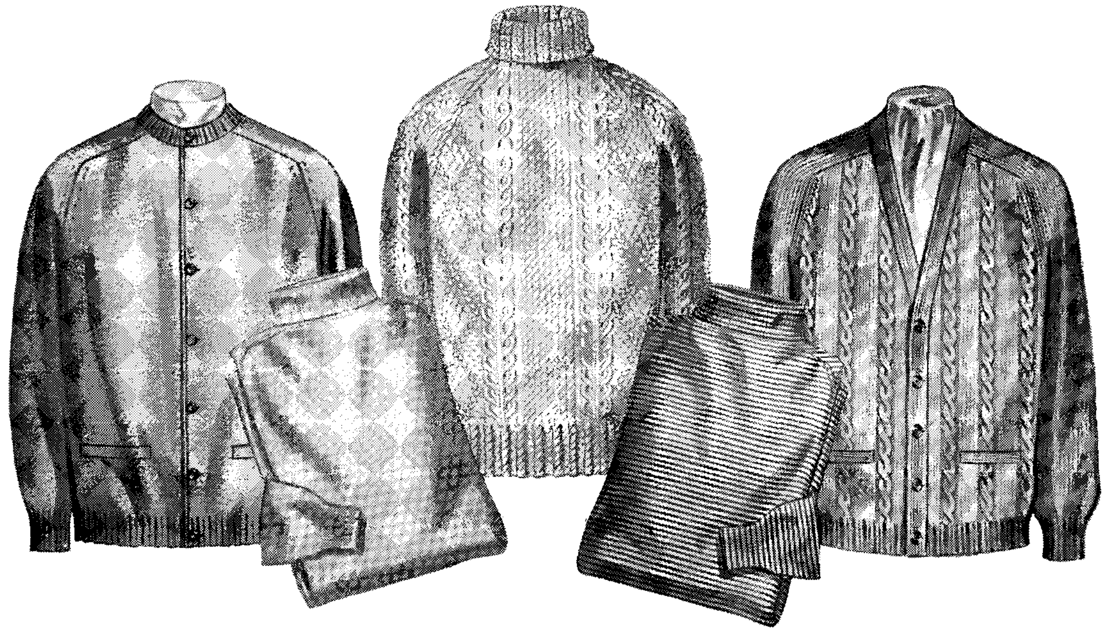
Rosalyn Tureck—Clavier, in the first in a series of three all-Bach programs, with the International Bach Society Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

English Consort of Viols—A program of music by Henry Purcell. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Pierre Fournier—Cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—Franco Gulli and Enrica Cavallo will give a violin-and-piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov.



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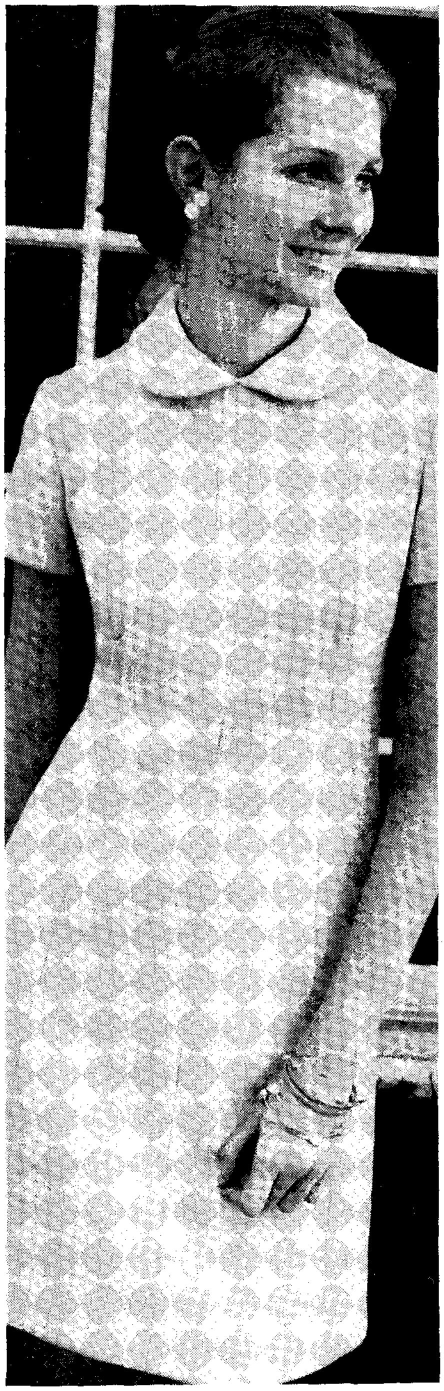

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

23, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 17, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Nehama Lifschitz—The last in a series of recitals of Yiddish, Hebrew, English, and Russian songs. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Johnny Winter, Chicago, and Blodwyn Pig—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

José Feliciano—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.

Isley Brothers and the Nice—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8 and 11.

McCoy Tyner Trio—Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.

Ian and Sylvia—Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 4. For tickets, call LA 4-1300, Mondays through Fridays between 9 and 4. Tickets also at the door on the day of the concert.

Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass—With O. C. Smith, in a concert postponed from Oct. 10. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Joe Cocker and the Grease Band, Fleetwood Mac, and King Crimson—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, at 8 and 11:30.

Sam and Dave Revue and the Ike and Tina Turner Revue—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, at 8.

Ella Fitzgerald—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.

Melanie—Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.

Enrico Macias—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: Knicks vs. Phoenix.

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. Andy Kendall, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 14. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 15: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 22 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. New Orleans Saints. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:05: Rangers vs. St. Louis.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 15. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 15, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Nov. 18. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 15. . . .

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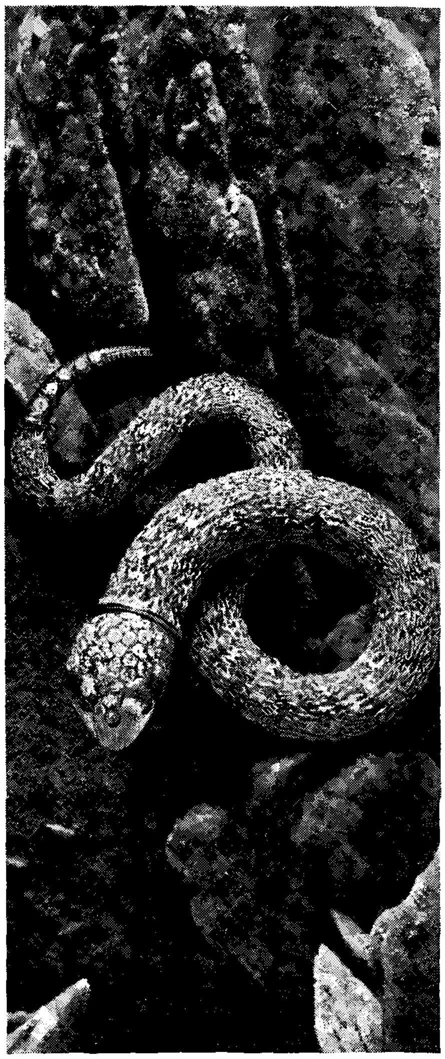

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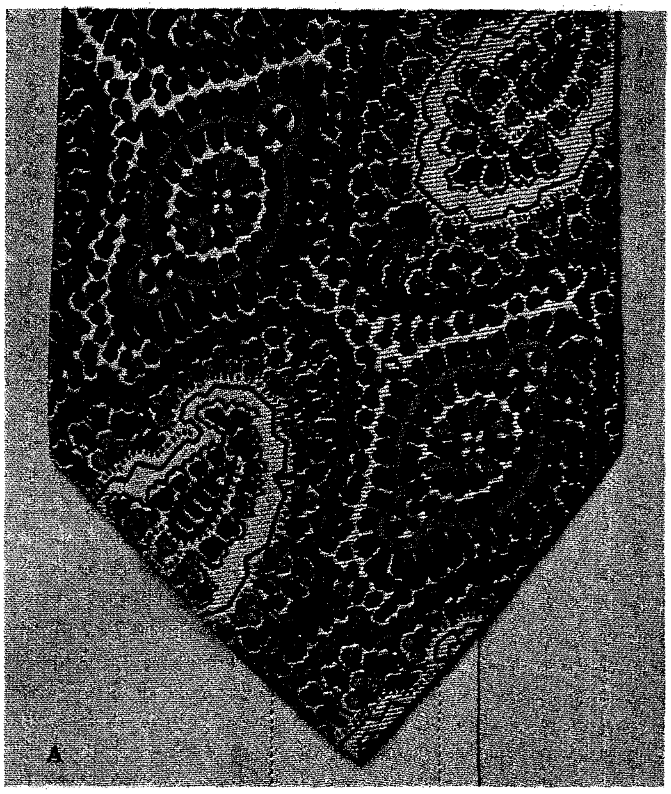
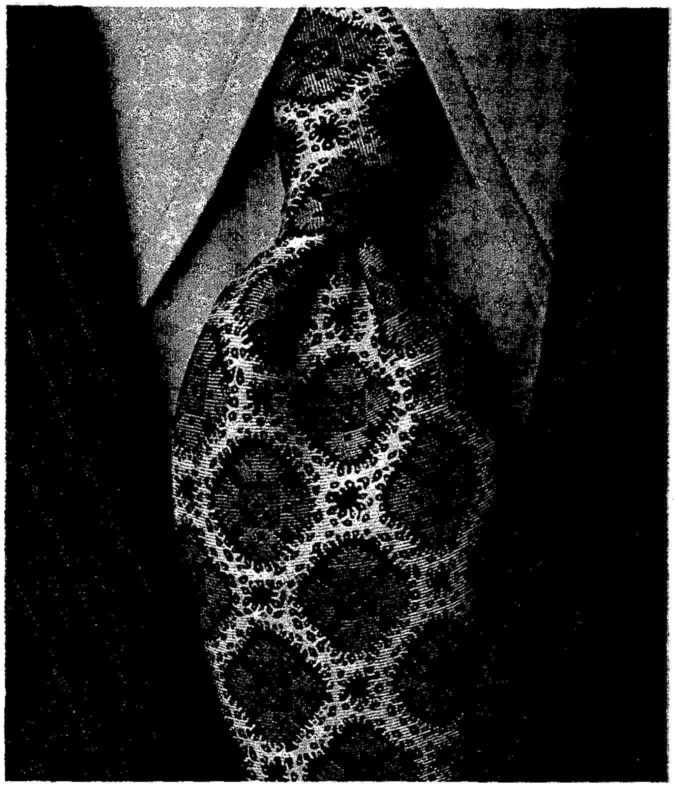
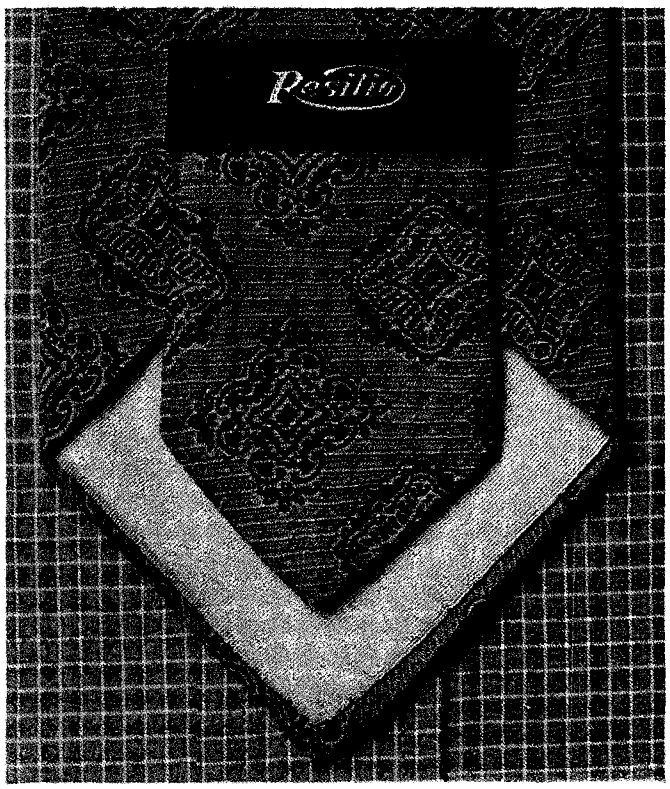


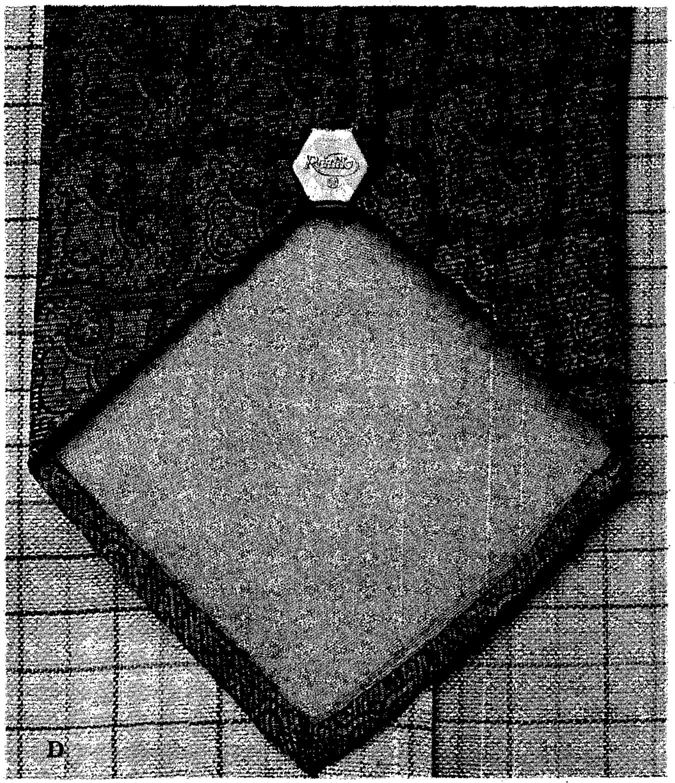
Width, the new wider look.



Full fashion shape, more fullness under the knot.



Loop label, keeps small end in place.



Medallion, point is centered, stays neater.

A. Choppah all silk foulard	B. Choppah all silk foulard
C. Cavalry twill challis	D. Ancient madder

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Jan. 3.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

CELEBRATION OF THE ARTS FOR CHILDREN—The first two in a series of three weekend programs. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 11:30 and 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 1:15 and 4: Two light shows ("The Magic Clowns' Theatre," by the Joshua Light Show, and "Little Match Girl," by Jackie Cassen's Theatre of Light) and "Ile Ife," performed by Arthur Hall and his Afro-American Dance Company. . . . Saturday, Nov. 22, at 11:30 and 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 1:15 and 4: The Budaya Indonesian Epic Theatre. (City Center Theatre. 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.) . . . ¶ A free exhibit of American Indian art and artifacts and dolls from around the world, as well as a continuous Punch-and-Judy show and a strolling minstrel. (City Center Building, 130 W. 56th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, through Sunday, Nov. 30, from 11 to 5.)

MUSIC—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:30.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Eddie Bracken, narrator, and Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

STAGE SHOWS—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "Arabian Nights." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2:30.) . . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3:30 and Sundays at 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Adventure of a Light Beam;" through Nov. 25. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—At the POETRY CENTER, Y.M.H.A.: Octavio Paz reading from his own works, in Spanish, with English translations read by American poets, Monday, Nov. 17, at 6:15. . . . ¶ The Barrow Poets from London reading off-beat poems, as well as singing and playing musical instruments, Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.) . . . SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM AU-

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declares **Ralph Taylor PhG** President, Caswell-Massey Co.

"For over a century, Caswell-Massey has been making superb soaps from a specially prepared extract of whale oil—soaps unrivaled for richness, unmatched for the sheer luxury of their lather. Today, the demand for Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Soaps has never been greater. And it is precisely when these leviathans of lather are at their peak of popularity that we have decided to make no more. With this public notice, we are ceasing production of Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Extract Soaps. What prompts this unprecedented action on our part? The real fear that the whale, if unprotected, stands in mortal danger of extinction. And far be it for us, America's oldest chemists and perfumers, in any way to encourage the hunting down of these noble giants of the deep, nor to precipitate their demise! Hopefully, by stopping the manufacture of Whale Oil Soaps, we may encourage others in commerce to follow our example and thus Save The Whale.

Realizing the inconvenience such a decision might give our loyal patrons, we have worked long hours prior to this announcement to find a replacement which would duplicate the natural qualities of whale oil. What we have now come up with is a surprising substance derived from a natural, vegetable source which chemically and physiologically duplicates our former whale oil extract and which we have named in honor of our friend, the whale, Vegesperm. So, providentially, we can continue to supply a bath soap of remarkable beauty, with the same abundance of rich lather and gentleness rare even amongst the costliest of soaps. Each hefty oval of our new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap weighs approximately 6 ounces. It bursts into billows of creamy, skin-drenching lather the moment it touches water. And our fragrances —superb! Nine different scents, including one that was actually favored by George Washington and dates from our founding in 1752. These intense fragrances last till the very last sliver. And for each one there's a lovely color to add beauty to your bathroom. You'll find our new Vegesperm soaps at some of the best stores and shops. They cost some $5.00 for three large ovals neatly boxed. And you have my personal assurance they're remarkably like our Whale Oil Soaps of yore. Except that there's a whale of a difference between them!"

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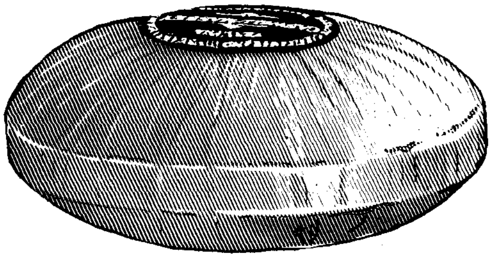
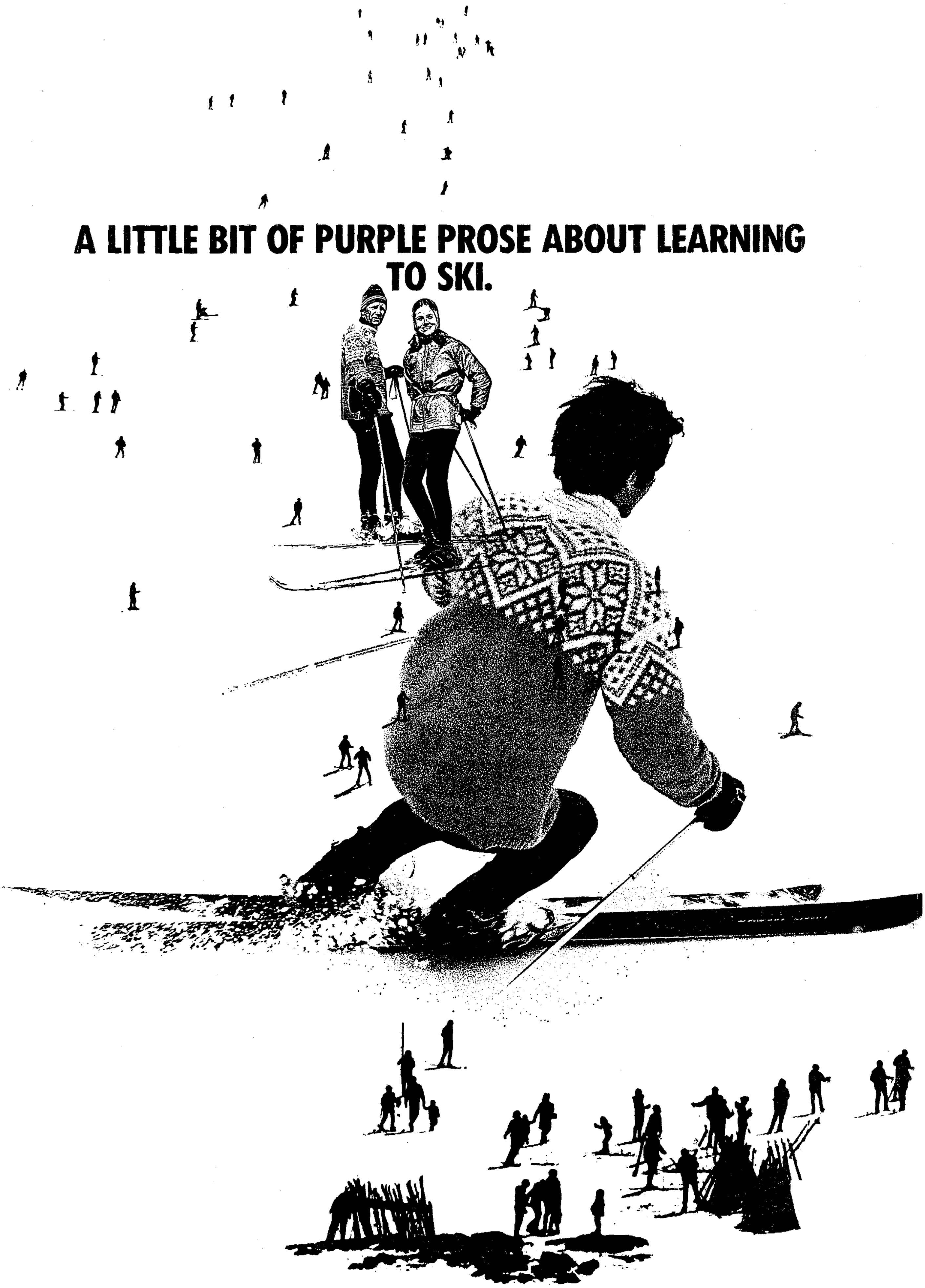


After: **First of the new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap.**

A LITTLE BIT OF PURPLE PROSE ABOUT LEARNING TO SKI.



A lot of people will give you this thing about the courage of the first man who ate an oyster.

We would respectfully suggest that he had nothing on the first guy who strapped himself to a pair of oak staves and headed for the nearest mountain.

Whoever he was, wherever he roamed, anyone who's learned that same old way will tell you that if the first skier had nothing else, he had guts.

In fact, until quite recently, guts was the most important single ingredient in learning to ski.

A dramatic development

Recently, within the last 7 years, a new method of ski instruction has been developed and perfected at Killington by Karl Pfeiffer, director of the Killington Ski School.

It is called the Graduated Length Method of instruction. GLM for short. If you have even a shred of desire, plus enough coordination to have picked up this magazine, you can learn to ski with GLM.

Guts is no longer the pivotal requirement.

A great idea

Instead of strapping you onto a pair of 6 or 7 foot skis and sending you onto the hill, GLM works you up to full-size skis gradually.

Your first lesson is on 39 inch instruction skis. If you can walk you can get around on these.

Once you've mastered the rhythm and gained confidence you move up to 60 inch, mid-length, training skis. When you have them conquered, Karl then puts you on skis which are standard for your weight and height.

Instead of struggling for days with "herringbones" and "sidestepping" you will be skiing, unassisted, in your very first hour. You will amaze yourself.

A fabulous plan

GLM is the easiest, surest way to learn to ski. The one catch is that, much as it speeds learning, it still can't do the job overnight.

If you're serious, we suggest that you invest 5 days in learning to ski. To make that as easy as possible we have created a GLM learn-to-ski plan which includes all your lessons, your equipment (Head skis, Henke buckle boots, plus poles), use of all lifts and a 5-day schedule of after-ski entertainment.

All this costs just $60.

If you are not a proficient skier by the end of the week then you are, quite honestly, unteachable.

Some terrific skiing

Once you learn, you'll find that Killington won't bore you. There are four mountains to ski. Among the more than four dozen trails you'll find the longest one east of the Rocky Mts.

Of our dozen lifts one, the new Killington gondola, will be the longest ski lift in the world! And, as you might expect, there are a great many places to rest your bones and pick up your spirits when the lifts have closed.

Foster (he's our marketing director) Chandler will send you the facts. Address your request directly to him.

Foster Chandler,
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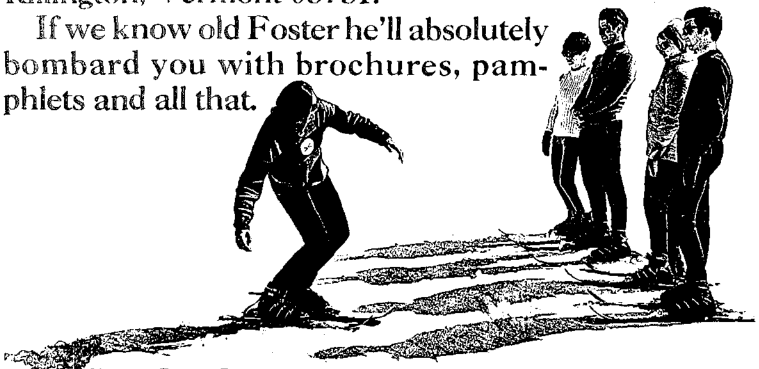
If we know old Foster he'll absolutely bombard you with brochures, pamphlets and all that.



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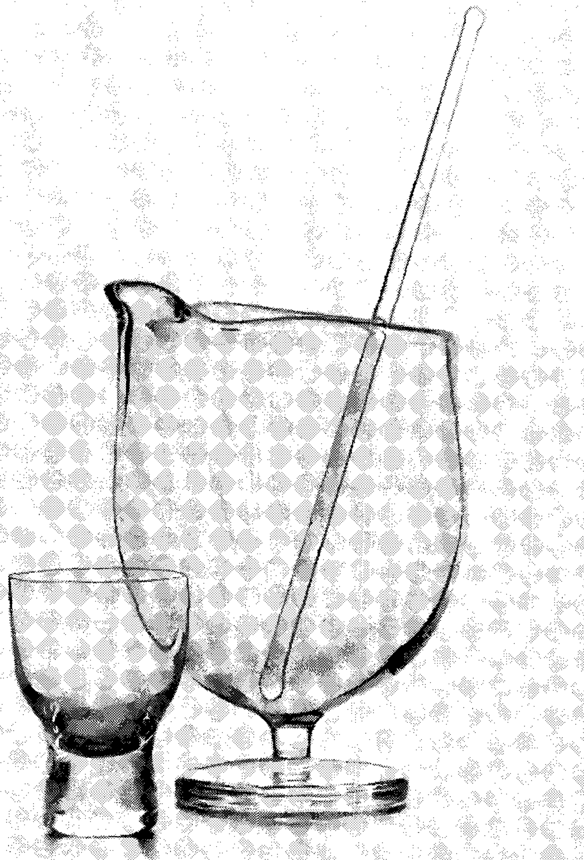

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DITORIUM: Kenneth Koch reading from his own works. (1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

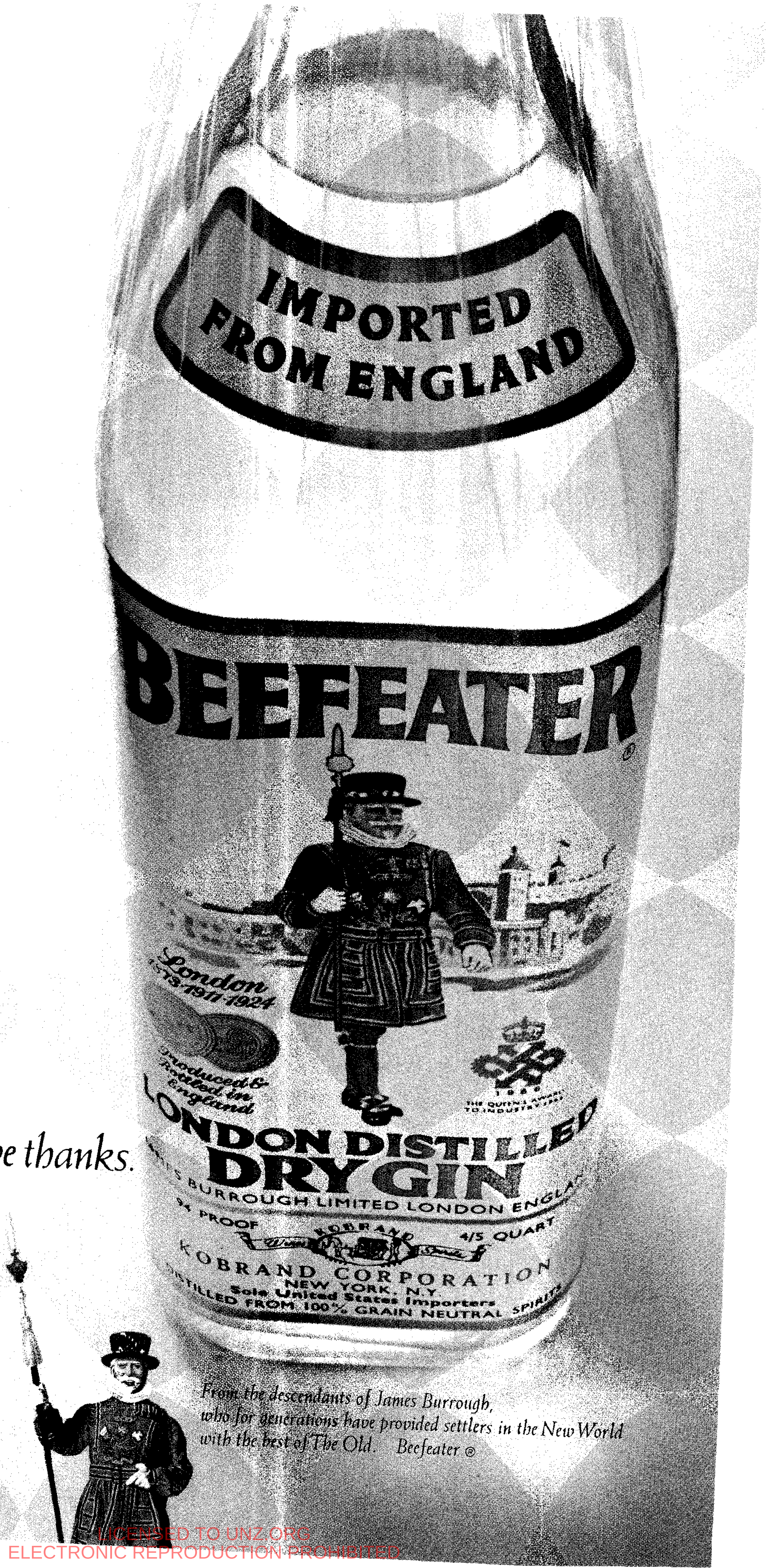
LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS—James Johnson Sweeney presenting the third in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 3. Admission is free.). . . ¶ The second of three lectures by Jerzy Grotowski, director of the Polish Laboratory Theatre, speaking in French, with an English interpreter. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 3. For tickets, call 783-6700.). . . ¶ "*New Life Styles of the Young*—Liberation or Delusion?," a discussion sponsored by Theatre for Ideas, with panelists Bruno Bettelheim, *Leslie Fiedler, and* Paul Goodman, and moderator Nat Hentoff. (Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30. For information about tickets and theatre, call CH 3-4301.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Sunday, Nov. 23.). . . ¶ The Thanksgiving Flower Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 19, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, at 10 and 1:45: Old-master and modern prints, among them works by Picasso, Klee, Rouault, and Rembrandt; from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 1:45: Works of art, including a number of chess sets and gaming pieces from the J. C. Leff collection, Majolica and Isnik pottery, and Italian Renaissance sculptures; from the estate of Count Alfonso P. Villa and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 10: Indian, Nepalese, Tibetan, and Cambodian art; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: German Expressionist and other modern paintings, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 1:45, and Friday, Nov. 21, at 10: Japanese prints, formerly part of the Frank Lloyd Wright collection. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 14.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eight programs in a series of Yugoslav films: Nov. 13 at 2 and 5:30, "Gravitation" (1968); Nov. 13 at 8, "Early Works" (1968); Nov. 14 at 2 and 5:30, "The Journey" (1968); Nov. 15 at 3 and 5:30, "The Event" (1968); Nov. 16 at 2 and 5:30, "I Have Two Mummies and Two Daddies" (1969); Nov. 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Kaya, I'll Kill You" (1968); Nov. 20 at 2 and 5:30, "Early Works" (1968); Nov. 20 at 8, "Horoscope" (1969). . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2: "The Lost Squadron" (1932), with Erich von Stroheim and Richard Dix. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 11:30: "Leaves from Satan's Book" (1921), written and directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2: "Male and Female" (1919), directed by Cecil B. deMille. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 5:30: A program of short films by Mark Sadan. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lost Weekend" (1945), with Ray Milland and Jane Wyman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through Nov. 16, showings at 4 and 6: "The Dentist" (1932), "The Fatal Glass of Beer" (1933), "The Pharmacist" (1933), and "The Barbershop" (1933), all with W. C. Fields. . . . ¶ Four programs in a series of television shows directed by George Schaefer: Nov. 19 at 4, "Blithe Spirit" (1966), with Dirk Bogarde and Rosemary Harris; Nov. 19 at 6, "Anastasia" (1967), with Lynn Fontanne and Julie Harris; Nov. 20 at 4, "Barefoot in Athens" (1966), with Peter Ustinov and Geraldine Page; Nov. 20 at 6, "Saint Joan" (1967), with Theodore Bikel and Genevieve Bujold. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

To help the colonies give thanks.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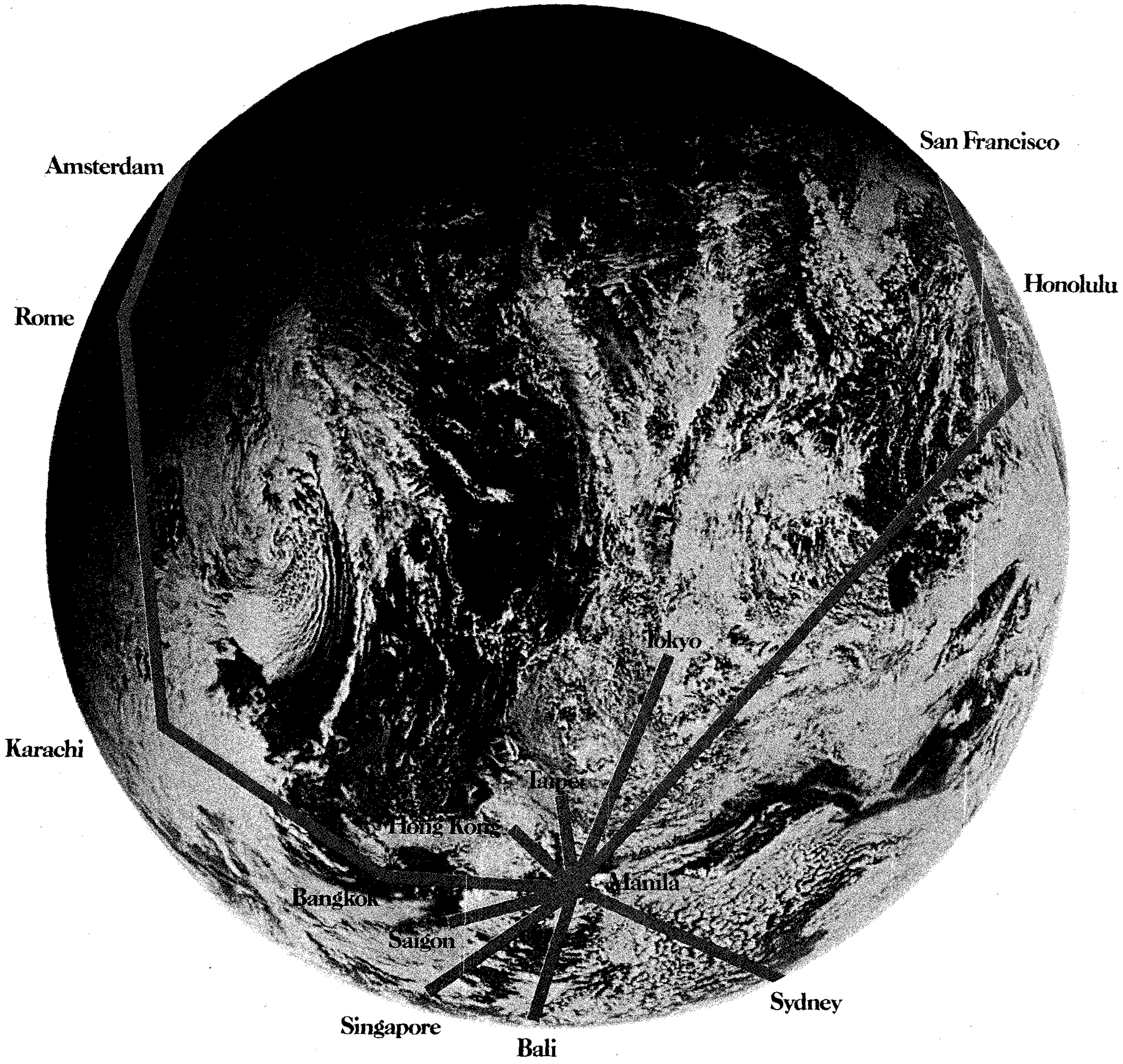
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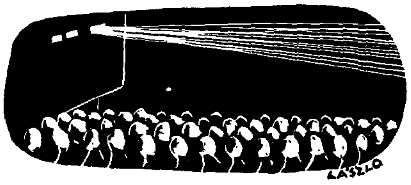
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

Alice's Restaurant—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film about Arlo's friendship with Alice and his brush with the police over the garbage he ditches for her one Thanksgiving Day when the dumps are closed. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 18.)

Blow-Up (1966)—The Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 19.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—It's a poor excuse for an American Western legend, but there are some pleasant people (Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross). Directed by George Roy Hill from an original screenplay by William Goldman. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 18-20.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 14-17.)

Coming Apart—It's supposed to be about the disintegration of a personality (Rip Torn as a psychiatrist who takes the name Glassman, presumably so he can crack up), and it's fun, at first, when the idea just seems a put-on and an excuse for some entertaining sex scenes. But then the director, Milton Moses Ginsberg, brings on the miseries, and the picture disintegrates. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 19.)

Downhill Racer—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional neat little surprises in this promising début. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 18.)

Easy Rider—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. They start from the West Coast primitivism that is the easy part, and they end up in the sophistication of the civilized South, which punishes them and their boozing middle-aged pickup (a radical Southern lawyer brilliantly played by Jack Nicholson). Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Faces (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semi-documentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 18.)

Funny Girl—It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Nov. 18.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—An overblown version of James Hilton's tear-stained little gold mine of a book, with songs where they are not needed (and Leslie Bricusse's songs are never needed), yet there's still charm in the story, and Peter O'Toole is a fine romantic hero. This is a picture that should be terrible, but it isn't—it's rather pleasant. Herbert Ross directed—unevenly, but often well—and Petula Clark and Sian Phillips have some good moments. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 14-17.)

In the Year of the Pig—"The other side" of what the war in Vietnam is all about. Emile de Antonio has assembled some extraordinary footage (much of it not seen before in this country). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 16.)

Justine—George Cukor's decent, flat attempt from a plotty script to film Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet." Dirk Bogarde hams a bit as the aphoristic British diplomat. Anouk Aimée and Anna Karina as Justine and Melissa are well directed, but it makes for a lot of accents, what with Severn Darden as Balthazar as well. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 19.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays, except Nov. 16, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lions Love—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong in matters of substance. Viva and Gerome Ragni and James Rado play house in Los Angeles, watch television, and say a lot of dumb things as if they were smart things. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9034; through Nov. 18.)

The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 18.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—The *Times* printed a story last year about there being so many stars in this picture that when it was being made the company had three seamstresses on the set just to sew names on the canvas chairs. The *Times* probably swallowed a whopper, but the picture does look as if it were made on that scale. With Katharine Hepburn, Edith Evans, Margaret Leighton, Danny Kaye, Yul Brynner, and others. Directed by Bryan Forbes, who should have known better. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 19.)

Midnight Cowboy—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Britt Ekland, and Elliott Gould. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 19.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as the wounded Irish rebel stumbling through the streets of Belfast looking for refuge. Carol Reed directed, and did a fine job. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Nov. 17.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Paint Your Wagon—This may do as little for Americana as "Camelot" did for romance, though at its own corny level it is relatively inoffensive. Someone in the theatre murmured " 'Camelot' had more interesting people." Pity 'tis, 'tis true. The stars are Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, who is worth close attention whatever he does, here plays a Puerto Rican father with three jobs and two sons, whom he tries his best to rescue from the slums of East Harlem by passing them off as orphaned Cuban refugees. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 15.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz' Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as Miss Brodie's quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 18.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. Swope's way of revolutionizing the social system is to throw the existing mess only a little further out of kilter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Nov. 18.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—It's noisy, it's crude, it's Kramer. Anthony Quinn as Bombolini, the town drunkard and buffoon; Anna Magnani, rolling pin in hand, as Rosa, his shrewish wife, and a cast of thousands of hairy, warty, wine-loving peasants. The ethnic movie of the year. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Seven Samurai (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 17, tentative.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Take the Money and Run—Done like a solemn TV spectacular tracing the career of a great man, Woody Allen's film is about himself as a failed criminal. Very funny, proceeding by fits and starts, like a silent-comedy car. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day—to Be Caught in the Rain?" and "Cheek to Cheek;" and it's a lovely movie. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 13.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's comedy-satire, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Nov. 18.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 18: "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.
From Nov. 19: **BLOW-UP**; and **DARLING**.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through Nov. 13: "I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.
From Nov. 14: "Terry Whitmore, For Example," a documentary film. (Free admission Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15.)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
COMING APART.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 18: **FACES**; and "The Magus" (1968), Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.
From Nov. 19: "More," Mimsy Farmer; and "The Firemen's Ball" (1968), a Czechoslovakian film.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 18: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**; and "Joanna" (1968), Genevieve Waite.
From Nov. 19: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French).

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 15: **POPI**; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
From Nov. 16, at 8: "Futz," performed by the La Mama Troupe. (Opening night by invitation only. The schedule for subsequent performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Last of the Ski Bums," a documentary film.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 18: "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; in French), Essy Persson.
From Nov. 19: "The Arrangement," Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
To be announced.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
DOWNHILL RACER.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"de Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Nov. 18: "Don't Drink the Water," *Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.*
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
COMING APART.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 18: **LIONS LOVE.**
From Nov. 19: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933) and "I'm No Angel" (1933), both with Mae West and Cary Grant.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Flareup," Raquel Welch.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"L'Immortelle" (in French).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 18: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.
From Nov. 19: **JUSTINE**; and another feature, to be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 18: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **DUTCHMAN.**
From Nov. 19: "The Wanderer" (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Sign of the Virgin," a Czechoslovakian film.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 18: "Heartbreak (La Chamade)," in French, with Catherine Deneuve; and "Up to His Ears" (1966; in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 17: **ODD MAN OUT**; and "The Third Man" (1950), Joseph Cotten.
From Nov. 18: **YOJIMBO** (in Japanese); and "Rebellion" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 18: "Journey to the Far Side of the Sun," Roy Thinnes, Ian Hendry.
From Nov. 19: "The Good Guys and the Bad Guys," Robert Mitchum, George Kennedy.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 13: "The Producers" (1968), Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder; and "Will Penny" (1968), Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.
From Nov. 14: "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (1965), Max von Sydow.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Nov. 12: "Hail, Hero!," Michael Douglas, Arthur Kennedy.
From Nov. 13: "The Brain," David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"La Femme Infidèle" (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Nov. 18: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 18: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**
From Nov. 19: "More," Mimsy Farmer.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 16: **IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG.**
From Nov. 17 (tentative): **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** (in Japanese); and "Identification Marks: None" (1964; in Polish).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 18: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and "The Oldest Profession" (1968; in French), a film composed of six episodes.
From Nov. 19: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell" (1969), Gina Lollobrigida.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 13: **TOP HAT**; and "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945), Joan Leslie, Robert Alda.
Nov. 14-17: **CASABLANCA**; and **THE INFORMER.**
Nov. 18-20: **CAMILLE**; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), Greta Garbo, Fredric March.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 18: "Heartbreak (La Chamade)," in French, with Catherine Deneuve; and "Up to His Ears" (1966; in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.
From Nov. 19: Russ Meyer's "Vixen."

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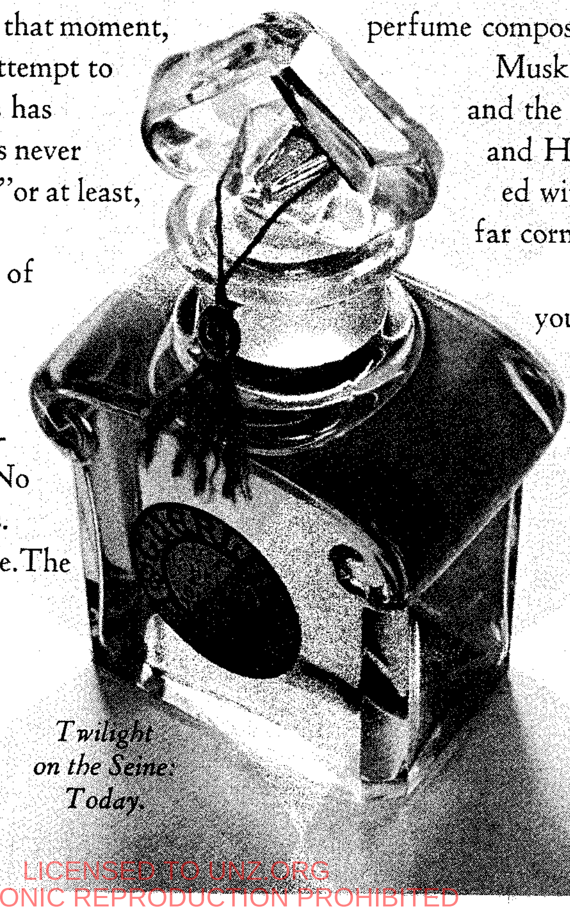
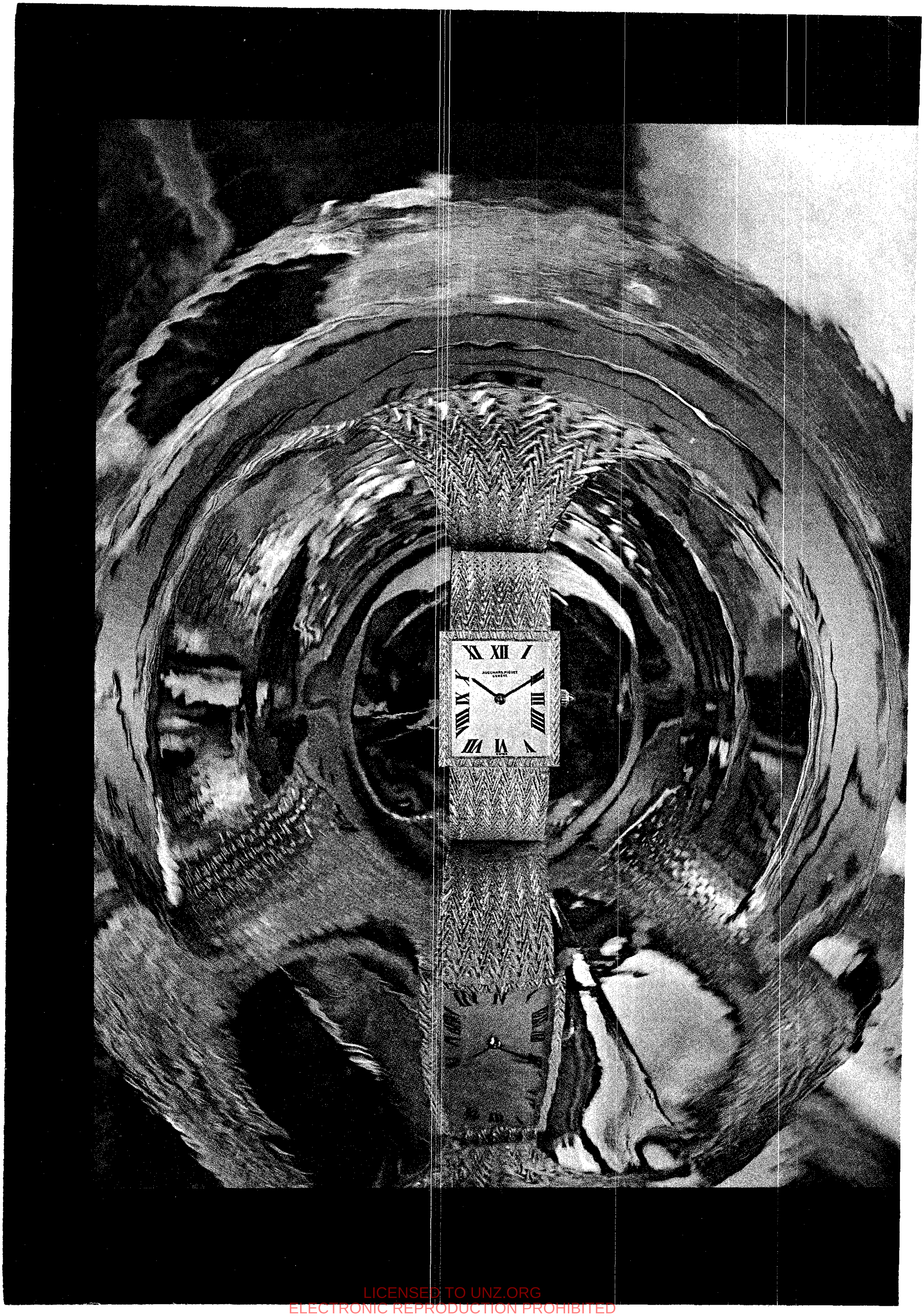


Twilight on the Seine: Today.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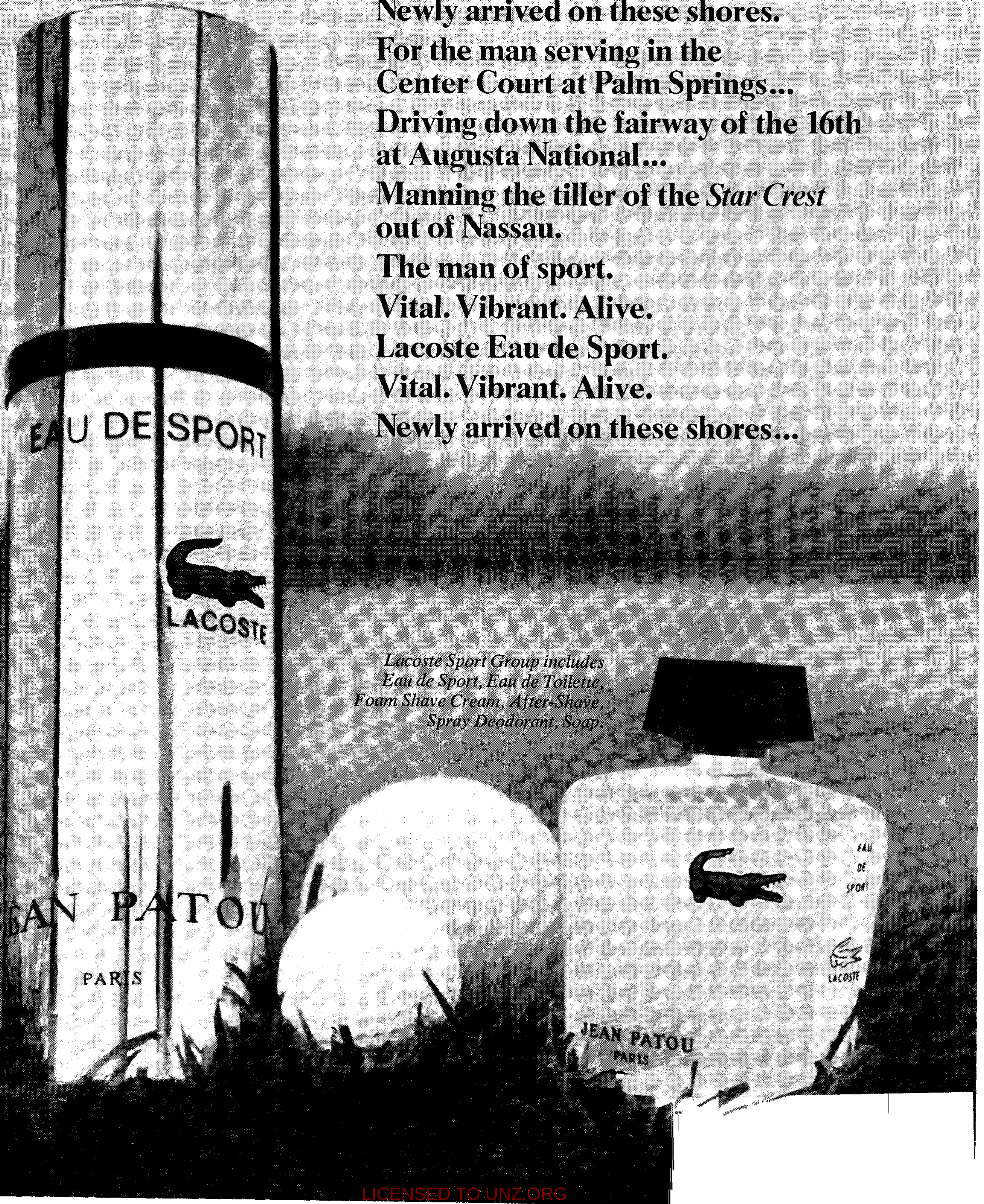
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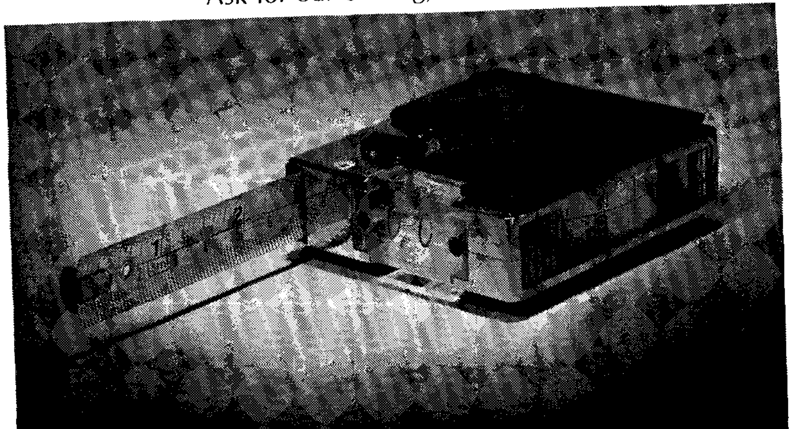

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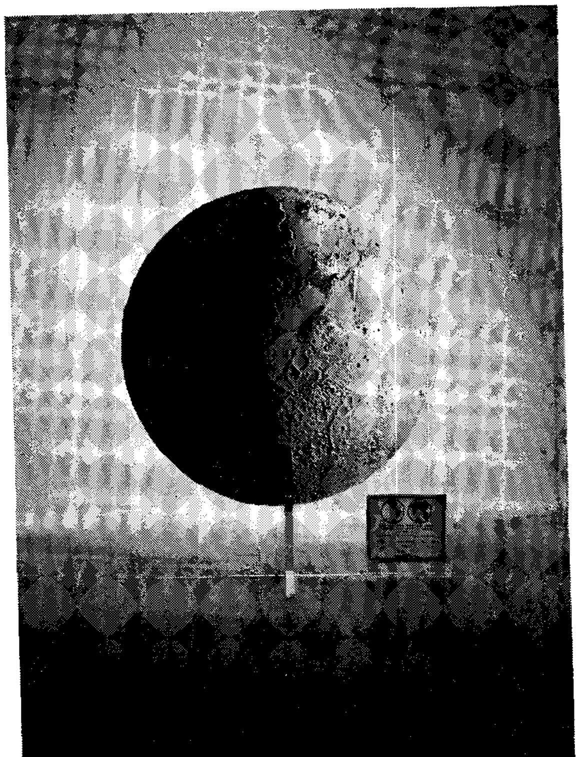

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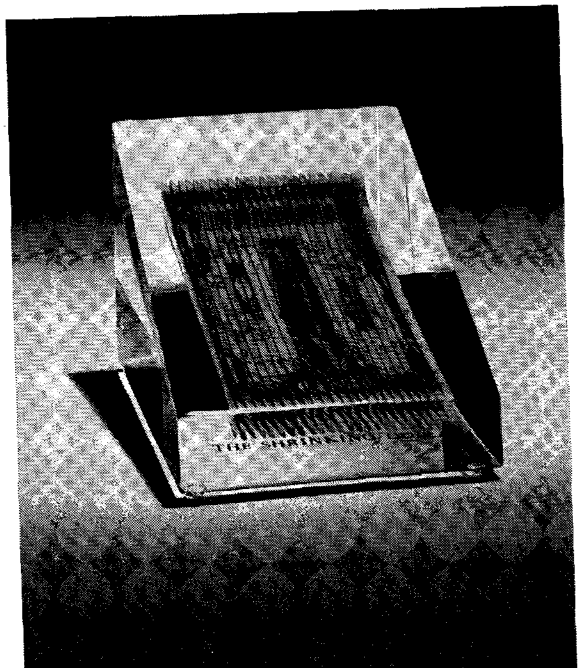

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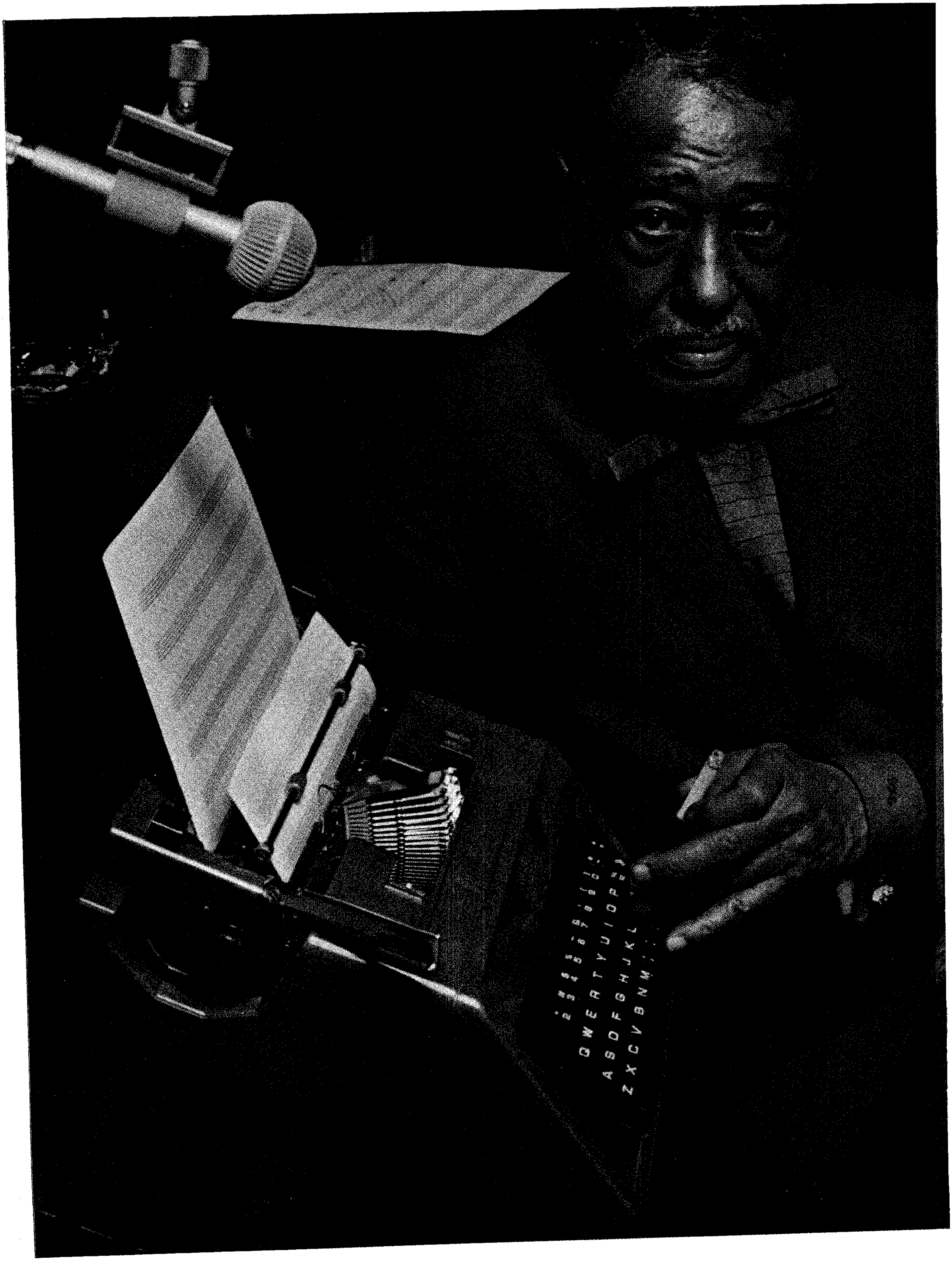
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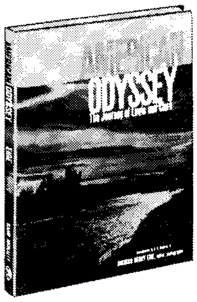
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40C. SING, LITTLE MOUSE. *Aileen Fisher.* A little boy hunts a whole year for a mouse that sings like a trilling bird. Another beautiful tribute to nature from Miss Fisher and noted artist Symeon Shimin. Crowell. $3.95

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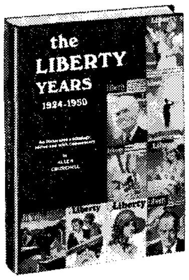
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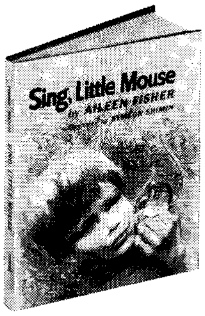
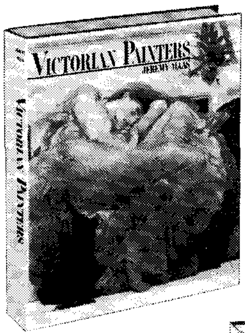

Sing, Little Mouse by AILEEN FISHER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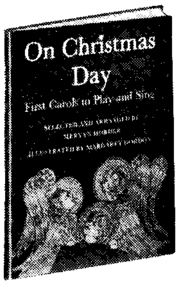
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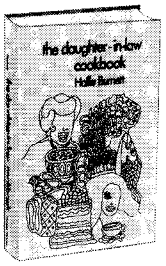
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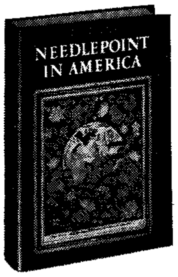
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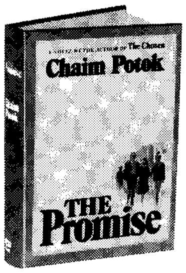
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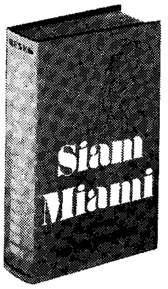

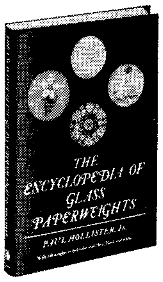
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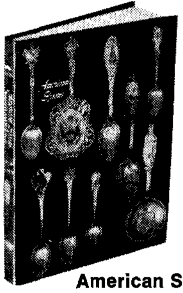

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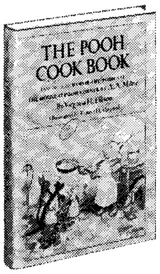
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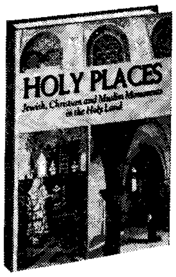
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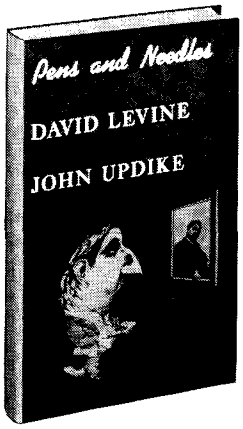
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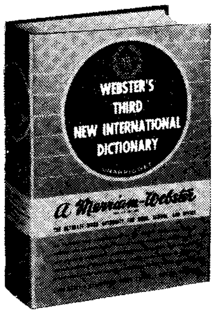
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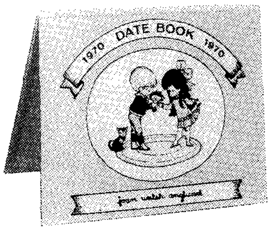
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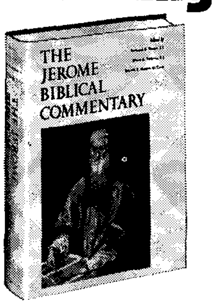
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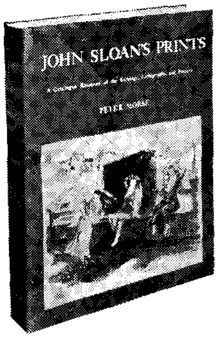
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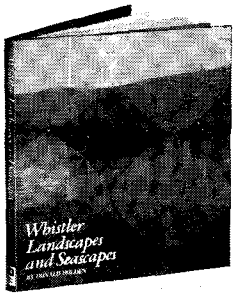
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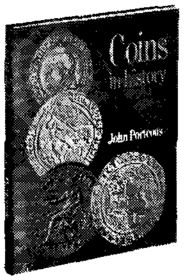
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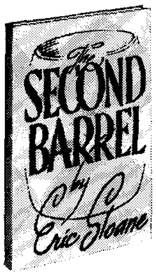
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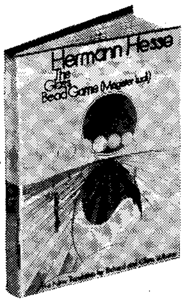
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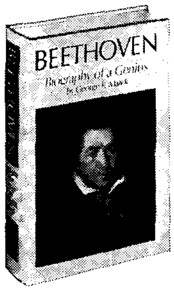
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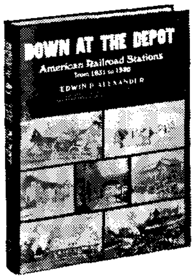
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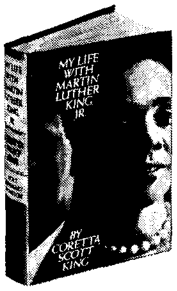
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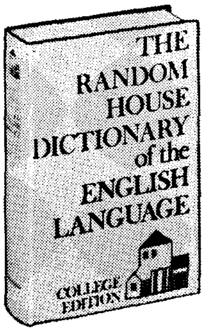
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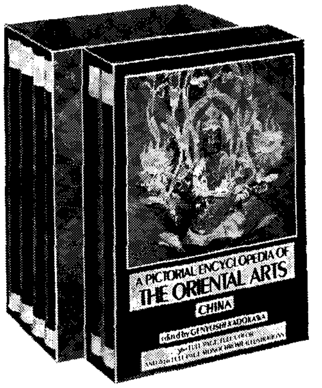
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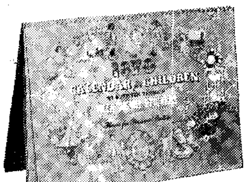
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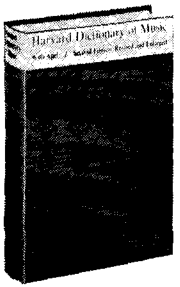
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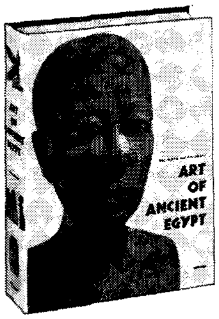
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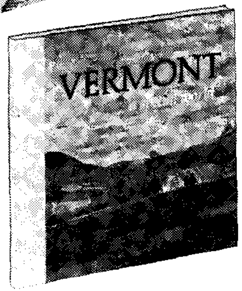

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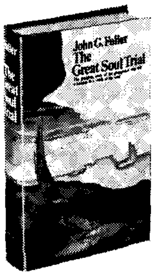
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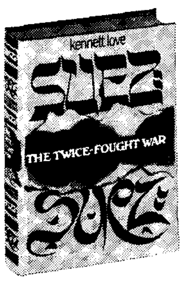
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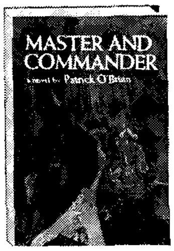
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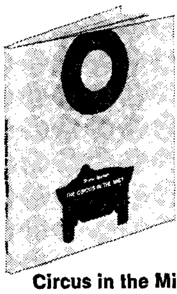

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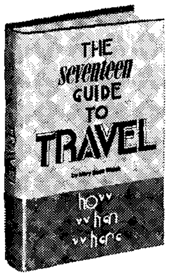
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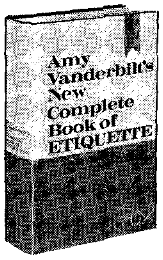
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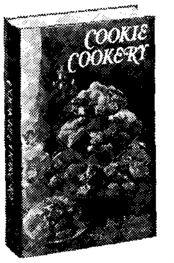
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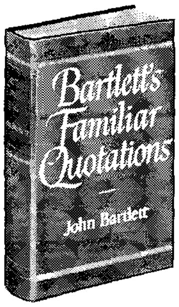
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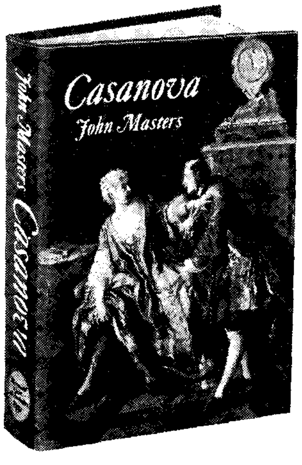
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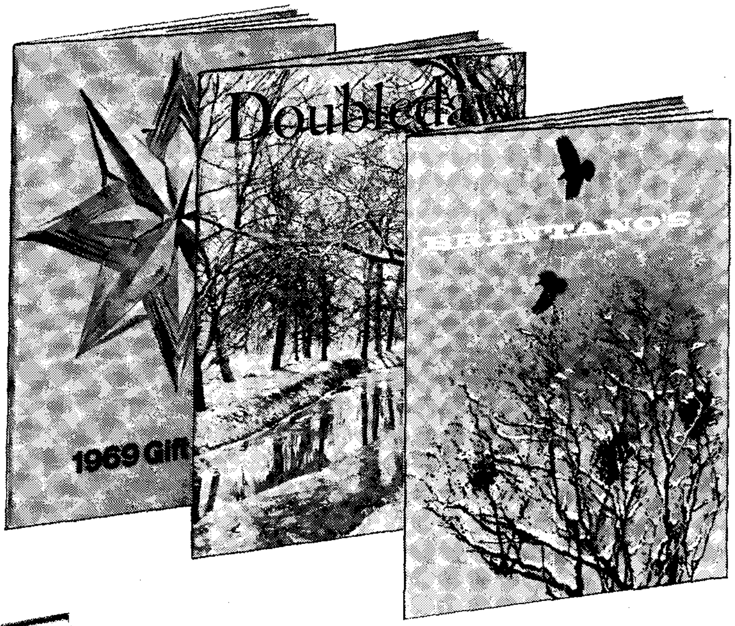

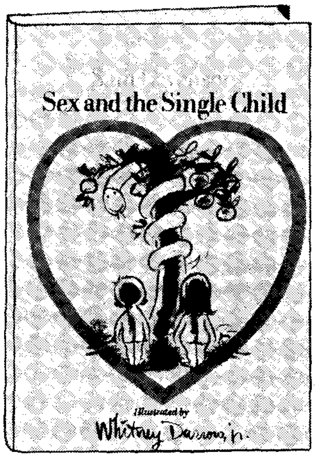

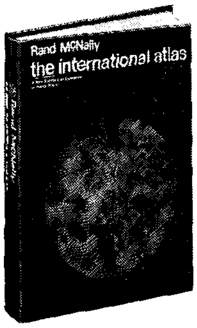

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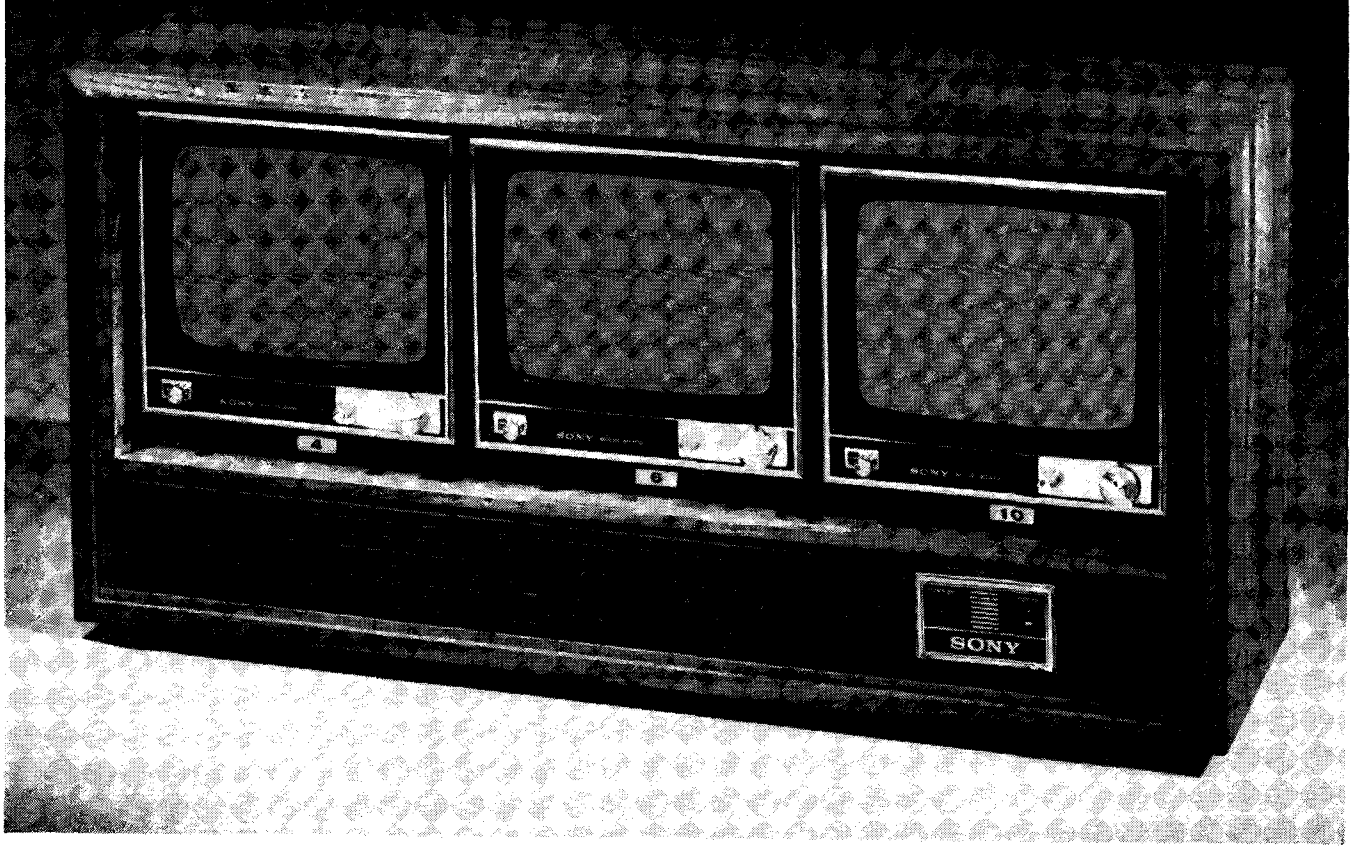

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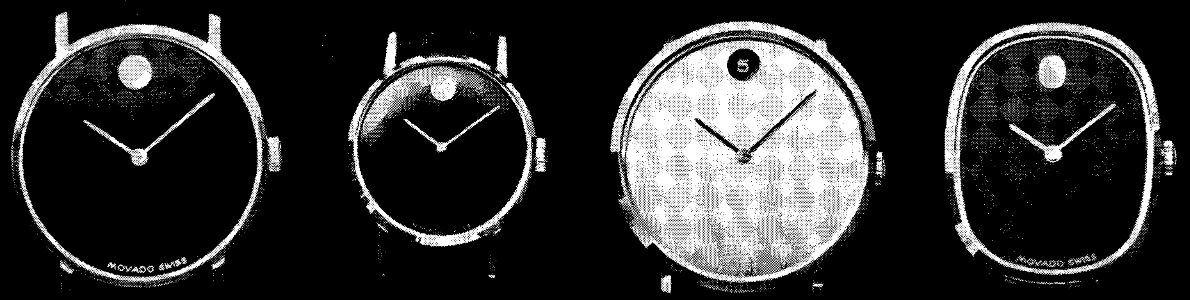

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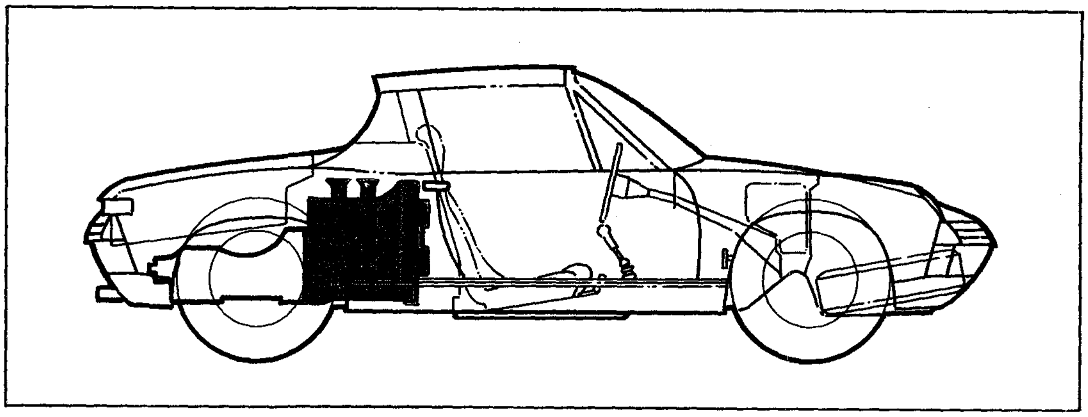

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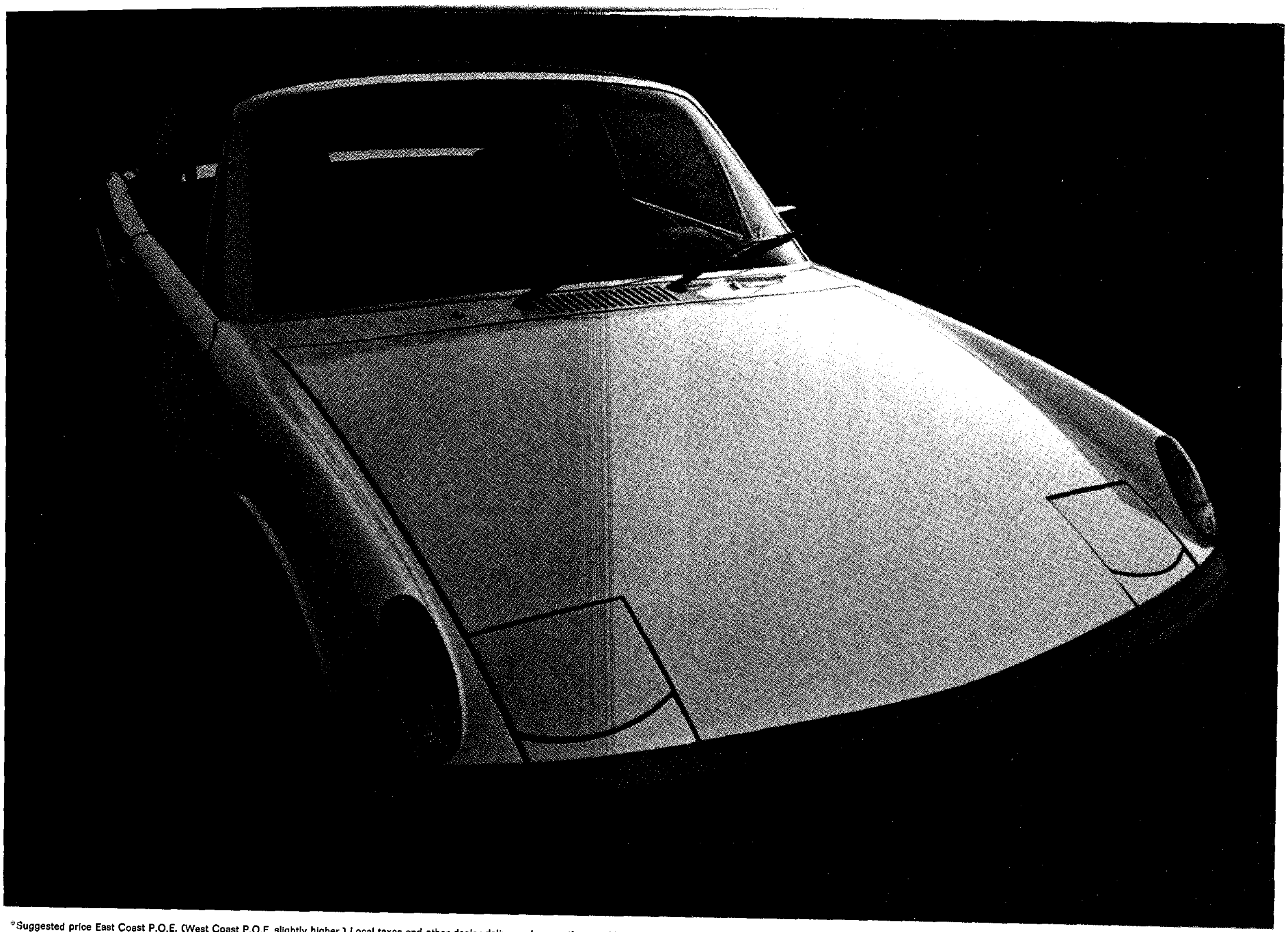

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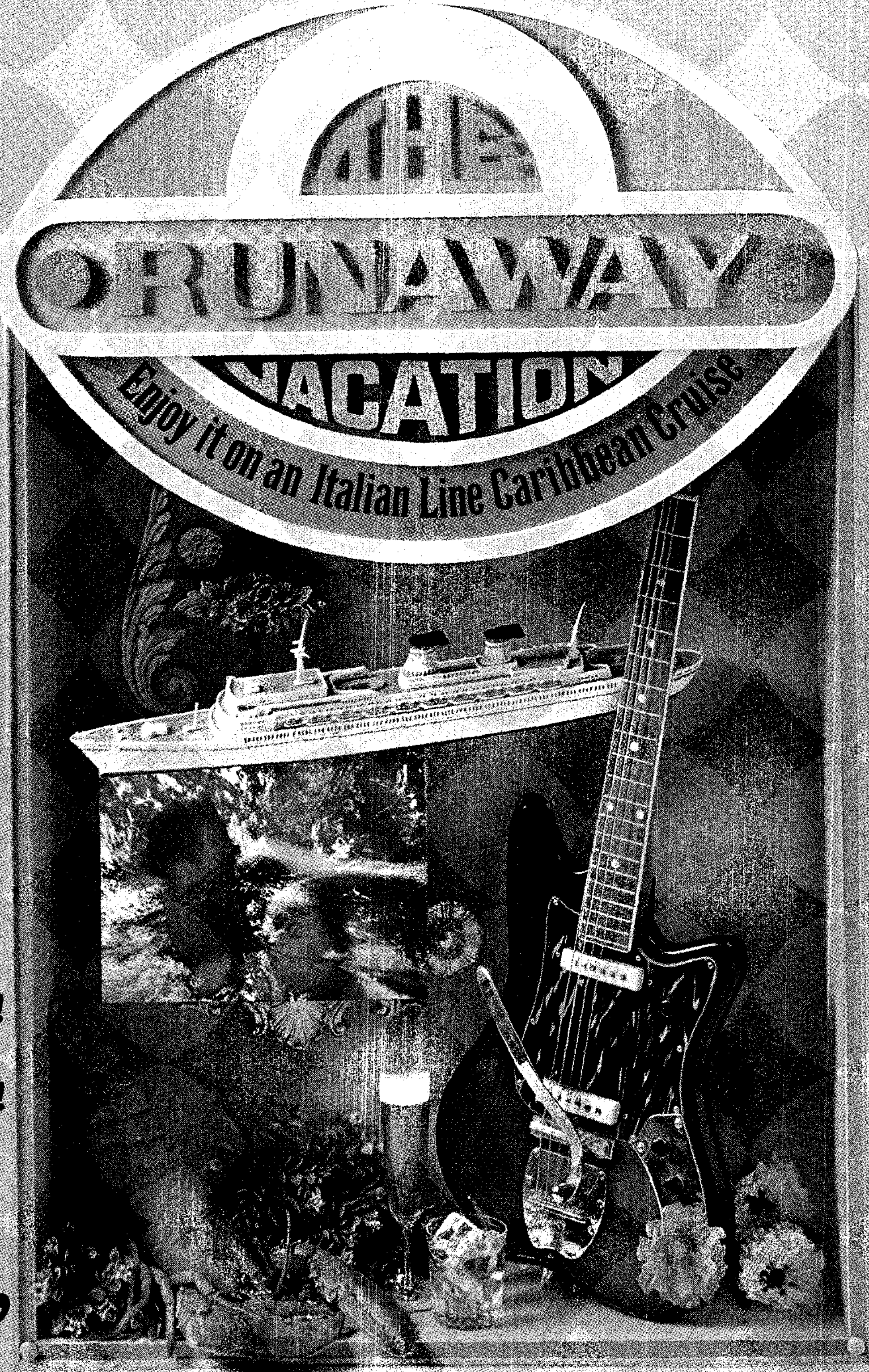

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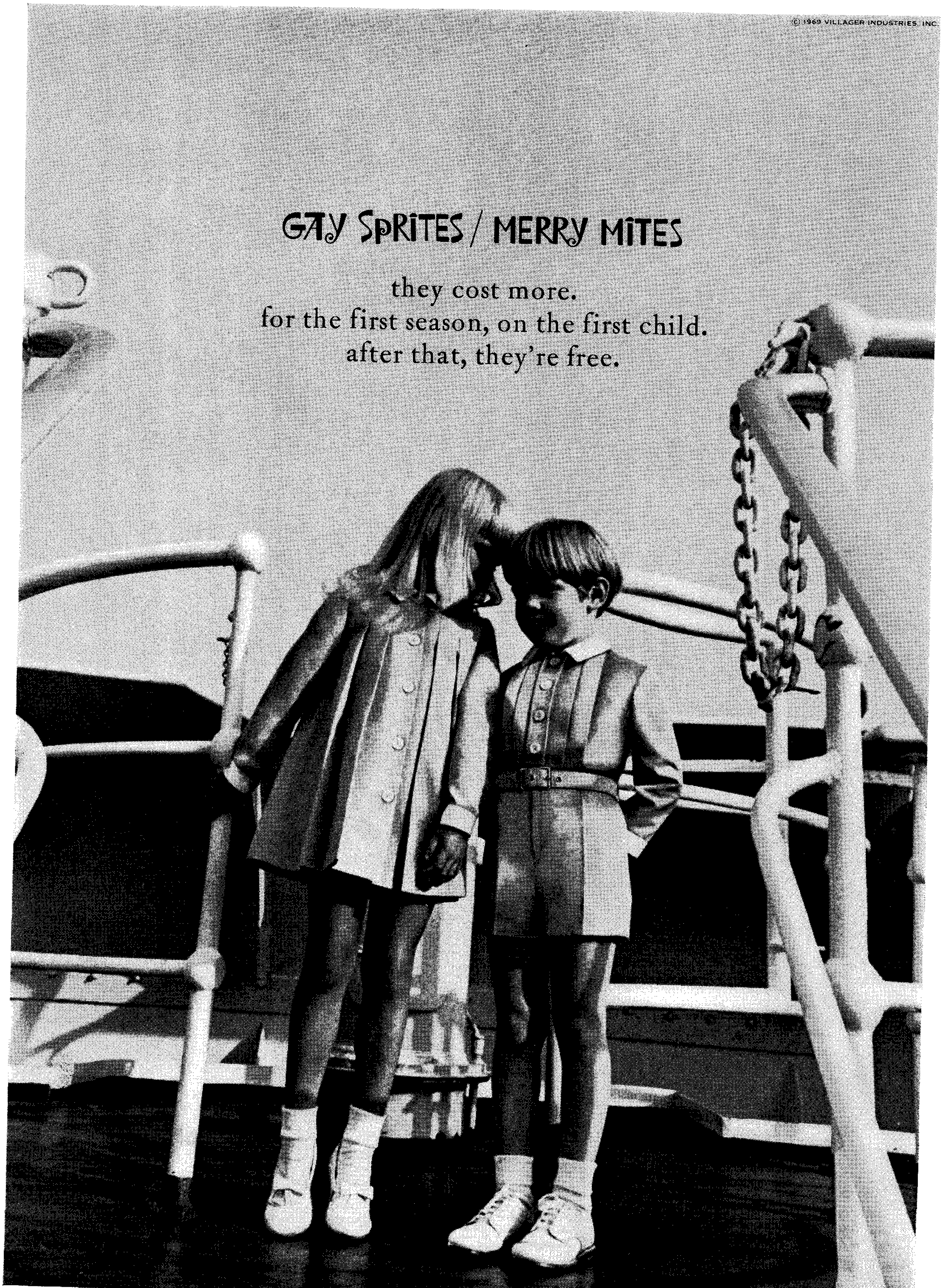
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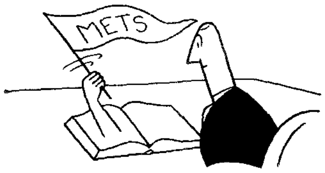
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

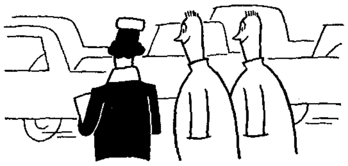
Notes and Comment

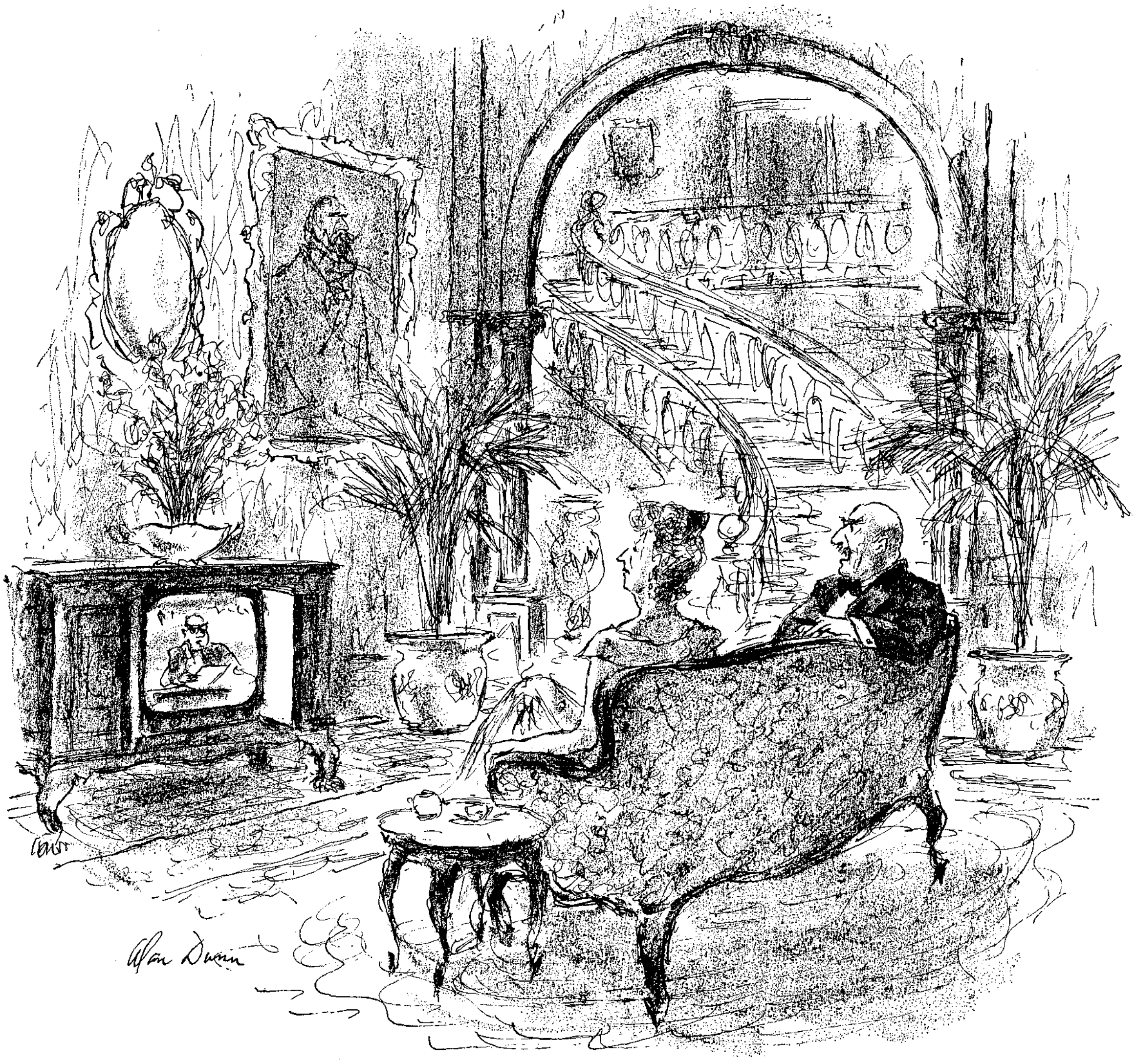
IN the nature of things, lexicographers are supposed to be more knowledgeable about the past than about the future. They are certainly not expected to be clairvoyant. Be that as it may, anyone who last year consulted the Random House Dictionary would have found that the third definition of the word "pennant" read as follows: "A flag serving as an emblem of victory or championship: *He says the Mets may win the pennant next year.*"



ANOTHER letter from our friend the long-winded lady:

"I am sure you have heard about those 'flirty, flirty guys with their flirty, flirty eyes.' They are in a song called 'Paper Doll.' I had an encounter with two of those flirty guys on Sixth Avenue tonight, and I am going to tell you about it. It was around nine o'clock when I met them. The rain that had fallen all day today had stopped, leaving the air damp and the streets wet and shiny, tinted with city lights. I was walking home after having dinner at the Lobster, on West Forty-fifth Street. I must say that that block of Forty-fifth, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, is in terrible shape. It is something over two years since the wreckers moved in on the neighboring streets to the north, and now that the demolition is complete from Fiftieth Street all the way down to Forty-sixth, and the new skyscrapers are beginning to shoot up there, the few side streets that were spared, including Forty-fifth Street, look outcast. The familiar theatres and restaurants are still going strong, but the streets they stand on have taken on the appearance of slums. There have been a lot of changes. As the streets became ravaged, an army of new girls, of all shades and colors, arrived to walk around on them, and for over a year now Sixth Avenue has been monopolized by young—very young—black girls in huge gold and silver wigs, who are so theatrical and new-looking that when you see them posing around at the edge of the smelly ruins and excavations you begin to wonder if the entire city is rehearsing for some mad extravaganza that will end by launching us all into Bedlam. I have to remark that Bedlam is the word you see around this midtown area these days. You see it over and over again, inside and outside the construction sites. You see it stamped in big letters on motors and on the steel frames that will support those skyscraper tons of concrete and glass and so on—Bethlehem, Bethlehem, Bethlehem. Whatever happens, we won't be able to say we weren't warned by the manufacturer. When I reached the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth tonight, I saw that five or six of these brightly wigged young girls had gathered in front of the greeting-card shop, which was closed but which remains well lighted after closing time. With the exception of the delicatessen, the other shops in the block were also closed, and in some cases barred. There are a record shop, a shop that sells old movie stills and photographs of movie stars (especially of dead movie stars), a cut-rate drugstore, a coin shop, and a dress shop, but they were all dark. The greeting-card shop has two show windows flanking a recessed glass entrance door. Two of the girls stood side by side in this recess, making a centerpiece for their companions, who had composed themselves into a group nice enough to be the finale of 'No, No, Nanette,' although their dress seemed to promise a particularly subtle interpretation of 'Gaîté Parisienne.' Legs, coats, and heads they were, their legs bare to the top, their coats tiny and black, and their heads very big and high in their gold and silver wigs. They all wore low-heeled shoes in light colors—gold and silver, mostly. I walked past them and on to the corner, where the two flirts showed up—loomed up before me as I stood at the curb waiting for the light to change. They were about nineteen years of age, stocky fellows, and they wore their raincoats buttoned up to the neck. They looked alike, with round faces and peachy complexions and crewcut blond heads, and they were both grinning. They spoke to me, making a suggestion to which I had no reply, although they must have hoped for one, because they waited beside me until the light changed and I fled across the avenue. After I had walked a few steps, I looked back to see if anything was happening over there where the girls were. Something was happening, all right. In the short time since I left them, the two raincoats had not merely reached the greeting-card shop but usurped the girls' place in the doorway, and now they stood side by side in the lighted recess, still grinning while they watched the girls, who had moved off and were conferring together before scattering up and down the street. I was a bit puzzled. Those girls are not meek, yet they had seemed to give in very easily. Probably they have been instructed to avoid trouble, and they could hardly expect to do much business with those two idiots grinning in the background. I suppose there is a chance





"Ten billion dollars for a Safeguard System! There was a time in this nation when all we needed was a Paul Revere and a stout horse."

• •

that the two flirts were in charge of the girls, but somehow I think that they were just a pair of show-offs, and that they drove the girls away. The last I saw of them all, the boys were still standing in the doorway, their round blond heads turning right, left, right, left as they enjoyed the view, and the girls were in full flight, hurrying along the wet pavement to their new stations."

Enough Is Enough

THE Twenty-third Councilmanic District, in southeastern Brooklyn, is one of the city's twenty-seven such districts, of which there are nine in Brooklyn, five in the Bronx, six apiece in Queens and Manhattan, and one divided between Staten Island and Brooklyn. The twenty-seven men who represent the people of these districts on the City Council come up for election every four years, along with two councilmen-at-large from each of the five boroughs and a City Council president. The Council is a legislative body, the local equivalent of the United States Congress, but by tradition and the force of the city charter neither its initiative nor its power has ever been remarkable. Proposals are constantly made to correct this situation by increasing the number of Council members, or raising their salaries, or reducing the power of the mayor, and this election campaign was no exception. In most of the races, however, theoretical discussion of the structure of government was subordinate to local issues, particularly off Manhattan Island, where competition was heavy this year for the title of Forgotten Borough.

Theodore Silverman, the Democratic candidate for councilman from the Twenty-third District, whose campaign we followed off and on for the last six months, won a decisive victory over Liberal, Conservative, and Republican opponents (twenty-nine thousand out of fifty-four thousand votes), running as a man of the people, with the slogan "Enough Is Enough." While it is likely that any moderately healthy and experienced Democrat could have won in the Twenty-third, which encompasses the Forty-first Assembly District, the political base of Stanley Steingut, former and still influential Brooklyn Democratic leader, Mr. Silverman was an amateur when he took a leave from his job as route manager (paper delivery) for the *News* earlier this year. By June, he had succeeded in persuading the district's housewives and merchants of his dedication to solving their problems, and he defeated the Democratic incumbent in the primary, on June 17th, winning ten thousand of the seventeen thousand votes cast.

We first met Mr. Silverman on the night of the primary, about an hour after the polls closed, at his headquarters in a shabby storefront at the intersection of Ralph Avenue and Farragut Road. The long, narrow room was crowded with gleeful men and women, exulting over their successful insurgency amid posters indicating an association of the Silverman campaign with the campaigns of Mario Procaccino, Abe Beame, Francis X. Smith, and Leonard Simon, an unsuccessful reform candidate for Borough President of Brooklyn. Silverman's name was hand-painted below the names of the less impoverished candidates.

One week later, we returned to Ralph Avenue for a more leisurely visit. A poster in one window read, "Enough Is Enough. Elect Silverman. Theodore 'Ted' Silverman." Inside, among rickety folding tables and chairs, battered desks and fileboxes, and dirty ashtrays, we found Mr. Silverman—brown hair, blue eyes, bumpy hawk nose, white shirt, gold wedding ring—plotting his November campaign with Mrs. Sandy Reichman, a large, energetic blond woman who serves as one of his two chief assistants. He told us that he had never been a political candidate before the primary. "I've been president of the Flatlands-East Flatbush Civic Association and vice-president of the Sixty-third Precinct Community Council and a member of various local education groups," he said. "I have two children. I became known as a fighter for better education, for better parks, for recreational facilities for our children and our senior citizens. The machine candidate was only interested in what's going on in the clubhouse, so the civic organizations decided to run someone in the primary. There wasn't one pro—not a single professional—involved in my campaign. The people won—that's what's so beautiful. The campaign was solely based on people-to-people confrontation." (Mrs. Reichman, letting the candidate speak for himself, punctuated his remarks from time to time by saying "People-people"—a phrase she had invented to describe the Silverman constituency.) "I spent four or five days a week walking and talking—on the subways, at bus stops, on street corners. I never promised anything. I just made one statement of fact: 'I will roll up my sleeves and work—honest, hard work.' The organization challenged our petitions. They took us to court, and eight days before the primary I was removed from the ballot. Then I was reinstated by the Appellate Division, five to nothing. The women!" He smiled and shook his head to express awe and admiration. "Just housewives. If anyone tells me that people don't care in this city—" He broke off, seized by deep emotion; Mr. Silverman is very fervent about the people. "People-people," Mrs. Reichman murmured. After a moment, Mr. Silverman spoke again. "The women carried it for me two to one. They were here in the store until two, three in the morning working—no pay."

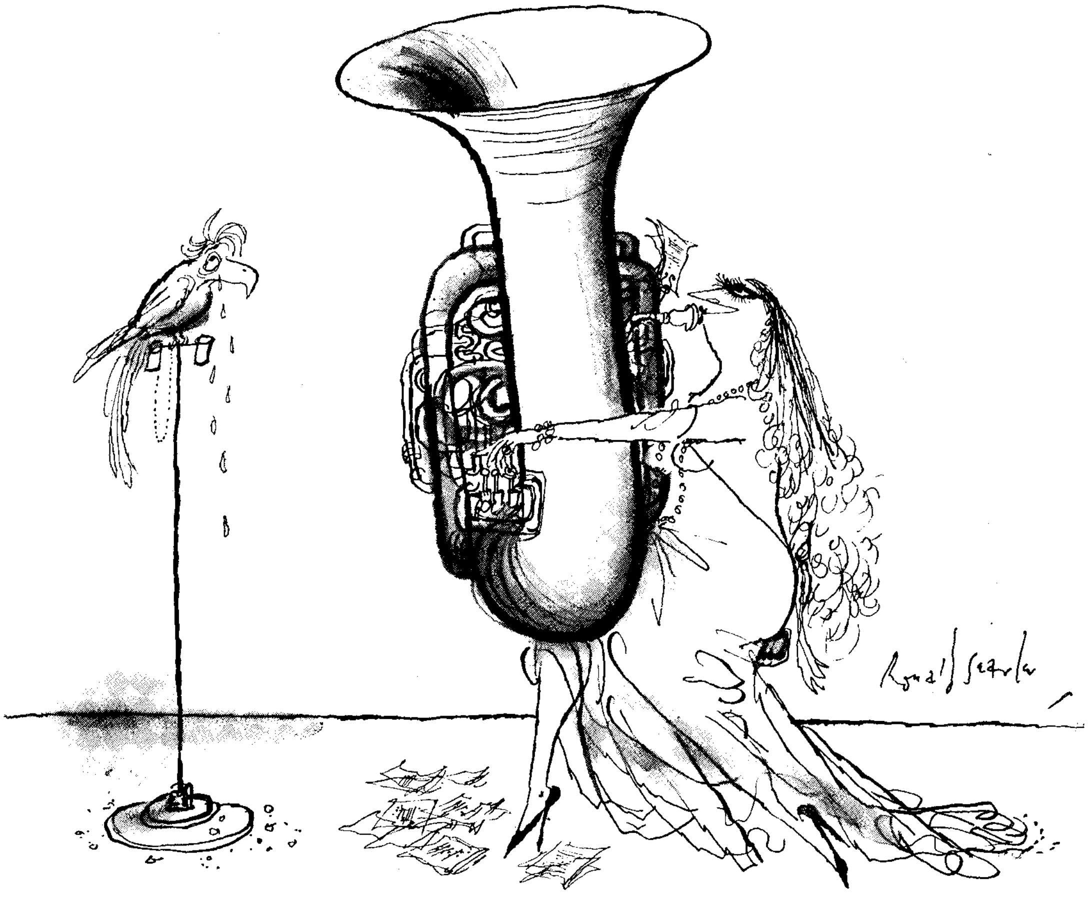
Just then, a shoe-store proprietor walked in to shake Mr. Silverman's hand and to offer his support. He suggested slipping a "Vote for Silverman" label into each pair of shoes he sold. Mr. Silverman said he couldn't afford the labels, but thanked the man for his thought.

We asked Mrs. Reichman about the cost of the campaign.

"Shoestrings!" she declared.

Mr. Silverman proceeded to explain his political philosophy. "I would describe myself as a liberal Democrat," he said. "Four years ago, I was an active supporter of John Lindsay. Have you ever read his legislative record? Beautiful! But times change faster than people. Now I find myself a moderate. I'm the same man I was four years ago, but now I'm a moderate Democrat. There must be a return to respect for the rights of all people. I don't say 'law and order.' We must get back to the founding principles of this country. Everyone is in favor of law and order, however you want to say it; the problem is what to do. I have some ideas for programs. First, mobile sports centers—city buses with the insides removed and miniature gyms inside, available to children winter and summer. Maybe some of the Mets could travel with them, talk about the game. Second, with the coöperation of city government, private industry, labor, and the community, vacant lots and stores could be allocated to the community for vest-pocket youth centers—to use a Lindsayism—with much of the responsibility for running them given to the teen-agers themselves. Many city departments would have to be involved. I've only talked to the Parks Department, and they're interested. Now, programs cost money. Like everyone else, I complain about high taxes. I would have voted against raising the real-estate tax, because I think it is unfair. I hope to be able to produce these programs at the same taxes or less. There is a triplication of work in the city right now as a result of the new superagencies, and the tax structure has to be revamped. I'm *against* the sales tax. I favor two things. This needs more careful study, but I would replace most of the taxes we now pay with one general city income tax based on ability to pay, and it should be extended to out-of-town residents who work here. Also, the moneymaking property of foundations and religious institutions should be taxed. Freddy Perrotta stole that idea from me."

Mr. Silverman leaned back and chuckled. "This is an independent community," he said, assessing his chances in the general election. "A majority of Democrats. They went for Lindsay four years ago, and the McCarthy slate of delegates carried the district last year. In my humble opinion, Mario Procaccino can best bring the people together again. I'm not a lawyer. I never concealed what I was. I'm a truck driver, a deliveryman for the *News*. I ran to do a



job. There was no machine behind me, and there won't be any machine behind me if I win. If I don't do the job, the people will let me know."

"People-Brooklyn, people-people," said Mrs. Reichman.

Last week, early in the afternoon of Election Day, we stopped in again at the storefront. Mr. Silverman was on the telephone, apologizing to someone for having failed to attend a recent neighborhood meeting. "Suddenly I'm finding out that I'm supposed to be something other than people," he was saying, with a bewildered look. "Suddenly I'm supposed to go places—official appearances." He hung up and turned to Mrs. Reichman, who was sitting at one of the desks, under a big American flag, sorting file cards of registered voters. "I can't figure it," he said. "There's a heavy white vote, but the black vote is light so far, even though there was a very heavy registration in those districts. Let's get someone over to the polling place at 219," he added. "As 219 goes is a good indication of how the Fortieth will vote." He looked over at a woman who was sitting at another desk urging her husband, who had dropped in on his way home from work, to go and vote. "Silverman and Procaccino," she said. "Vote from the bottom up, Jack."

The woman came over and introduced herself to us as Beverly Wald, the candidate's other chief assistant. "I'm the doer here," she said, "and Sandy Reichman is the thinker." She spoke very loudly, to be sure she caught Mrs. Reichman's attention. "Sandy sat there thinking, waving a pen in the air, while I addressed ten thousand envelopes." Both ladies roared with laughter, and Mr. Silverman smiled at them benevolently.

Around five o'clock, a man stuck his head in the door and shouted, "Four hours to go!"

"That's Ted's father," Mrs. Reichman told us.

"What does it look like in the Forty-first and the Fortieth?" the candidate asked his assistants. "Did Dan Brennan and Al Fagan call in yet?"

While Mrs. Wald tried to track down the two district leaders by phone, Mrs. Reichman led us to a multicolored hand-drawn map taped to the wall and explained that the Twenty-third Councilmanic District is divided into nine assembly districts and a hundred and ninety-six election districts. She said that the Forty-first, which is Silverman's home assembly district, is primarily a white middle-class and lower-middle-class neighborhood, though it does contain an integrated housing development with twelve hundred families. The Twenty-third as a whole, she said, is about thirty per cent black.

As the evening passed, the storefront filled up with members of the Silverman family, including his wife, Ethel, and with teen-age volunteers, including Mrs. Wald's fourteen-year-old daughter, Valerie, who appeared to be as smitten with the candidate's political charms as her mother and Mrs. Reichman, and Neil Laskin, a bulky, dark-haired young man, who claimed to be the world's youngest poll-watcher.

We asked how old he was.

"Fifteen and a half," he announced triumphantly.

Mrs. Wald put the teen-agers to work with pencils and rulers drawing lines on the blank sides of Procaccino-Beame-Smith posters, for entering vote tallies when the polls closed, at nine o'clock. Although no one in the storefront seemed to have any doubt that Mr. Silverman would be elected, he himself made an occasional attempt to temper the premature conviviality. "No matter what happens tonight, I can't sit and cry," he said at one point. "It's up to the people."

Mr. Wald strolled back into the storefront, having voted, and said to Mr. Silverman, "I'm going to sue you for my wife's services for six months." Everyone laughed.

Mrs. Wald was chatting with a man standing in the doorway while she arranged paper plates of cake squares and chocolate kisses and potato chips on a collapsing metal table propped up on two chairs. "Somebody come look at my table!" she cried. "This is the caterer from Levenstein's, and I just got a compliment."

Mrs. Silverman sat slumped in a chair with her shoes off, yawning.

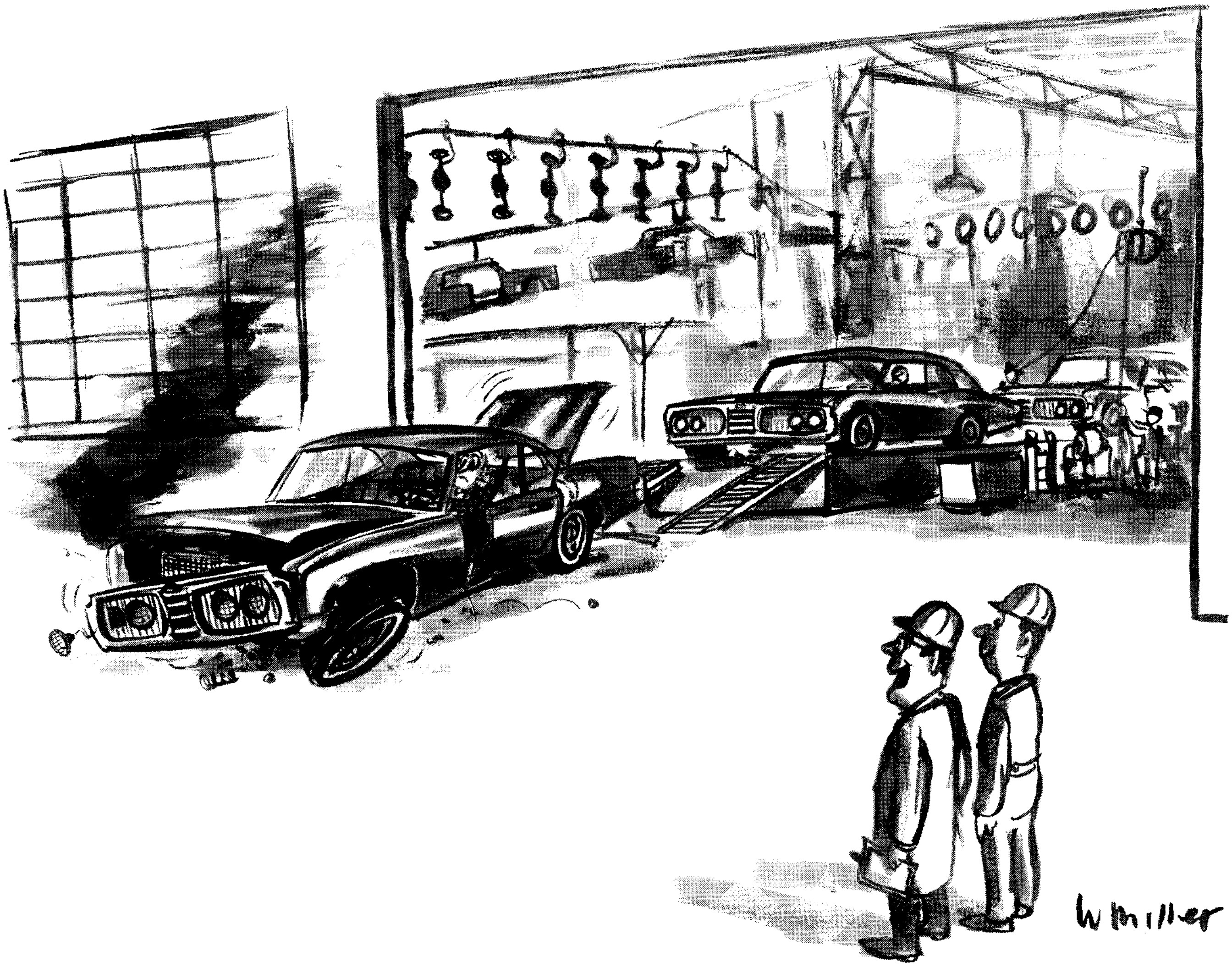
At nine, the candidate called for silence and addressed his wife: "The wife of the Honorable Councilman-to-be—for the polls are closed—please turn on the TV!"

By ten o'clock, Mr. Silverman was sitting at the desk under the flag patiently trying to enter returns on the tally sheets while swarming, shrieking poll-watchers clamored for his attention, drowning out the sound of network commentators projecting defeat for Mario Procaccino: "Silverman 163, Kingsepp 6." . . . "Lerman 73, Silverman 232, Paar 47." . . . "Silverman 415, Paar 63." . . . "Stay for a drink. Don't go away." . . . "Hey, Ma, here comes Daddy." . . . "You people did it again." . . . "Wagner voted for Lindsay, but first he voted Democratic." . . . "Manslaughter! What a fight I had! They wouldn't let me get to the machine." . . . "We did great!" . . . "Please, girls, I know we're excited, but one at a time." . . . "I'm still trying to get Al." . . . "You need an adding machine." . . . "I'm going over the top of the ticket on every ballot!" . . . "Hi, Mom." . . . "How did Procaccino do in the project?" . . . "Where is he? Where's the celebrity?" . . . "What did I always tell you? You can trust the people." . . . "Procaccino is winning in Brooklyn, but nowhere near the way he has to." . . . "What did I always tell you? New York is still a liberal town."

Albert Hubbell

The Who

SEVERAL afternoons ago, we found ourself in the Grand Ballroom of the Holiday Inn on West Fifty-seventh Street, where the Who were to receive gold records for having sold a million dollars' worth of albums of the rock opera "Tommy." The Who are the third most important of the English rock bands (after the Rolling Stones and the



"There's one we won't have to recall."

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Beatles), having first attracted public attention through their custom, since abandoned, of smashing their instruments to bits onstage. "Tommy" is their opera—the first rock opera ever written, in fact—and they were in town performing it for a week at the Fillmore East.

At first, we thought we had come to the wrong ballroom, since it was empty except for a little knot of perhaps a dozen people in one corner, and nothing especially ceremonial seemed to be going on. Then the four members of the Who separated themselves out, and, holding their gold records, which were mounted and framed, lined up to be photographed. They were dressed in a variety of imaginative costumes, and, of course, they all had long hair. A well-barbered man whose black hair was going gray, and who was wearing a blue suit, a blue shirt, and a blue tie, lined up with them.

"Who's that?" we asked a handy public-relations man.

"That's the executive vice-president of Decca Records," he whispered back.

The well-barbered man stepped to one side, and another well-barbered man, also with black hair going gray and also wearing a blue suit, a blue shirt, and a blue tie, took his place.

"Who's that?" we asked.

"That's the executive vice-president of the Music Corporation of America," the P.R. man said.

A third man moved up to be photographed with the Who. He was like his two predecessors in every respect except that his well-barbered sideburns (which were going gray) were half an inch longer and his blue suit was double-breasted.

"Who's *that*?" we asked.

"That is the director of creative services of Decca Records," the P.R. man said, a bit edgily.

The photographer left, thus putting an end to the ceremony, and the Who went upstairs to relax for a couple of hours before going downtown for their performance. When we joined them, a few minutes later, they were talking about the Woodstock rock festival.

"That was the worst gig we ever played," Roger Daltrey, the lead singer, was saying, in a gravelly voice. He was wearing suède bell-bottoms and a ski sweater, and a halo of dark-blond curls surrounded his bony face. "We waited in a field of mud for fourteen hours, sitting on some boards, doing nothing, and doing nothing is the most exhausting thing in the world. As a result, we gave one of the worst shows we've ever done."

"From a human point of view, it was great," said John Entwhistle, the bass guitarist—a hulking, broad-shouldered man wearing, among other things, a pair of snakeskin boots. "Three people died and two people were born and half a million people managed to get on together. But musically it was awful. The only good thing was when the sun came up just as we were getting to the end of 'Tommy.' That was marvellous. It felt like a blessing from God."

There was a soft knock at the

"I forgive all of you your trespasses."

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door. Keith Moon, the drummer, who had on an electric-blue suit that matched the chair he was sitting in, called out "Come in!" and then added "Better still, get out!"

"The girl from last night is here," said a man's voice outside.

Moon raised his eyebrows and lowered them.

"I don't think we'll be playing gigs like Woodstock in the future," said Peter Townshend, who is the leader of the Who and the composer and librettist of "Tommy." He is thin, with large hands and wrists, a small chin, and an oversized nose. "A festival is essentially a public occasion, and the music is just background. We haven't seen the worst yet. One promoter I've heard about is trying to organize a festival in Wyoming next summer. Not any particular part of Wyoming—the whole state."

There was another knock, and the same voice said, "The girl from the third row is here. She said you'd know."

No one seemed to know.

Townshend continued, "Whether or not you participate in something like that depends on whether you regard rock as a commodity or as something more—recognizing, fair enough, that it's something that can make a lot of money. But it's not going to stop tomorrow, it's not going to die, and so there's no need to wring it dry today. For example, we could have played Madison Square Garden instead of the Fillmore and made more money in one night than we'll get for the whole week. But we've become so serious and so obsessed with keeping happy and performing that we're willing to turn down huge offers for the chance to reach an audience. The problem with a place like the Garden is that the audience can't see you wince. They can't see you smile. And that's important to us, because to us a rock concert is as much a theatrical performance as a musical one."

We asked the Who if anything in particular had struck them about America during their visit, and Roger Daltrey said, "The generation gap. It's about fifty times worse here than it is at home."

"In England, I'm a respected member of the community," Entwhistle said. "Here, right here in the lobby downstairs, somebody came up to me yesterday and called me a dirty hippie. Why is everybody with long hair automatically considered dirty? If you don't have hair that's so short you can see the scalp through it, you're not quite human. In England, even the politicians have long hair—to keep the draft off their necks. It's a cold country."

"Our parents spent six years in air-raid shelters while their houses were being blown up over their heads," Daltrey said. "They built up a sense of humor. We respect them, and they respect us."

The group broke up to get ready for the show, and we went along with Townshend to his room. While he changed his shirt, he talked about "Tommy," which, properly speaking, is not an opera but an oratorio. It is about a boy, born during the First World War, who goes blind, deaf, and dumb after seeing his father kill his mother's lover. He becomes a pinball champion, operating the machine solely through his sense of touch, and then is miraculously cured. He becomes the leader of a religious movement and acquires millions of followers, who finally reject him when he tells them that to achieve enlightenment they must tape up their eyes, ears, and mouths, and play pinball. All in all, not a particularly outlandish plot for an opera.

We said that we had been impressed the night before by the Who's energetic stage performance, which is full of leaps and grand gestures, and Townshend said, "Yes, the Who are very athletic. You have to be fit, and keeping fit is a serious problem on a tour like this. I've never been able to do anything athletic in the sense of sports or games, but onstage I can pour incredible energy out of nowhere, just by drawing on the resources that I think every human being has. I wish I could jump sixty feet in the air, land, and play a guitar note."

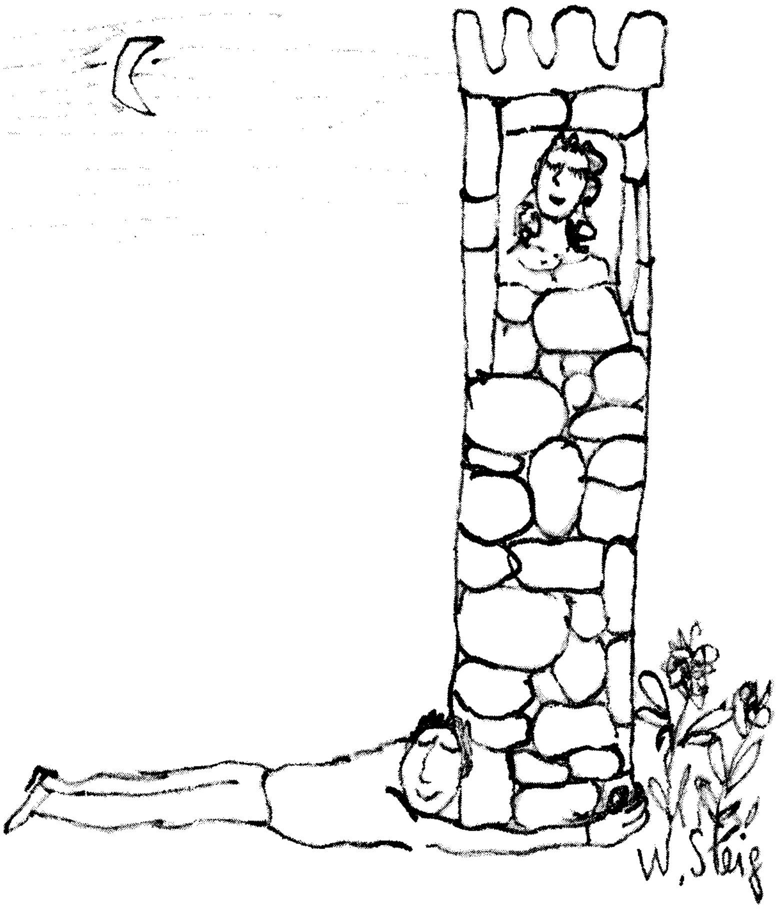
It was time to move on to the Fillmore, and as we left we asked Townshend if he thought rock was one of the causes of the cultural changes that have affected young people everywhere.

"I don't think rock causes change," he said. "Rock doesn't cause change; it's there because changes have taken place. It's a reflection of changes in ideas. If rock really is a reflection of the current mood, I can only be optimistic, and not just because I'm a part of it. I can't pinpoint the changes; if I could, I'd be in government instead of playing the guitar. But rock is going in a certain direction, and I think it's a good direction. I'm not worried."

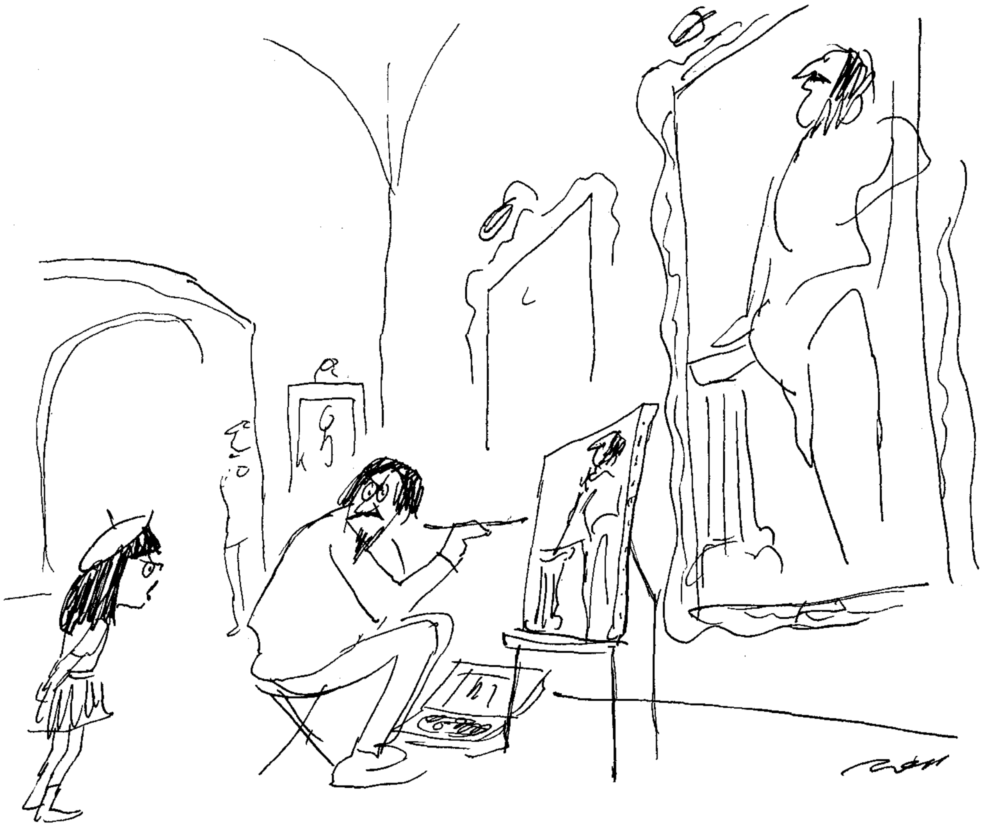
ONE OF MY GENERATION

SOMETIMES, to test my courage, I face students; they gaze at me with those drug-begentled eyes that have seen Krishna and the connection between a baby-pink dean and a canister of napalm, and their polite (more or less) silence poses the question "And what of *your* generation?" In search of an answer, I see myself climbing, nearly twenty Septembers ago, the five flights to my college room and finding, bent-necked and narrow-shouldered in an island of light, in a chamber bare but for the bleakest sticks of institutional furniture, my new roommate writing a poem. I tiptoe closer and peek over his shoulder. He writes with a tensely gripped pencil very tiny letters with long, gouging descenders. Now, as then, I cannot make out the poem, but it had a rose in it, and a cross, and a mother, and a lot of compacted backward phrasing. His poems, of which I was to read many, usually struck me as instances of misapplied force, like screws hammered into wood. However, through the mist of years certain images still wink: a father's arm outflung like a lighthouse beam, a ferret suddenly twisting in a nest of religious imagery, an orchidaceous canopy dappling the water ("lizarding/the glissant scum") during an imaginary trip down the Amazon. Writing on with his strange neat vehemence, my new roommate completed the stanza before rising to shake my hand. His name was Ed Popper and he came from Nebraska. He had been raised a Baptist but had become an Anglo-Catholic. He was a disciple of Robert Lowell—the early, Boston Lowell, the Lowell of "Lord Weary's Castle" and "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket." I learned all this later; as he rose to shake my hand I knew only that his shoulders were narrow for the width of his hips and that, though alone in a drab dormitory room on the day before registration, he wore a rose-colored shirt with a tight starched collar and a silver collar pin beneath the tiniest, driest, most intense necktie knot I had ever seen. His glasses were so thick the flesh of his sockets formed concentric circles around blue bull's-eyes. His domination of me began at once: he was composed and intense and I panting and weak-kneed, for in those days I made it a point of honor always to run up the five flights two steps at a time, without stopping.

He had read everything, it seemed. His father was a grain farmer, and Ed's companions in his rural isolation had been Eliot and Lowell, Valéry and Pound, Ford Madox Ford and Anaïs Nin. I pictured him carrying the books down the aisles of cornfields and settling to read in the shade of a creekside willow. As an adolescent he had written letters East to great men (signed answers had come from John Dos Passos and William Carlos Williams) and to Manhattan booksellers. He owned Knopf's lovely first edition, bound in pastel clown stripes, of Wallace Stevens' "Harmonium;" the wartime pamphlets, in four different dusty colors, in which Faber had issued each of the "Four Quartets;" and the dove-gray booklet, printed in Paris in 1923, containing three stories and ten poems by Ernest Hemingway; and a polychrome row, from "To the Lighthouse" to "Between the Acts," of Hogarth Press's delicately designed Virginia Woolfs. The acquisition, physical and mental, of these works belonged to Ed's past. Literature had ceased to be his study and had become his essence, an atmosphere he merely breathed. In the year we lived together I never saw him read a book or heard him say a respectful word about any author save Lowell and, once, Lord Byron. We were building—Ed was building in my presence—a ladder of the English poets, ranking them by excellence. Tennyson? "Altogether soft," Ed said—"a Victorian moonbeam manufacturer," and placed him on the rung below Cowper. Browning, then? "A rhyming O. Henry," Ed pronounced, and banished him to the nether region below Cowley. I timidly offered him Pope. "Twaddle, and his only saving grace was that he knew it. A notch above Wordsworth and no higher." Hopkins received Ed's favorite verdict: "Minor. Except for two or three stanzas of the 'Deutschland,' a thoroughly unmajor poet. Better than Longfellow, worse than Sidney." Sidney in turn was better than Shelley, worse than Keats. Keats weighed in under Donne, who was inferior to Milton (on the sole strength of "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity;" Ed detested "Paradise Lost" and thought "Lycidas" unpleasantly homosexual), who, if we followed the guidelines of Eliot's rather overrated essay on the breakup of sensibility, was less worthy than Dryden, who could not in good conscience be ranked above Thomas Traherne. At the session's end, through the pewter haze of cigarette smoke, George Gordon, Lord Byron, emerged, by negative deduction, as the greatest of all English poets. Ed considered this unexpected result and thoughtfully nodded assent. "He has the necessary hardness," he said, adding, "We're speaking pre-Lowell, of course."



Could I explain, to a crowd of riot-minded guitarists, how real, if imperfectly read, these great names were to us? Or with what zest we executed the academic exercise, by now



"*Copycat!*"

• •

perhaps as obsolete as diagrammatic parsing, called *explication*? To train one's mind to climb, like a vine on a sunny wall, across the surface of a poem by George Herbert, seeking the handhold crannies of pun, ambiguity, and buried allusion; to bring forth from the surface sense of the poem an altogether other, hidden poem of consistent metaphor and, as it were, verbal subversion; to feel, in Eliot's phrase, a thought like an emotion; to *explicate*—this was life lived on the nerve ends. Ed was a master of explication; whatever on exams he lost on the facts he made up on the set passages. Once, for my amusement, he explicated a column of names in the *Boston Telephone Directory* and proved it to be really about night journeys, seed-planting rites, and the Eternal Return. Less playfully, beneath the surface text of history he spied the Christian counterpoint of Fall and Redemption, the radiant skeleton wrapped in earth's distasteful flesh. Ed was a master, too, of literary gossip, an unprinted Lives of the Poets; he would tell me, with the deadpan rattle of a secret agent, how one night in Paris Pound saved Eliot from suicide, or what Wallace Stevens said to Marianne Moore before disappearing forever into the disguise of a Hartford insurance executive. On an occasion of rare excitement, fresh from a festive night in the offices of the literary magazine, of which he was an editor, he brought back to our room a holy relic, a blank piece of paper on which had been impressed the wet ring, now dried to near-invisibility, of a Martini glass set down by Conrad Aiken.

Ed's devotion eventually earned him a martyrdom. At his oral exams, with a *summa* in the balance, he declined to discuss, on the ground that they were minor, a number of poets including Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Pope; he was knocked down to a *cum*. Out of college, his talents for explication and passionate discrimination lacked a ready market. For a time, I would see him in New York, where he was always about to be interviewed for a job with some textbook publisher or news magazine. But even when he kept the appointment, he must have betrayed his opinion that the organization, let alone his prospective function within it, was impossibly minor, for he was never hired. He grew eccentric and fat. His striped shirts were worn dirty; his tiny tie knots looked pained. My wife and I had him several times to dinner. The last time, we discussed Proust, whom I, in my plodding way, had just begun to read. "Charlus," Ed said. "What a horrible man! What a loathsome, incredible individual! Oh!" And, to our consternation, he couldn't stop ranting; he drank all our brandy, smashed a lampshade, and left at two in the morning, still spewing abhorrence of Charlus. I walked him to the corner, where he embraced me. He would have kissed me, had I not ducked my head. Roommates make such awkward farewells. A few months later, I heard that he had found a job, and a year later that he was very good at it, and rising rapidly. His employer was the C.I.A.

SO, students, when you revile the "power structure" and storm the Pentagon, you are disturbing a haven of old English majors. It is only Ed Popper in there, with his narrow shoulders, his nicotine-orange fingers, his first editions (worth hundreds now), his farmboy twang, his crucifix, and his eyes like blind blue targets. He was an Arabist first, and spent years in Beirut, Istanbul, and Damascus. In the middle sixties he was taught Lao and sent to Southeast Asia. Now, I believe, he is in South America, perhaps seeing with more than a poet's inner eye the orchidaceous canopies that dapple the Amazon's gliding scum. Neither of us, surely, is capable of a "political" act; we rang doorbells for Stevenson, as I recall, because he seemed a poet *manqué*. When we met accidentally a year ago, before Ed disappeared into the "southern continent" that he refused to identify by name, and lunched in a Chinese restaurant, where he one-upped me by ordering in Chinese, I timidly asked about Vietnam. There must be, I suggested, some secret strategic reason, some resource worth fighting for. "Nonsense," Ed said, "there's nothing. Nobody wants it. We don't want it, *Ho Chi Minh* doesn't want it; it's simply a question of annoying the other side. Vietnam, I'm afraid, is thoroughly minor." Ed was impeccably dressed and slimmer—he had developed, I thought, the necessary hardness. He also told me, of my own poems, which had slowly begun to leak into print, that though I handled stanzaic patterns well I quite lacked resonance—which seemed true enough to be a reason not to see Ed soon again. I would rather look at a map, all those flat warring colors, and imagine him in it, a hidden allusion in the poem of the world.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Carpet manufacturers are no longer Davids before the invincible Goliaths of resilient flooring, but have turned out to be Jacks with carpets magic enough to win themselves golden eggs of orders.
—*Home Furnishings Daily.*

And they're as snug as a bug in a rug.

HOW IT TURNS OUT

ASHER and his wife are in the smoking section at the movies. Asher would like everyone to know he doesn't smoke, yet he has climbed up here. Asher gazes at the audience arrayed below him, the rows of dark, motionless heads; they are buried sitting up, like the Azande.

Asher reflects on the struggle to liberate form from the fetters of mass—Michelangelo's *carcere terreno*. My son is like a flame, he thinks in turn. Not my son, really; my stepson. Asher's stepson is fourteen, five-nine, one-thirty-five. These figures are relevant, because Asher and his stepson had a fight in the living room. During the fight, Asher kept yelling at his stepson to apologize. Apologize for what? For growing up, Asher supposes. I knew he'd grow up, Asher thinks, regarding the great shaft of light from the projector, but I must have thought he'd be the same—the same person bigger, a six-foot seven-year-old; this was his age when Asher first met him, got his first kiss.

Asher's stepson told Asher's wife he beat Asher up. Asher maintained it was at least a tie, since he controlled himself and refrained from hitting his stepson in the face, on account of his braces. Asher's stepson said Asher had *tried* to hit him in the face, but he had danced out of range. Asher said those were intended to be slaps.

Asher went to Medical and told the doctor it felt as if his hand was broken. The doctor, who had recently joined the company, leafed through Asher's file. Asher believed his file contained a number of notations made by the doctor's predecessors to the effect that Asher was a hypochondriac. Asher was of this opinion because whenever a new doctor laid his file aside, he looked up at Asher as though—Asher had given the expression a lot of thought—as though Asher were a nestling that had fallen from a nearly inaccessible nest. Should he try to put him back? Should he take him home and feed him with a medicine dropper? Should he ignore him, his fall being the will of Providence?

The new doctor asked Asher how he had hurt himself. Asher said he was punching his son around and must have missed and hit a piece of furniture or a wall or something. Asher thought the doctor was going to put his arm about his, Asher's, shoulders; but if he was he thought better of it, because he withdrew his hand and rested his head in it instead. The X-rays were negative.

Asher remembers his stepson, shirtless, in Provincetown, in the playground across from the Patrician Shop, making thirty-foot jumpers in the failing light.

"Let's go," Asher had said. "It's dark."

"Let's stay," his stepson had said. "I'm on."

From the corner, pale and writhing like a flame.

The metal backboard went brrannnng.

"I got a new move."

"I'm watching."

"I can get rim."

"Are you going to get good marks?"

His stepson went up for a jumper from the top of the key, his bare torso nearly phosphorescent, as though he had leaped from the sea.

"Are you?"

"I'm hot."

"Well, *are* you?"

"Don't you think I'm ashamed of my past?"

He dribbled to the other end of the court, where Asher couldn't make him out.

"It's nighttime."

"I'm deadly."

Brrannnng.

"I'm going."

Walking up the hill to the house the Ashers had rented for July, his stepson had said, "Do you think I've grown any taller?"

"Since *yesterday*!"

"It's conceivable."

"A kiss?"

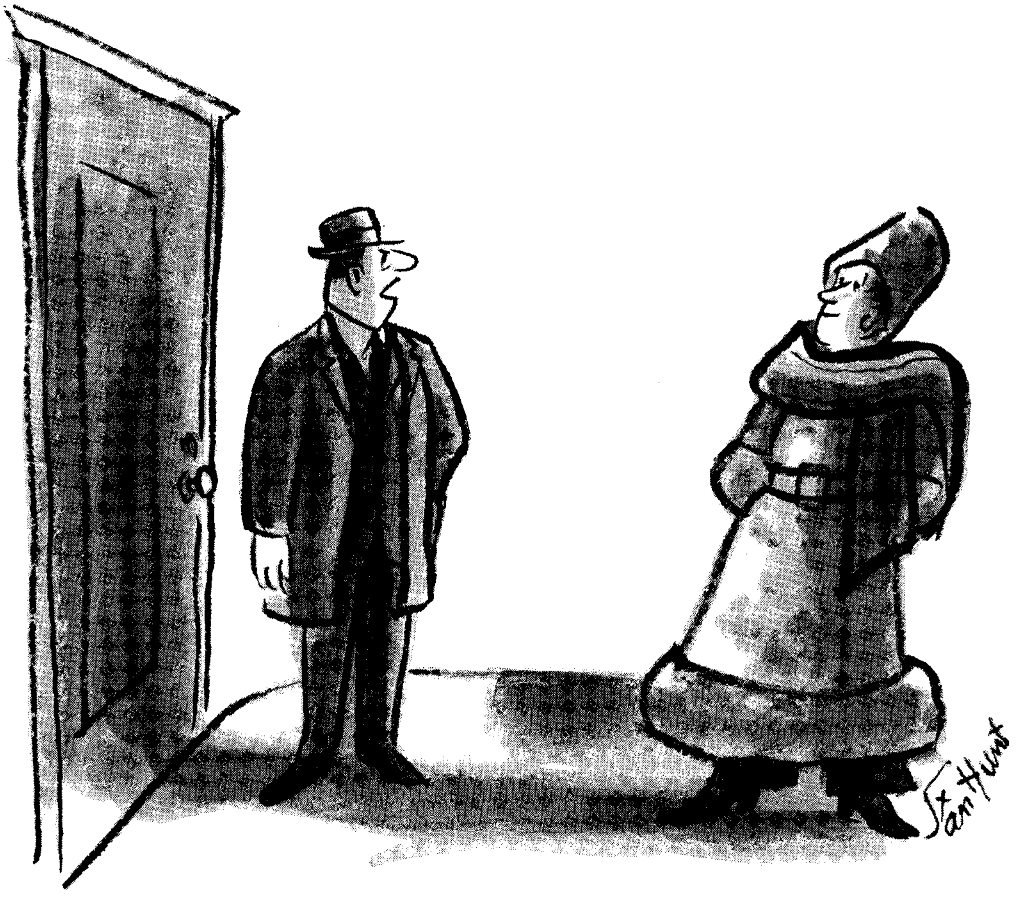
"No."

"Are you too old?"

"No."

"Are you wearing your rubber bands?"

ASHER puts a finger in each ear to shut out the dialogue and the score, and calls to mind his stepdaughter doing a dolphin, a synchronized swimming stunt, in Slough Pond, her nipples appearing above the surface. The little flowered top of her bathing suit had whizzed by his ear, followed by the bottom, and she had come ashore naked, like Venus. Asher had been reading the sports page. It was the first time he had seen her undressed. She was sixteen. She had reminded him of girls he had never loved, and this made him love her more, from farther away, and with a sharper sense of despair. Asher's wife had told him he didn't love her daughter and that he yelled at her all the time. His stepdaughter had told a psychiatrist she had seen for a while that Asher had kicked her when she was hysterical and lying on the living-room floor. "Did you tell him it was



"Oh, Edith, we're only going around the block, for God's sake!"

with my *bare* foot?" Asher had asked her.

"What's wrong with your bathing suit?"

"It's not pretty."

"But you picked it out."

"Last year."

"When will you ever make up your mind?"

"I don't know. This morning, I thought: I'm going to be seventeen and I don't know anything."

"Why don't you shave your legs? That isn't esoteric."

"It's unnatural."

"All you nonconformists are sheep."

"Do you want to see me do a subalina with a half twist?"

"I want to know why you don't read."

She was already running back into the pond. Asher laid his paper aside. One white foot stuck out of the green water. I've made no effort to know her, Asher informs himself.

ASHER thinks of something Marvin once said. Marvin and his wife belong to Dr. Moscow's couples group, which Asher's wife makes Asher go to. Asher has been to a number of analysts. "You change nut-fixers as often as your mother changes maids," Asher's wife told him. "Psychology is a soft science," Asher explained. "It may even be softer than *sociology*."

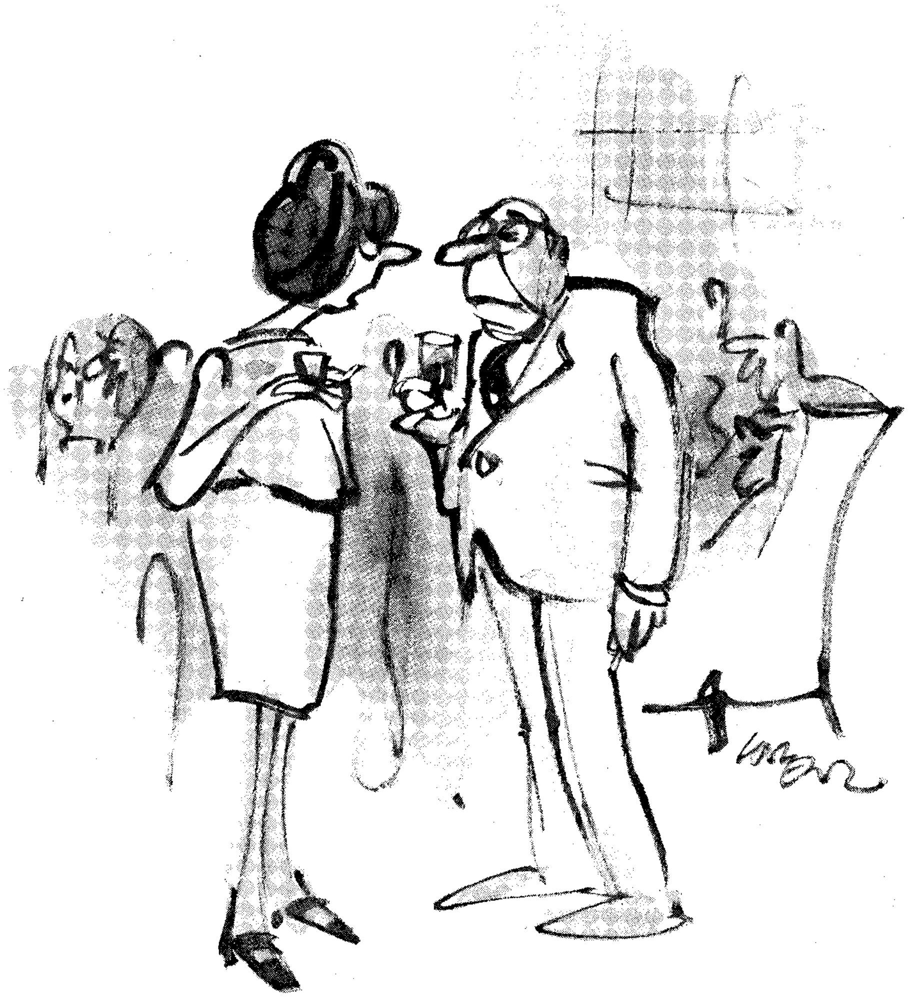
Asher keeps trying to leave Dr. Moscow, too. He even wrote him a letter:

DEAR DR. MOSCOW:

I won't be coming to group anymore. (I can't, of course, speak for my wife.) I have to do something, however symbolic, to alter my circumstances; so this stroke. I feel I've stopped growing and, like my potted palm (which, you'll recall, we discussed in several sessions), I'm withering at the tips. If I can no longer add, I must subtract. Perhaps if I hew away, I'll emerge. Group is a chip flying off.

Dr. Moscow called him up. "You're a rascal, you," he said.

What Marvin had said was that he realized his marriage was a mistake at his wedding reception, when his wife insisted that he take a big bite of wedding cake for the photographer. "She kept trying to push this piece of cake into my mouth," Marvin had said. "*And I didn't want any.*"



"I'm not opposed to sex education, but six is much too young to be calling things by their right names."

That was seventeen years ago. Asher had married *his* wife when he was nearly thirty-four, or six years ago. Actually, as Asher's wife told him the other day, they aren't really married; she had her fingers crossed during the ceremony.

Five minutes after this revelation, Asher said to his wife, "Who stole our wedding pictures?"

"You're not going to be able to see it," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because of my bouquet."

"What about your bouquet?"

"I was hiding my fingers behind it."

"But he hopped about."

"Who hopped?"

"The photographer. He covered it from different angles."

"The wedding pictures are in the bottom of a box on the top shelf of the linen closet."

Asher slung his binoculars around his neck.

"Where are you going?" his wife asked.

"Home," Asher said.

He took a cab to his parents' apartment house on Central Park West.

"I was in the Park looking for birds," Asher said when his mother opened the door.

"But it's dark," she said.

"I didn't see any," he said. "What do you know," he added, advancing into the living room and picking up an album. "My wedding pictures."

When Asher returned home, his wife said, "I just remembered. When I crossed my fingers, it was my *first* marriage."

"LET'S go," Asher whispers to his wife.

"No."

"But it's no good."

"I want to see how it turns out."

"It won't get better."

"How do you know?"

"Because it's bad art, and bad art is bad all the way to the end. That's what makes it bad."

"What about a bad life?"

"No such thing. Life is *hard*. Now can we go?"

"You may."

Asher arises, goes downstairs, and sits in the lounge, which is empty except for a Negro maid setting out coffee cups, who presently leaves; this must be what a bomb shelter is like, he thinks. Asher listens carefully, but he is unable to hear the movie. After a while, he goes back upstairs and stands at the foot of the smoking section, looking for his wife. He can't find her. How had he ever found her in the first place? He leaves the theatre. It is still light out—blue like a gas flame, like fishes' backs, like the air in which Giotto's lamenting angels hover.

Asher walks down Fifth Avenue, which is deserted at this hour. When he gets to Twenty-second Street, he recognizes his wife a block ahead, walking downtown, under the bare flagpoles. All the buildings are old here, with elaborate cornices, and of a similar height, so that they form two great palisades. When I was a boy, Asher thinks, my father had his office in this sombre region, his windows below Formals and above Toys, Novelties, and Key Chains. Asher thinks, too: I am as old as my father; that is, the age he was when I began to understand what he was driving at. How quickly it has happened. Is this all there's going to be to it?

Asher catches up with his wife.

"I thought you went home," she says.

"I was going to, but everything's frozen."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You didn't take anything out of the freezer. There's nothing to eat."

"What are you waving your hand about for?"

"Air pollution."

"You're *dispersing* it?"

"This is symbolism."

"Can we take a cab?"

In the cab, Asher says, "I'm not going back to group and I'm not going back to Provincetown."

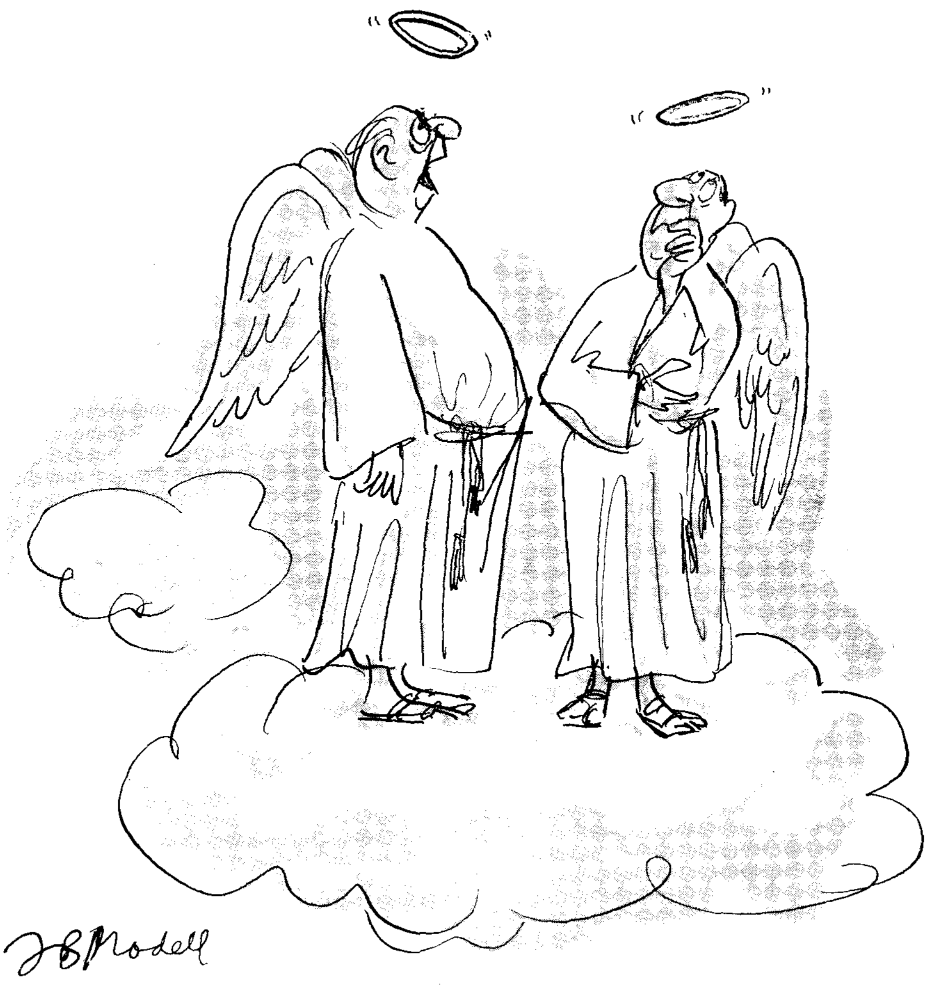
His wife doesn't say anything.

"I'm trying to convert a work of nature into a work of man," he adds.

"What you're trying to do in this marriage is to turn me into you," she says.

"You should have married someone mediocre," he says, "someone without a gift of expression."

Asher turns away and glances out the rear window. His stepson is riding his ten-speed bicycle right behind the cab, pedalling furiously; he has his mirrored sunglasses on. Asher's stepdaughter is on the crossbar; she is wearing a T-shirt and no brassiere. They look wanton to Asher, and he opens his mouth to shout, to censure them. His stepdaughter puts a finger to her lips. Asher shuts his eyes. When he opens them, the street is empty. He hears a faint rapping on the side of the cab. It's his stepson's ring, which he made out of the handle of a teaspoon. The children have drawn alongside.



"How should I know how they stay up there? I was a lawyer, not a physicist."

• •

"Please be good," Asher tells them. "Please read something besides Eldridge Cleaver."

ASHER can't sleep. He gets out of bed and, naked except for his slippers, goes into the living room, picks up his palm—which he owned before he got married, and which is now as tall as he is—and lugs it into the hall bathroom, where he immerses it in a pail of water with the chill off in the stall shower. Asher sits on the toilet seat, listening to the palm drinking.

A few minutes later, he returns to the bedroom, kneels by the bed, and whispers in his wife's ear, "Who stole the cuticle scissors?"

"You're going to give yourself a manicure in the middle of the night?"

"My palm is dying."

"How many times have I told you palms are bad travellers? Palms like their spots. They don't like a lot of jostling."

"I know."

"Then why do you keep carting it around?"

"It was an emergency."

"Do you want me to trim the tips for you?"

"I want you to stand by."

She gets up and precedes him down the hall to the bathroom. She is also naked.

"You forgot to wear your slippers," he says.

She steps into the shower and examines the palm from the back; then, parting the fronds, she peers at him.

"Good morning, Mr. Tootsabelli," she says.

Later, she says, "Is that the first time you ever did it on a desert island?"

"Why didn't you stay to the end?" he says.

"I wondered when you were going to get around to that," she says.

Asher would like everyone to know that he can tell the story of his life in twenty minutes. —GILBERT ROGIN

•

All eight of the nine trustees present spoke in favor of a downtown site.
—*Washington Post.*

Well, then!

FIVE POEMS

THE SIGNALS

When the oxhorn sounds in the buried hills
of Iceland
I am alone
my shadow runs back into me to hide
and there is not room for both of us
and the dread
when the oxhorn sounds on the blue stairs
where the echoes are my mother's name
I am alone
as milk spilled in a street
white instrument
white hand
white music
when the oxhorn is raised like a feather in one
of several rivers
not all of which I have come to
and the note starts toward the sea
I am alone
as the optic nerve of the blind
though in front of me it is written
This is the end of the past
Be happy
when the oxhorn sounds from its tassels of blood
I always seem to be opening
a book an envelope the top of a well
none of them mine
a tray of gloves has been set down
beside my hands
I am alone
as the hour of the stopped clock
when the oxhorn is struck by its brother
and the low grieving denial
gropes forth again with its black hands
I am alone
as one stone left to pray in the desert
after god had unmade himself
I am
I still am
when the oxhorn sounds over the dead oxen
the guns grow light in hands
I the fearer
try to destroy me the fearing
I am alone
as a bow that has lost its nerve
my death sinks into me to hide
as water into stones
before a great cold
when the oxhorn is raised in silence
someone's breath is moving over my face
like the flight of a fly
but I am in this world
without you
I am alone as the sadness surrounding
what has long ministered to our convenience
alone as the note of the horn
as the human voice
saddest of instruments
as a white grain of sand falling in a still sea
alone as the figure she unwove each night alone

alone
as I will be

THE DIFFERENT STARS

I could never have come to the present without you
remember that
from whatever stage we may again
watch it appear

with its lines clear
pain
having gone from there

so that we may well wonder
looking back on us here what tormented us
what great difficulty invisible
in a time that by then looks simple
and is irrevocable

pain having come from there
my love
I tend to think of division as the only evil
when perhaps it is merely my own

that unties
one day the veins one the arteries
that prizes less
as it receives than as it loses
that breaks the compasses
cannot be led or followed
cannot choose what to carry
into grief
even
unbinds will unbind
unbinds our hands
pages of the same story

what is it
they say can turn even this into wisdom
and what is wisdom if it is not
now
in the loss that has not left this place

oh if we knew
if we knew what we needed if we even knew
the stars would look to us to guide them

THE PORT

The river is slow
and I knew I was late arriving but had no idea
how late
in the splintery fishing-port silence
was waving from the nails
dry long since
the windows though rattling
were fixed in time and space
in a way that I am not nor ever was
and the boats were out of sight

all but one
by the wharf
full of water

with my rotted sea clothes lashed to a piling
at its head
and a white note nailed there in a can
with white words
I was too late to read

when what I came to say is I have learned who we are

when what I came to say was
consider consider
our voices
through the salt

they waken in heads
in the deaths themselves

that was part of it

when what I came to say was
it is true that in
our language deaths are to be heard
at any moment through the talk
pacing their wooden rooms jarring
the dried flowers
but they have forgotten who they are
and our voices in their heads waken
childhoods in other tongues

but the whole town has gone to sea without a word
taking my voice

BANISHMENT IN WINTER

From the north the wands the long
questions of light
descend among us from my country
even by day
and their discoveries are recorded
beyond the silence
blue eyes watch needles
oh little by little it will be seen who remembers
the cold dusk crossing the pastures
the black hay ridged
along the darkness
the color of snow
at night
So even by day
the wands reach toward the outer river
toward the deep shadows
inquiring and above us
like stars in a slow negative
the migrants
the true migrants
already immeasurably far
the dark migrants
the souls
move outward into the cold
but will it ever be
dark again in my country
where hanging from lampposts
the good
fill the streets with their steady light

ENVOY FROM D'AUBIGNÉ

(AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ, 1552-1630, FRENCH PROTESTANT POET AND SOLDIER, WHOSE GREAT POEM "LES TRAGIQUES" WAS WRITTEN AFTER THE CAUSE OF PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE SEEMED LOST)

Go book

go
now I will let you
I open the grave
live
I will die for us both

go but come again if you can
and feed me in prison

if they ask you why
you do not boast of me
tell them as they
have forgotten
truth habitually
gives birth in private

Go without ornament
without showy garments
if there is in you any
joy
may the good find it

for the others be
a glass broken in their mouths

Child
how will you
survive with nothing but your virtue
to draw around you
when they shout Die die
who have been frightened before
the many

I think of all I wrote in my time
dew
and I am standing in dry air

Here are what flowers there are
and what hope
from my years

and the fire I carried with me

Book
burn what will not abide your light

When I consider the old ambitions
to be on many lips
meaning little there

it would be enough for me to know
who is writing this
and sleep knowing it

far from glory and its gibbets

and dream of those who drank at the icy fountain
and told the truth

—W. S. Merwin

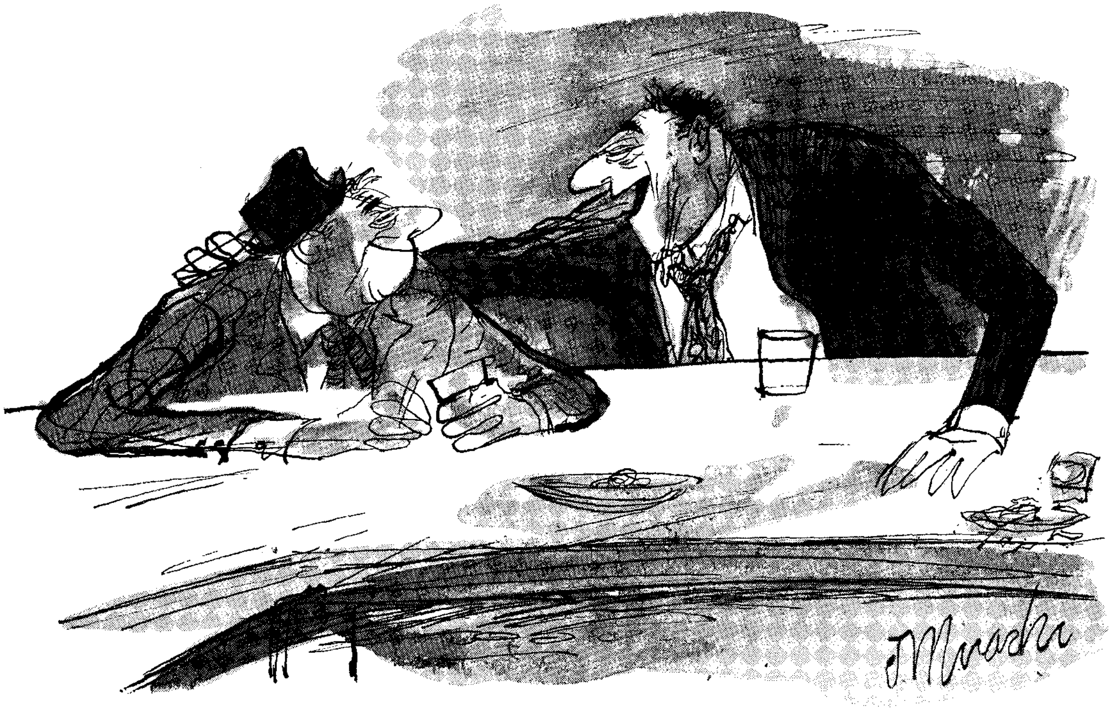
ANNALS OF POLITICS

JUSTICE

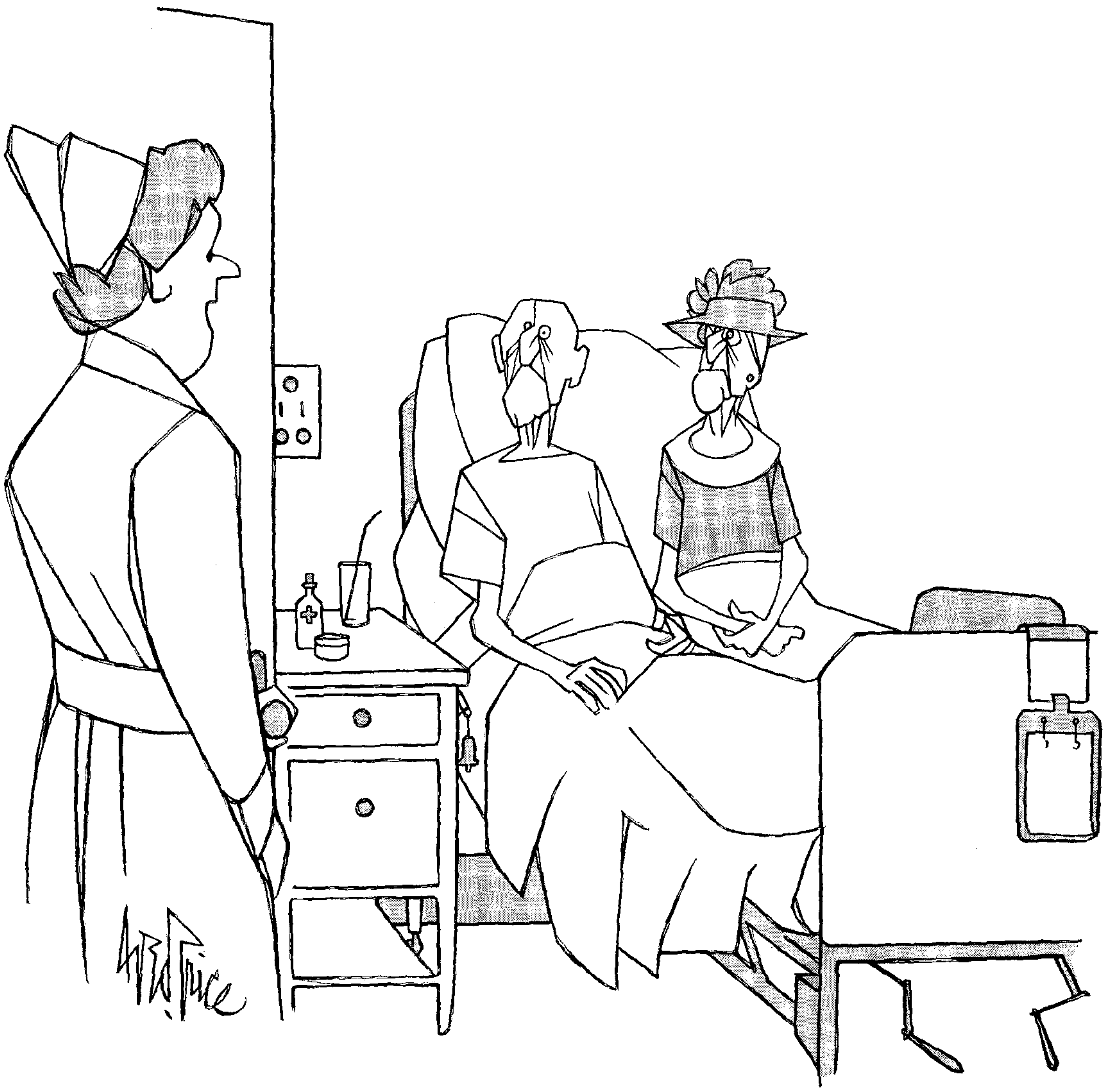
II—THE TRANSITION

SHORTLY before six o'clock on the evening of November 6, 1968, Attorney General Ramsey Clark convened the staff meeting that he ordinarily held every Wednesday night with a dozen or so of his top aides to go over the events of the past week and to discuss plans for the following one. On this occasion, the agenda was quite different, for a few hours earlier the election returns had become sufficiently complete to confirm that Richard M. Nixon had won the Presidency. The meeting was held in the Attorney General's formal office—a room some seventy by thirty feet, with a twenty-foot domed ceiling—which was equipped with W.P.A.-style allegorical murals, a capacious stone fireplace, rich panelling, an enormous red-and-blue Oriental rug, several red leather couches and easy chairs, and, along one side, a large conference table with a dozen straight-backed leather armchairs; having found this baronial chamber less than cozy, Clark preferred a small corner room off one end of it as his working quarters, and reserved the main office for meetings and ceremonial events. As his aides came in—the Deputy Attorney General, most of the nine Assistant Attorneys General, and the heads of several offices, bureaus, and services—it was clear that they were weary from having stayed up until early morning waiting for the election results to become clear, and that most of them were deeply discouraged by the outcome. A few of the men on hand were either Republicans or what is known in government parlance as "career executives"—that is, non-political specialists in their fields—and had reasonable expectations of being kept on by the new Administration. But the others were Democrats who had been brought into the Department of Justice by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and were certain to leave as soon as the new President took over. To most of them, though, the possible loss of position and work they had become devoted to was far less important than the threat posed by a Nixon Administration to what Clark called "the mission of justice." During the campaign, Nixon had used the law-and-order issue as the principal tactic of his fight for the Presidency, and had repeatedly—and, in the minds of most of the men in the room that night, demagogically—attacked the Department of Justice in general and Clark in particular for failing to crack down on crime in the United States. In the eight years of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, the Department—under Attorneys General Robert F. Kennedy, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, and Clark—had devised a number of new methods for contending with crime and criminals in the limited ways that the federal government was permitted to act under the Constitution. Over these years, the Department's approach had been changed from that of the eye-for-an-eye vengeance long demanded by society to one in which the main emphasis was on rehabilitation rather than punishment of criminals; on improving police departments, courts, and correctional systems rather than merely increasing the number of people who manned them, all too often incompetently; on assuring the civil rights of all citizens rather than talking of equality while preserving inequality; on preventing riots rather than bloodily suppressing them once they had broken out; and on allowing the free expression of dissent through legal outlets rather than forbidding lawful demonstrations on the ground that they might turn into unlawful riots. Clark and his senior aides were convinced that their methods were the soundest way to combat crime and that the results of their work in the last few years was beginning to show up. And they were deeply concerned that Nixon and the man he appointed to the post of Attorney General might dismantle the structure that they and their recent predecessors had designed and built. There was good reason for their concern. During the campaign, Nixon had consistently recommended that the crime problem would be best dealt with by doubling the number of people in jails and prisons, giving the police a freer hand to deal with lawbreakers as they pleased, and limiting the Supreme Court's right to interpret the Constitution.

The meeting was sombre—"the most sombre one I ever attended," a participant said later. The Attorney General spoke for about ten minutes on the obligations that the men present would have during



"Know what I admire about you? You're like me. You can drink and drink and drink, and nobody would know you'd had a drop."



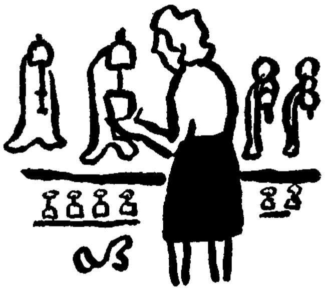
"Visiting hours are over, Mrs. Glenhorn."

• •

the transfer of executive power, and in the course of his talk he touched on the specific responsibilities of all division, bureau, office, and service heads in the Department to keep their operations running smoothly. In passing, he mentioned that several of the career men present would probably be kept on by the incoming Administration. (He did not mention that the director of the F.B.I. would also undoubtedly be retained, since J. Edgar Hoover, though officially a subordinate of his, always behaved as if he were an equal, or at times superior, official wholly independent of the Department's control, and never attended such staff meetings.) Then Clark observed that the over-all change in personnel in the Department would in all likelihood be fairly small if, as he expected, most first and second assistants to the Assistant Attorneys General were also kept on, since most of them were nonpartisan career men. When Robert Kennedy took over the Department in 1961, he went on, only one assistant was replaced. As for those who would be asked to leave, or at least not asked to stay, Clark made a special appeal to them to carry on their business as they would if they were continuing in office, urged them not to be dismayed or cheerless, and concluded, "Above all, we must remember how fortunate we are to have been here to serve this mission."

Several of those listening to him had entered the room not just dismayed and cheerless but embittered. One of them, Roger W. Wilkins, the young Negro head of the Department's Community Relations Service, which had been set up four years earlier to ease the explosive tensions in the nation's black slums, was near the point of explosion himself. As it happened, he had decided some months before to leave C.R.S., no matter who became President, for a similar job with the Ford Foundation, which was willing to spend considerably more for the same kind of effort in the slums than the two million dollars annually allotted the Department of Justice by Congress, but he was deeply fearful of what lay ahead for the country under a Nixon Administration. "I was down in Fredericksburg, Virginia, attending a C.R.S. meeting when the election returns came in," he said later. "I was so discouraged that I said, 'If that's the kind of government this country wants, to hell with it!' Anyway, I figured I'd better get back up to Washington for the staff meeting that night. I did, and I've never been more impressed by anything in my life than I was by what Ramsey said to us. He made the most graceful, generous, open, and positive speech about how our task was to serve justice by making sure that the new people had the greatest possible opportunity to learn what the real problems facing the Department were and what we had been doing to solve them, and by creating the least possible conflict in getting the new Administration off to a smooth start. He compared the transition to a relay race and told us that our job from that point on was to hand over the baton in such a way that no one slowed down or lost a step. When I came into that room, my mood was terrible, but Ramsey changed it. He pointed out to me that the Community Relations Service was especially vulnerable because it was regarded with suspicion by Congress, and that the only way to preserve its vital function at this critical time was by the fullest and most wholehearted coöperation with the new people. He made me see that it wasn't Wilkins or the Democratic Party that was at stake, it was the country."

WHILE Clark's appeals were unremarkably characteristic of the man, they were also precisely in line with the wishes of President Johnson, who was determined to set a firm precedent for the orderly transfer of executive power. Historians will undoubtedly say that this attempt was a success. Aside from a few angry disputes over basic policy, the most crucial of which occurred in the Department of Justice, the transfer of power in the executive branch was unprecedentedly smooth. In fact, it was probably the greatest love feast that the government has engaged in during a transition since Woodrow Wilson succeeded himself. Congeniality has been far from the rule in past transitions. Despite the rapidly growing size and complexity of the federal government over the years, there were no rules whatever governing transitions between one President and another until 1964, when Congress passed the Presidential Transition Act; and that measure did little more than urge everyone in the outgoing Administration to help everyone in the incoming Administration get settled, and provided four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to each side to facilitate the process. That still left the basic arrangements up to the outgoing President, and, as Henry F. Graff, professor of history at Columbia University, has observed, his only guides are "his sense of duty, his knowledge of history, and his notion of the fitness of things." Some Presidents have lacked or have dispensed with all three. Both John Adams and John Quincy Adams, for example, refused even to attend their successors' inaugurations; in fact, the former went so far as to move out of the White House in the dead of night so that he wouldn't have to face Jefferson. Andrew Johnson also refused to attend the swearing-in of his successor, General Grant, and as an excuse for his absence held the most ineffectual Cabinet meeting in history during the inaugural ceremony. When Herbert Hoover departed from office, he left behind the last small government, which, as he admitted in a confidential letter to Senator David A. Reed, a conservative Republican from Pennsylvania, he had done his best to preserve by trying to persuade President-elect Franklin Roosevelt to commit himself to policies that would have destroyed nine-tenths of the New Deal before it got started; of course, Roosevelt realized what Hoover was doing and refused. As it turned out, Roosevelt had more opportunity to make arrangements for his actual assumption of the Presidency than any of his successors, since he was the last President-elect to have a hundred-and-twenty-day interregnum between his election and his inauguration—a period that was cut in half by the Twentieth Amendment, passed in 1933, which moved the inaugural date from March 4th back to January 20th. If this change reduced an incoming President's capacity to create a new Administration, it also reduced the dangers inherent in having two governments—one responsible but weak and the other not responsible but strong—and yet no government.



Just before the transition of 1960-61, Professor Graff pointed out what more and more men in the higher reaches of government were becoming increasingly concerned about—"not only that the times are perilous but also that the Presidency is a place of power for which men contend with passion, and that at significant junctures in the past it has been yielded up only in a mood of fierce anger." And Graff added, "Today, an interregnum marked by partisanship without bridle could be a national nightmare and disgrace." A dozen years earlier, Harry Truman, who was fully aware of the possibilities for disaster in the country's unsystematic approach to the transfer of Presidential power, became the first Chief Executive to attempt to avert it by arranging an orderly transition that would become a precedent for future changeovers. Despite the bitterness of Thomas E. Dewey's campaign against him and his own swashbuckling fight to retain the Presidency, Truman managed to stand aside from the battle long enough to issue detailed orders to all members of his Cabinet instructing them to draw up memoranda on the operations of their departments for their successors under Dewey. Four years later, before Truman announced that he would not run again, he issued the same kind of orders. By then, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy had demonstrated how close one unscrupulous politician could come to producing a national nightmare and disgrace. Deeply concerned about what might happen during a transition period in which the political atmosphere was poisoned by the Republican use of McCarthy's charges that the Democratic leadership was guilty of willful treason, Truman was more determined than ever to clear the air by putting the transition process above politics and, as the saying went, to help the incoming Administration "land on its feet and running." Above all, he hoped to establish a precedent that would survive any subsequent national lunacy like McCarthyism and become as much an established custom as, say, the President's right to conduct foreign affairs or issue legislative proposals to Congress—matters that Professor Richard E. Neustadt has described as "Presidential common law."

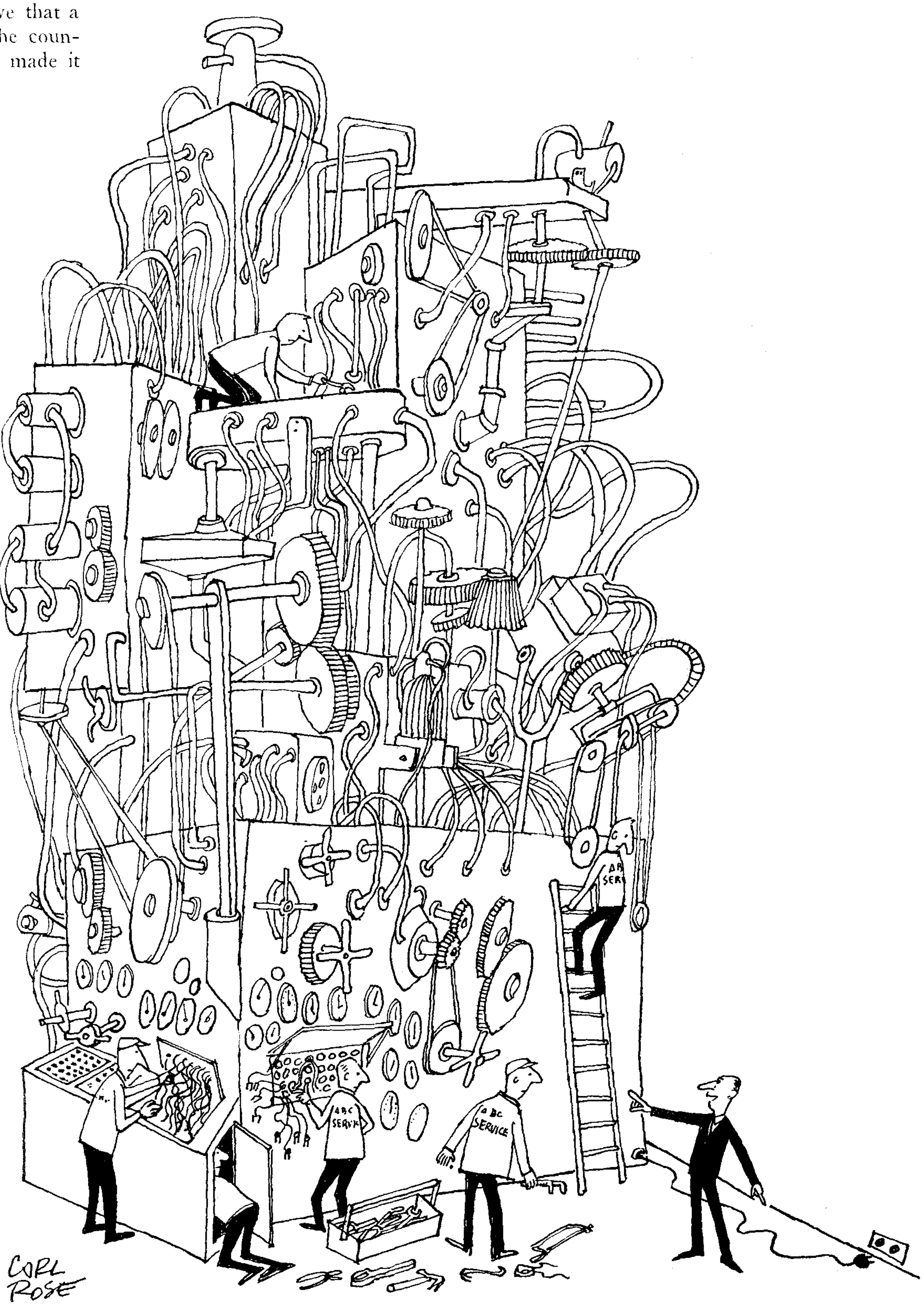
The Republicans would have no part of it. After twenty years of being out of power, which inevitably created a measure of irresponsibility, and after participating in one of the most mendacious campaigns in American history, which compelled those who presided over it to believe their own oratory as the only way of preserving their self-respect, the Republicans were bound to regard the Democratic Administration as the repository of all domestic iniquity. Truman, of course, was the arch-fiend, and when he wrote to General Eisenhower shortly before the election and suggested that the two men meet privately to discuss the transfer of the White House to the Republicans in the event that they won, Eisenhower curtly replied by letter that "our communications should be only those which are known to all the American people." When Truman got the letter, he scrawled a "Dear Ike" note in longhand saying, "I'm extremely sorry that you have allowed a bunch of screwballs to come between us." According to Charles S. Murphy, who was Special Counsel to President Truman at the time, the clash had been caused mainly by Eisenhower's failure to defend his old commander and patron General George C. Marshall when McCarthy called him a traitor. "President Truman believed that General Marshall was the greatest living American—perhaps even the greatest American, living or dead," Murphy explained recently. "Truman was enraged by Eisenhower's disloyalty to the man who had made him. And, as usual, Truman was not hesitant about letting his feelings be known. Of course, that enraged Eisenhower, probably more than it would have under different circumstances, because in this case he was clearly in the wrong and must have known it. Despite Truman's anger—I never saw him angrier, before or after—he insisted on doing everything he could to provide for an orderly turnover of the Presidency. If it had been up to me, I wouldn't have provided a damned thing." After the election, President Truman invited President-elect Eisenhower to meet with him and to designate representatives to deal with the various departments and agencies. This time, Eisenhower could hardly refuse, since the election was over and the business of changing Administrations had to commence if the country was not to be paralyzed. The meeting took place soon afterward. General Eisenhower conducted himself with propriety but in an icily formal manner, and from Truman's point of view the affair was an utter failure, for he was unable to convince the President-elect that no attempt was being made to Hoover the new Administration into accepting current policies but, rather, that the purpose of the meeting was to arrange for the least disruptive changeover. Eisenhower's intense hostility toward Truman and his inability to believe that a lifelong politician could put the country's well-being above politics made it impossible for him to consider the offer sincere.

Laurin L. Henry, who made a study of the 1952-53 transition for the Brookings Institution, found that General Eisenhower's refusal to accept President Truman's offer of full coöperation caused the new Administration to land on its knees and crawling:

> Many of the Eisenhower appointees had neither the time nor the inclination to engage in serious discussion with their predecessors of the subtleties of departmental administration or the whys and wherefores of existing policy. Some of them simply did not know enough about the business to enter such discussions without serious loss of face. Furthermore, schooled by Republican doctrine to distrust all works of Truman and the bureaucracy, they were fearful of being misled or "captured." In the absence of any signal from Eisenhower that they were expected to take advantage of such aids, the Republican appointees tended to give but token recognition to efforts to help them by people already in the executive branch, choosing to receive advice from more "reliable" sources in Congress, the business community, and Republican-allied interest groups. . . . Republican opposition to what was done in the government during the twenty years of Democratic rule had become so generalized that many of Eisenhower's appointees approached their jobs with the assumption that most of the government's policies were wrong, most of its programs were badly administered, and most of its leading officials were incompetent or worse. Therefore, the notion of maximizing continuity and keeping on an even keel while plotting new courses meant little to them. They were not stepping into a going organization, they were receivers in bankruptcy.

As soon as the Republicans took over, they threw out an unprecedented number of officeholders, instituted humiliating security investigations of those who could not be fired, put anyone who had had a part in devising or implementing Democratic policy on the shelf, and treated the entire bureaucracy, which had the task of running the government on a day-to-day basis, with unremitting and demoralizing mistrust. In Henry's opinion, General Eisenhower's attitude crippled his Administration for close to a year, while other observers felt that it never fully recovered from the effects of its initial suspicion and contempt.

Apparently, President Eisenhower either did not share these opinions or he went on believing that what was bad for the Democratic Party was good for the country, for when the time came for him to hand over the government to the opposition he did exceedingly little to smooth the way. As late as a



month before the election, he had taken no steps to prepare members of his government for the task of informing and assisting a new Administration. Finally, once the election was over, he formally offered President-elect Kennedy "full coöperation"—an offer that was made, in the opinion of some insiders, with the conviction that it would be no more welcome than Truman's had earlier. However, Kennedy eagerly took the President up on it, and sent his people into the executive branch to learn their jobs as soon as they were appointed. Unlike their predecessors, they were grateful for any and all information and assistance, and as soon as they had absorbed it came back for more. Moreover, it was quickly made clear to the incumbents that there would be no housecleaning like the one carried out by the Republicans, and this assurance greatly boosted the morale of the bureaucracy and encouraged its members to help out the newcomers as much as they could. "Cordiality and courtesy are evident on both sides," the *Times* noted in an editorial at the time. "This constructive approach to a transition period that is difficult under the best of circumstances only emphasizes how serious could be the dangers in this interregnum if the men and the circumstances were different."

"Do you know what your generation will see, young fellow? Your generation will see Dow-Jones industrials break through the two-thousand level."

THE two and a half months during which a President-elect prepares for his assumption of office are usually more crucial to his future and to the future of the people he is to govern than any comparable period during his time in the Presidency. It is in this interregnal hiatus that he must begin devising the policies that will determine the course of his Administration for four or eight years and, in some important respects, the course of the nation for decades. His goal, naturally, is to do what he believes is best for the country and, along the way, to demonstrate that his government is superior to anything the opposition can offer. Aside from the character, intelligence, and outlook of the President-elect himself, the most important elements in any transition are the character, intelligence, and outlook of the men he appoints to high posts in his Administration, for it is ultimately through them that he will view the problems confronting the country and through them that he must administer its government. The task of selecting these top aides is by nature an exceedingly complex and delicate one, and it is made even more complex and delicate by what is perhaps the most serious drawback in our traditional manner of transferring executive power—that is, a new President must choose the men best qualified to nurture and prune the innumerable twigs on the executive branch in ways that he deems most productive, but he cannot conceivably know if these men will ably carry out his policies, since he cannot know what those policies should be until the men have got settled in office and have learned what the real problems facing the government are. And the learning process is inevitably delayed by his appointees' initial preoccupation with the counterfeit problems that are the hyperbolic staples of all political campaigns.

Among the gravest problems facing President-elect Nixon and his aides was one that he had created in order to get elected. From his primary contests on through the Republican Convention and the Presidential campaign, he repeatedly blamed the rising rate of crime—including criminal protests against the war

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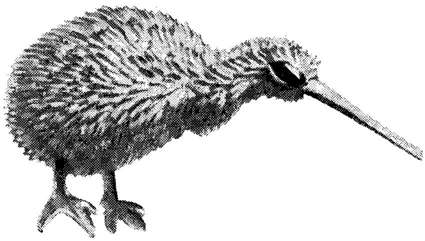

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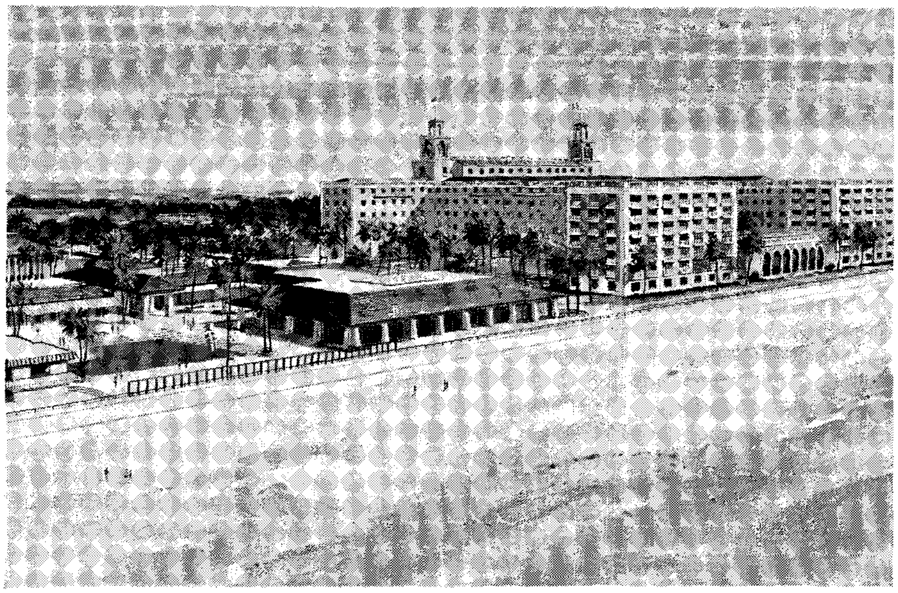

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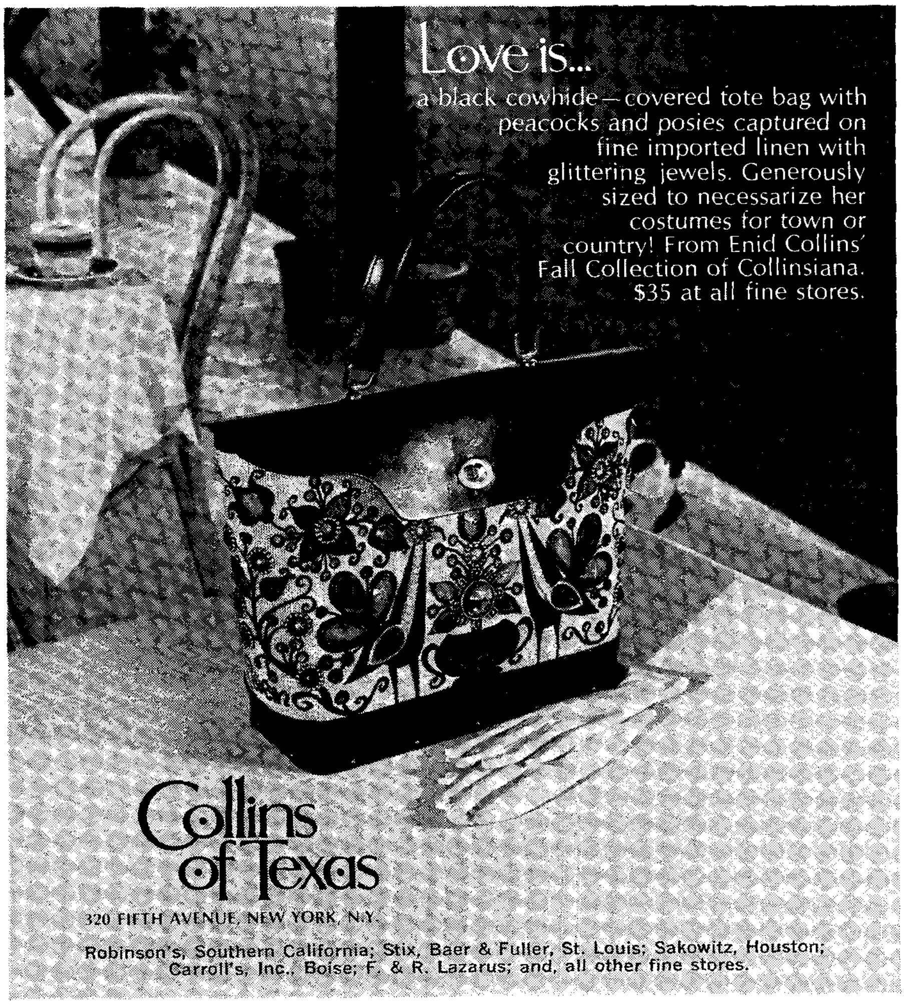

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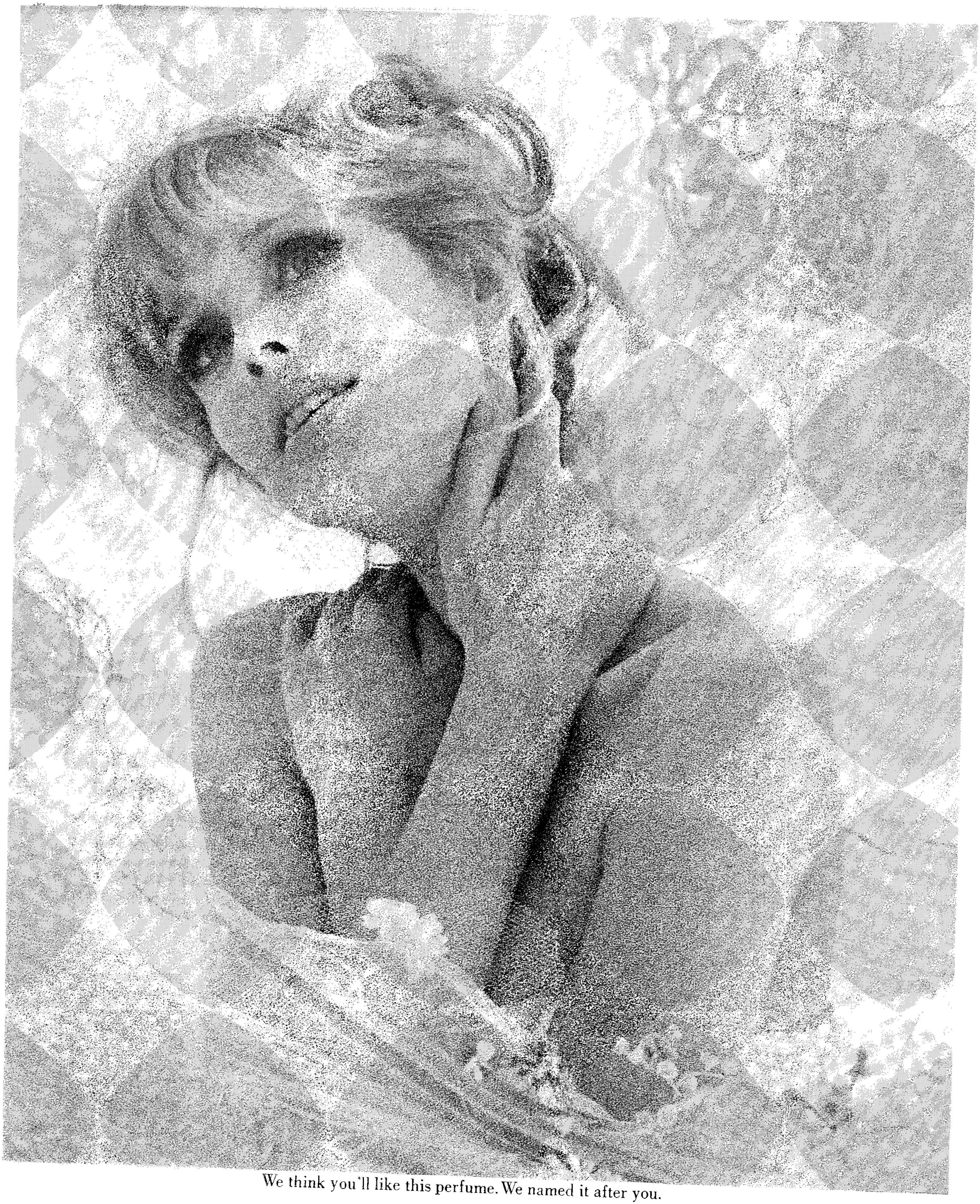
in Vietnam, the selective-service system, and racial injustice—on the incumbent Administration, and especially on Attorney General Clark. Since crime control has both historically and Constitutionally been the preserve of local and state authorities—except for federal crimes, which constitute around a twentieth of the total number of crimes committed annually—and since Republican policy for a generation had concentrated on strengthening local government by returning to it the powers taken away by the federal government during and after the New Deal, Nixon's attacks were misdirected. However, once he had laid the responsibility for dealing with lawlessness at the door of the White House, it was bound to be one of the first things awaiting him as he prepared to take up residence there. And it was bound to be a far more serious problem than it had been before he played on, and thereby increased, the fears of millions of citizens that they were about to be assaulted or murdered, which could only increase their demands that he take immediate steps to protect them. Further, the right-wing guardians of the repressive mood in this country were certain to renew these demands as a way of keeping them uppermost in the public mind, in the hope that the new President would then be compelled to meet them by recasting and restricting the Supreme Court and by encouraging policemen around the country to crack down on all left-wing dissidents, lawbreaking and law-abiding alike. Citizens who feared that this would lead to further repression and ultimately to a form of domestic tyranny found their only comfort in the political truism that a Presidential candidate is not the same thing as a President. In another Brookings Institution report, entitled "Agenda for the Nation," which was published shortly after the election last year, Kermit Gordon, former Director of the Bureau of the Budget, commented on the difference:

> Between the election and the inauguration, the new President and his lieutenants must make the jolting transition from the slogans and simplifications of the election campaign to the intricate task of constructing workable policies and programs. In designing the rhetoric of the campaign, the goal was to win the hearts of the voters; in hammering out the policies of the new Administration, the goal is to solve problems. The problems are always vastly more complex, and the new Administration is always considerably less confident of its ability to solve them, than the rhetoric of the campaign can admit. The full complexity and intractability of the problems will be



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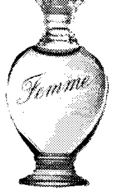

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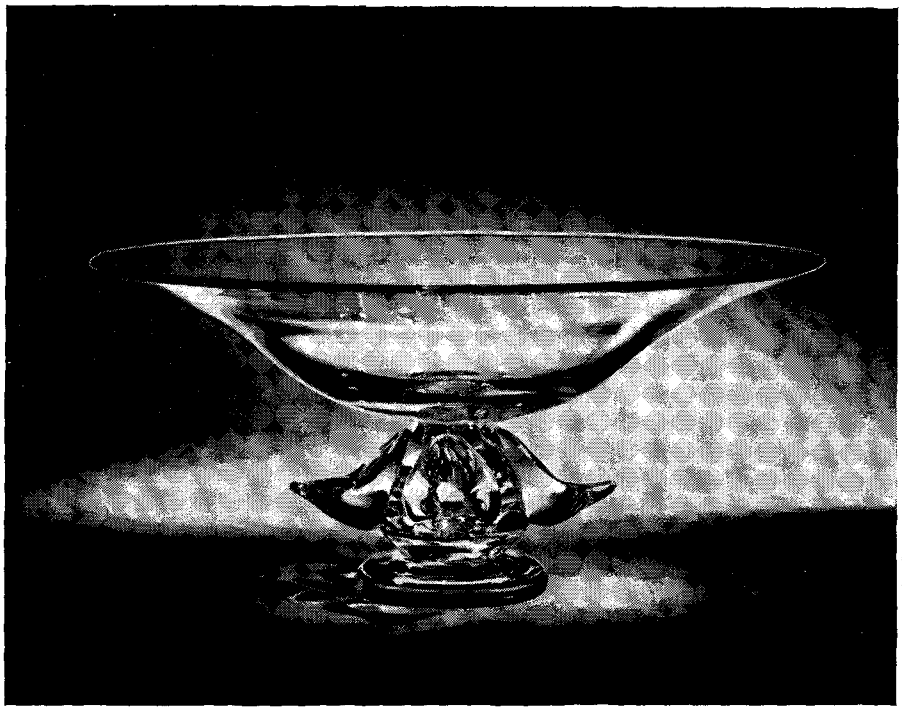

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seen more clearly in the cold light of the post-election scrutiny.

What the new President's policies would be—especially his policies on the domestic crises that were driving the nation toward deep division and possibly civil war—were expected to remain unclear for several weeks or months. The earliest inkling of them was looked for in the kinds of men the President-elect chose for the top posts in his government. If there was increasing concern on the part of outsiders as the weeks wore on over Nixon's slowness in forming his government, there was increasing desperation on the part of insiders who found that they were faced with a severe shortage of willing and capable applicants. Apparently, Nixon had hoped for a coalition government—a coalition of Republicans, that is—to unite his party. But some of the Party leaders he was believed to want in his Administration found their disagreement with him on basic policy matters too great to be patched up even superficially, and rejected the feelers that his people put out to see if they were interested. Democratic Administrations had largely drawn their top manpower from the academic and legal professions. Few of these men seemed to find Republican philosophy compatible with their own, and this led the recruiters in the Nixon camp to fall back on the only other sizable pool of skilled workers available to them—businessmen. As it turned out, not many of these were eager to leave rewarding occupations in a booming economy for anything less than a Cabinet post. And although there were only a dozen Cabinet posts, it took the President-elect five weeks to fill them to his satisfaction, which further delayed the transition, since none of the second- and third-level positions could be filled until the Cabinet was formed.

President Johnson had long since taken steps to make sure that the newcomers, whenever they arrived, would have all the help they could use. On September 11th, he asked the three major candidates for the Presidency to name representatives to deal with the White House through Charles Murphy, Truman's Special Counsel, whom President Johnson had chosen as "central coördinator" for the transition. Nixon named Franklin B. Lincoln, Jr., who had been an Assistant Secretary of Defense in the Eisenhower Administration and was a partner in the law firm of Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander & Mitchell, as his representative, and Lincoln conferred several

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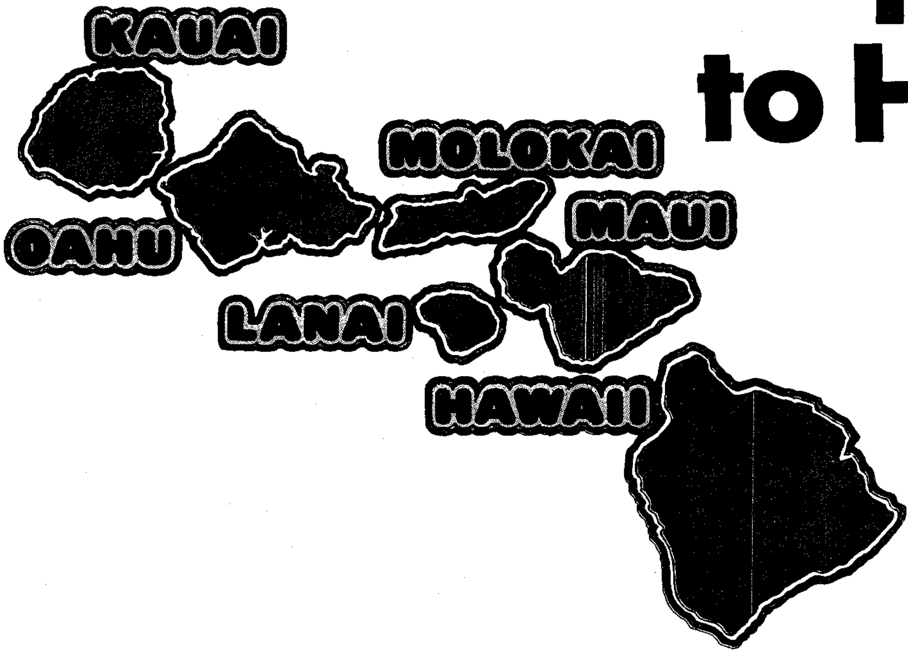
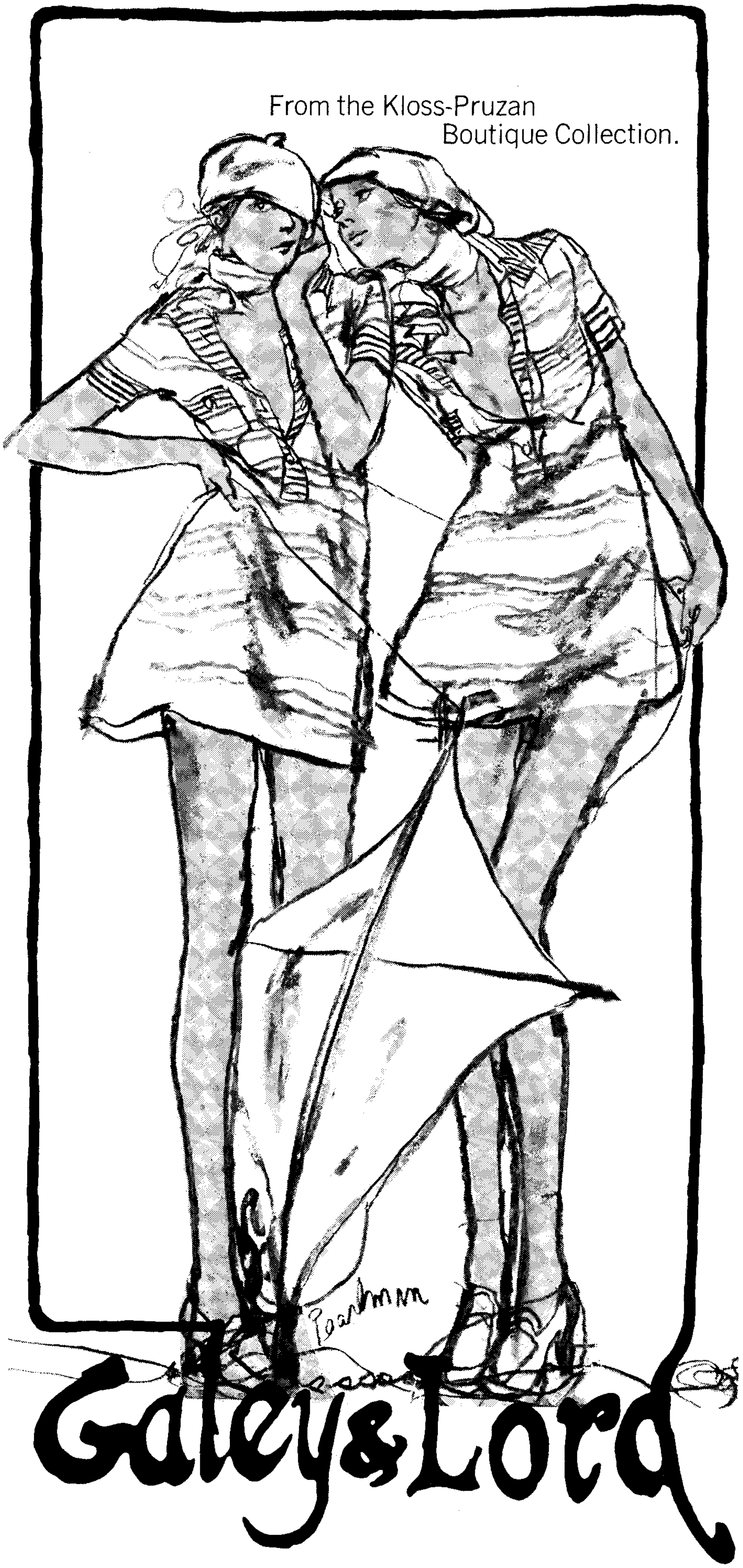


times with Murphy before the election. Early in September, Murphy sent memoranda to all Cabinet members describing the manner in which the President expected the "planning for an orderly transition of the Presidency" to be conducted. After requesting each Cabinet member to name a senior official who would be responsible for overseeing the transition process in his department, Murphy went on:

> You should begin planning now so that immediately after the election you will be prepared to assist individuals designated by the President-elect and Vice President-elect as their representatives in the period between election and inauguration. Each agency will have the major responsibility for briefing its own incoming management. As new officials are designated and make contacts with outgoing officials, such time as may be necessary should be devoted to briefing them as they prepare to assume their responsibilities. The briefings, written and oral, should be concise and devoted to essential information which will have a high potential of usefulness to incoming officials and will serve their most immediate needs. Excessive length and detail of briefing materials should be avoided. Similarly, incoming officials should not be overwhelmed with unsolicited advice and recommendations. Lack of restraint in either of these respects will severely limit the utility of the transition briefings.

Attached to each memorandum was an outline for material to be covered in two volumes—or, as they came to be called, "briefing documents." The first was to cover "agency missions and statutory authorities, basic organization and functions, budgetary and financial information, key personnel, significant interagency relationships, significant intergovernmental relationships, legislative processes and problems, and policy and program issues [and] priorities;" the second was to cover "personal arrangements (nature and tenure of appointment, conflict of interest, compensation and benefits, supporting services), personnel policies and administration, internal communications, and program operations and administration." Murphy asked for the names of the officials designated to handle the preparation of the briefing documents in their respective departments by September 17th, for a progress report on transition planning in each department by September 30th, and for copies of the briefing documents by October 30th.

In the mid-nineteen-fifties, the Hoover Commission had made a study of how the executive branch might be better organized, and among its conclusions was the recommendation that each department make one post at the assistant-secretary level non-political, so



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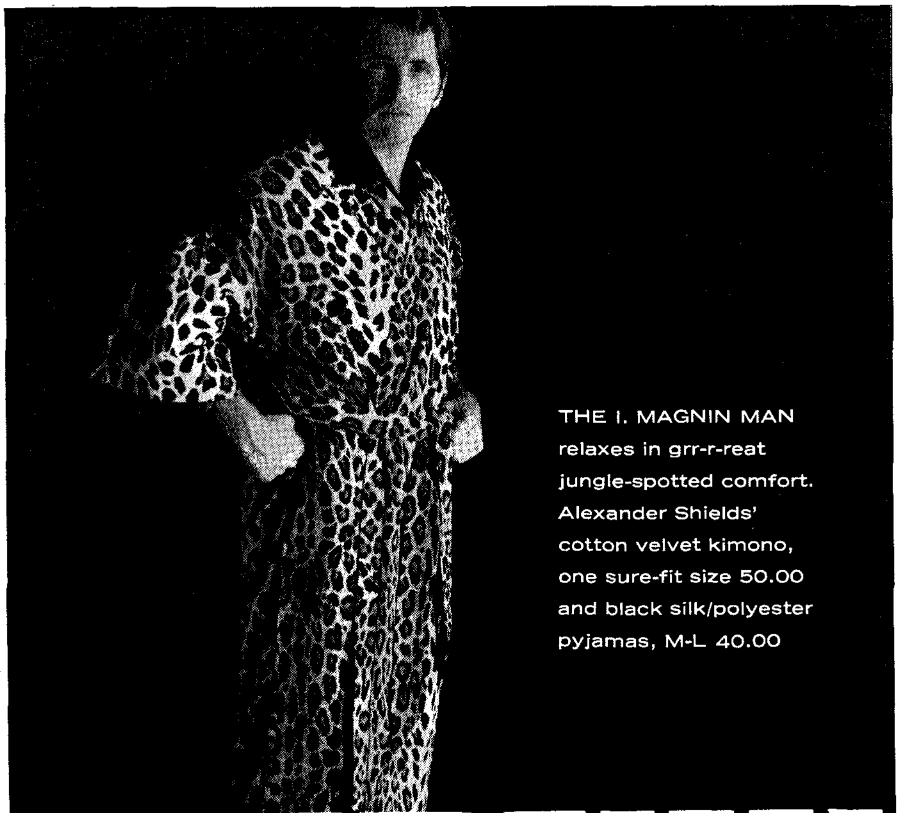

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that the man occupying it—a career executive—would be kept on by an incoming administration and thereby preserve some measure of continuity. In the Department of Justice, this was the Assistant Attorney General for Administration, Leo M. Pellerzi, a career executive with twenty years of government service, who had been general counsel to the Civil Service Commission until Clark brought him into the Department a year before. Clark passed Murphy's memorandum on to Pellerzi, who immediately went to work to carry out the President's orders.

At the Republican National Convention in Miami the previous August, Nixon told what he believed was a secret session of Southern delegates (until the Miami *Herald* printed a verbatim transcript made from a tape recording of the meeting) that he was going to run the Department of Justice himself. "I am going to take charge of this, because I am a lawyer," he said. If his post-election scrutiny included reading the two thousand pages of briefing documents prepared by the Department for the edification of the new Attorney General, he may have been tempted to change his mind. While the influence of the man who runs that Department is enormous, so are his responsibilities, and even a quick perusal of that batch of transition papers would have revealed that the problems he would face were complex and intractable indeed. Among those listed, for example, were controlling the multifarious activities of an estimated five thousand members of La Cosa Nostra, only two thousand of whom had even been identified; handling "the exploding volume of selective service cases," which had nearly tripled in four years, and which constituted "one of the major problems facing the Department;" investigating and prosecuting some thirty thousand yearly violations of eight hundred sections of the United States Criminal Code, including everything from bank robbery to misuse of federal funds in local poverty programs; revising laws to cut down the distribution of narcotics (arrests for the possession and use of "dangerous" drugs had risen by a hundred and sixty-seven per cent between 1960 and 1968, compared to an increase of less than eleven per cent for all other crimes), and getting ready for at least a hundred new "mind-altering psychotropic drugs" that are expected to be developed within the next few years; replacing ancient, fortresslike prisons, which breed rather than prevent criminality, with small, modern institutions able to offer those who have

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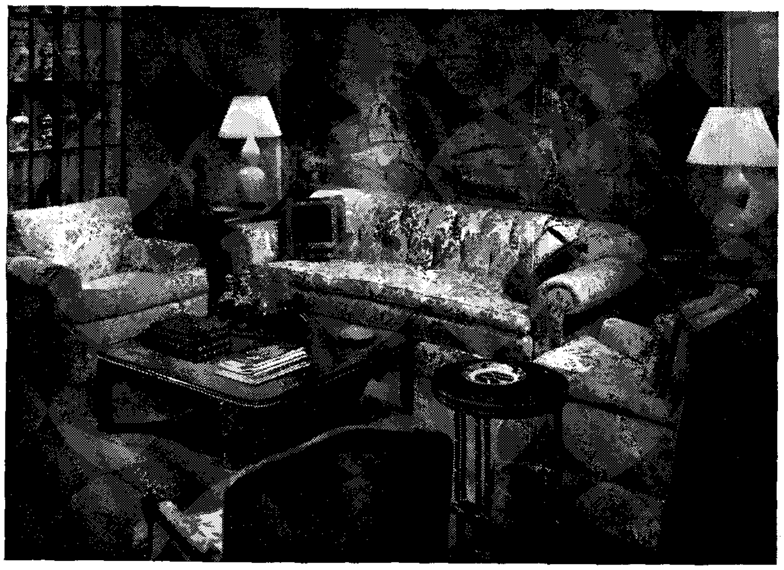

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In the President-elect's first post-election statement to the press, he said that "the great objective of this Administration at the outset" would be "to bring the American people together." There were those in the Johnson Administration who felt that Nixon's campaign had gone a long way toward driving the American people apart, but President Johnson and the leading members of his Administration were determined to provide all the coöperation and assistance they could, so that Nixon would have plenty of time to study the problems that had divided the people before he committed himself to policies that could make that division wider and deeper. Accordingly, it was with much more than an eye to the political amenities that President Johnson sent the President-elect a telegram the day after the election saying that he would do everything in his power "to make your burdens lighter on that day when you assume the responsibilities of the President." Nixon accepted the offer with alacrity and dispatched Lincoln that same day to the White House, where he met with Murphy and other Presidential aides for several hours to get the actual transition process started at once.

One of the first steps in that process was to make preparations for obtaining security clearances for Presidential nominees, who had to be confirmed by the Senate, and for White House staff members. Although this is not required by law, it has grown into a custom in recent years, because it is the best way to protect a President from embarrassment later on if something awkward is revealed about a man's personal habits or background. The day after Lincoln's visit to the White House, he and Murphy met at the Department of Justice with Attorney General Clark to discuss the matter of such clearances, and Clark offered to instruct the F.B.I. to set up a special team to investigate new appointees, thereby cutting the normal clearance period of three or four months down to three or four weeks. Shortly after

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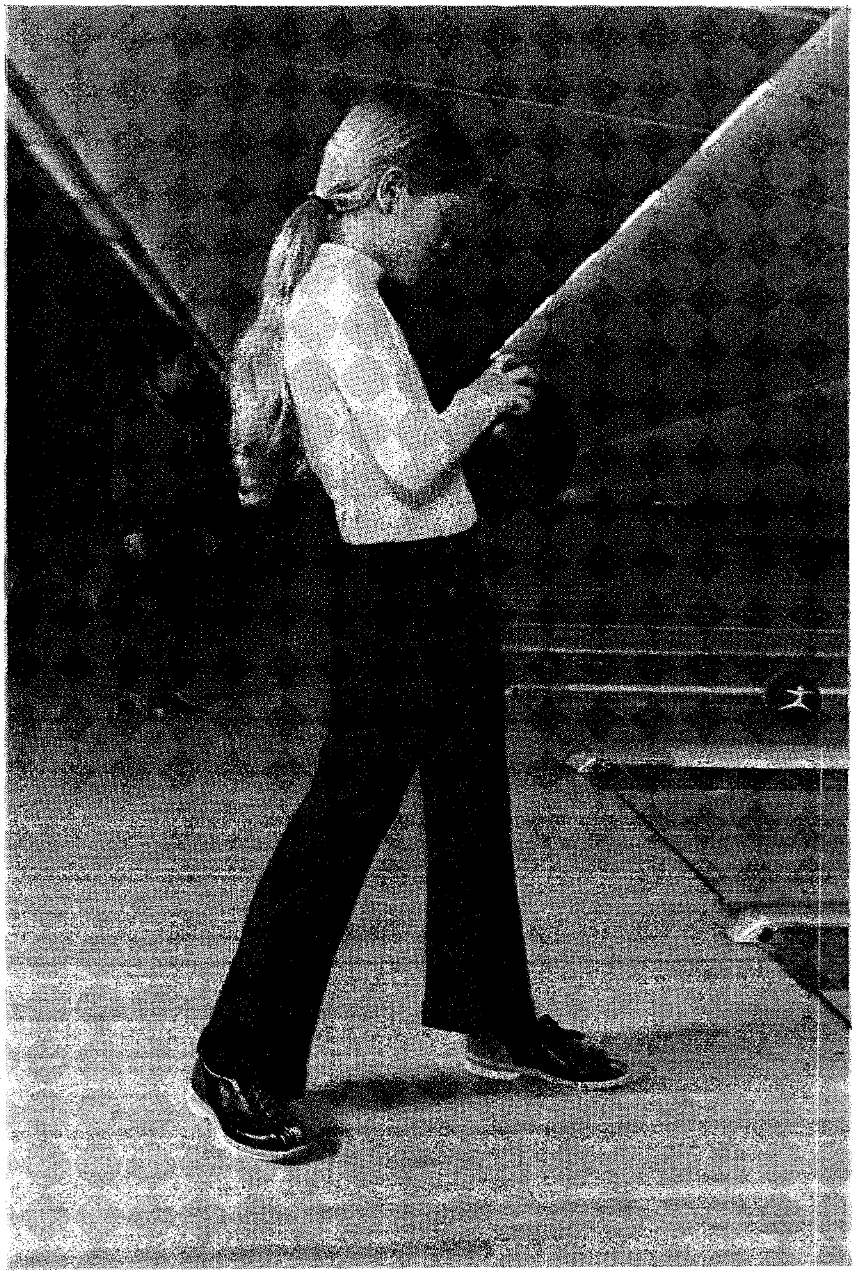

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the meeting, Clark said, "Lincoln suggested that I handle the clearances, but I told him that he and Mr. Nixon should have direct contact with the F.B.I. and should not bring me into it unless a nominee wanted access to classified material before the inauguration, in which case my duty would be to make a judgment about his trustworthiness on the basis of the F.B.I. report. I said that I would write Hoover and ask him to give priority to these clearances. I said that they should be run only on key White House personnel and Presidential nominees subject to Senate confirmation. I said that no more than three persons, and preferably only one, other than Mr. Nixon should be authorized to request such clearances. Also, not more than Mr. Nixon and one other person should be allowed to read them, because they contain gossip and a lot of embarrassing stuff and shouldn't go the rounds. In fact, I don't think that the person who *is* cleared should ever look at his own report. He'd be amazed at the slander and at what even people he thought were friends had said about him. Anyway, I told Lincoln that I didn't want to see the reports and thought only Mr. Nixon should." Not long afterward, Hugh Sidey used his weekly column, "The Presidency," in *Life* to present quite a different account. "The usual rumors which follow in the wake of FBI security checks of candidates for jobs have not materialized," he wrote. "Nixon, who spent years of campaigning across the nation, knows many of his men well and does not plan to order checks until the last minute. He argued with incumbent Attorney General Ramsey Clark over having the reports go through Clark's office and won. They now come directly from J. Edgar Hoover, an old Nixon friend." Although this story made Clark look like a snoop and a gossip, he said nothing about the affair publicly. In private, he remarked, "I've never spoken to Mr. Nixon in my life or had any communication with him. This was obviously planted in *Life* by someone on his staff. It is not a good omen at all." In recalling the meeting, Murphy affirmed that there was no truth to Sidey's version of the conversation. "The letter that Ramsey later wrote to Hoover about how the clearances were to be handled contained a tiny ambiguity, and when Lincoln received his copy of it he called me to ask what it meant," Murphy said. "I told him that it meant exactly what we had decided on at the meeting. Lincoln and I had

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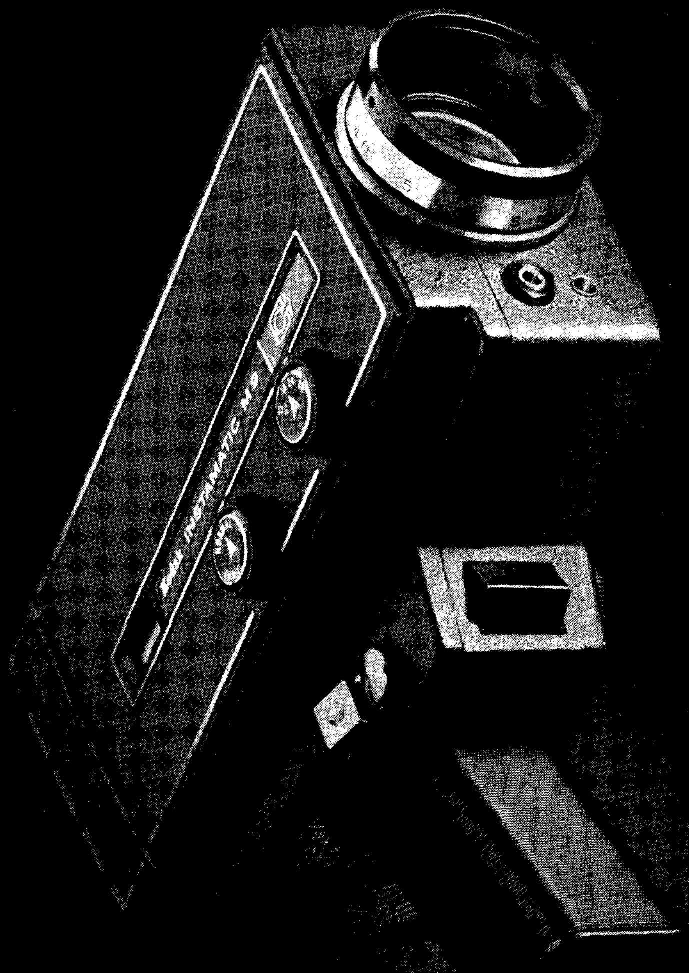

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agreed from the start that our job was to de-escalate any lack of harmony, but I guess somebody on the other side was determined to get one last, unfair swipe in at Ramsey."

EARLY in the transition period, the President-elect's campaign manager and closest adviser, John N. Mitchell, who was being increasingly mentioned as the likeliest choice for Attorney General, stated that General Eisenhower's greatest mistake when he assumed the Presidency was his failure to dig deep enough in scooping out Democratic officeholders. Since Eisenhower dug deep enough to damage the work of his own government, some people in the Department of Justice feared that Mitchell's approach could make the Department incapable of action. "If they end up with a lot of inexperienced people, that will mean crisis management," Clark explained. "We file two or three hundred cases a day, and many of them can't wait. Also, the pressures in a Department like this are so great that some men become drawn by the dramatic, fire-fighting aspects of the job and get to live for crises. They never see the beautiful architecture that is quietly burning away. And, of course, firefighters don't build houses. Above all, the Department needs people who can give themselves the time to use their ability and their judgment. Otherwise, they can have no consistent policy and thus no chance of keeping up with the terrific case load. If that happens, they end up like corks bobbing wildly on a sea of litigation."

Like other high officials in the Johnson Administration, Clark was perturbed by the extreme delay on the part of the President-elect in naming his Cabinet and getting its members acquainted with their new jobs as soon as possible so that they would have some idea of what to expect when they took over. "They're woefully, woefully behind," he said a month after the election. "If they don't come in here and take hold soon, they'll never catch up." Despite this danger, Nixon continued to proceed with the kind of caution that had typified his two-year campaign for the Presidency. While the reports that he was having difficulty in getting the men he wanted to join his government were true, it was also true that he preferred the perils of delay to the perils of haste. Shortly before the election, he had told a group of reporters that the transition period was crucial to a new President's success, "because if he makes poor decisions

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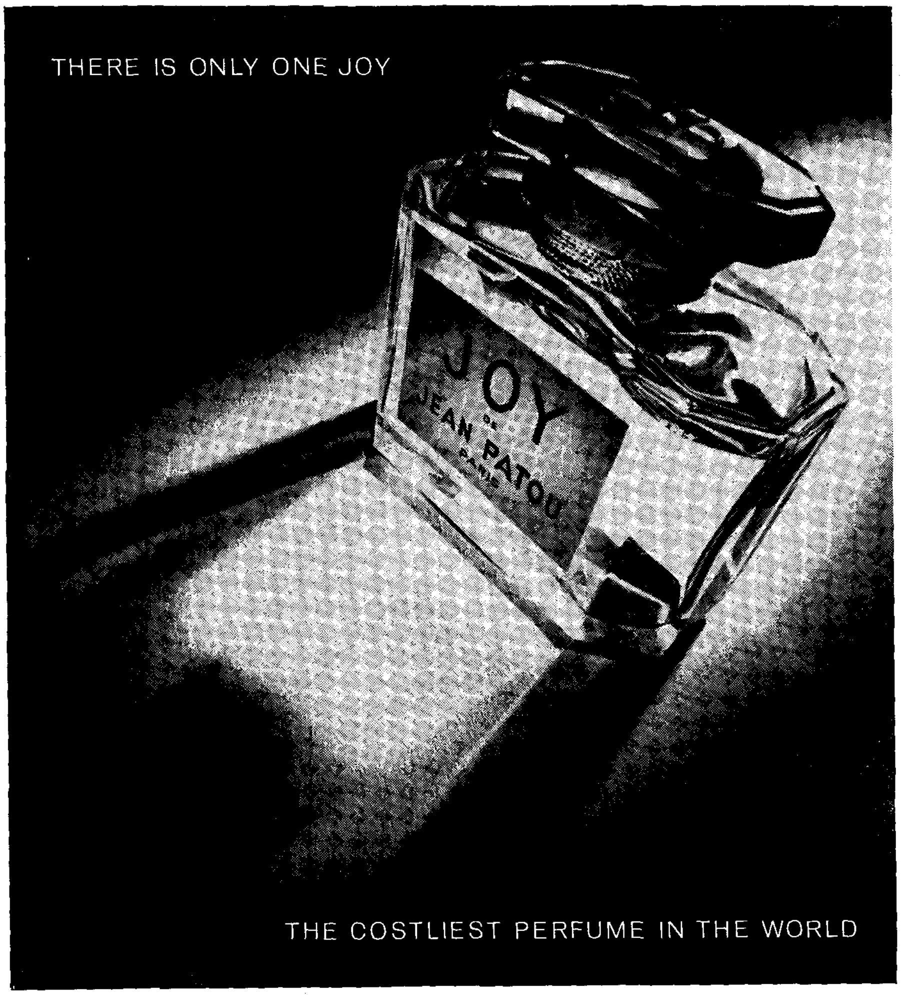

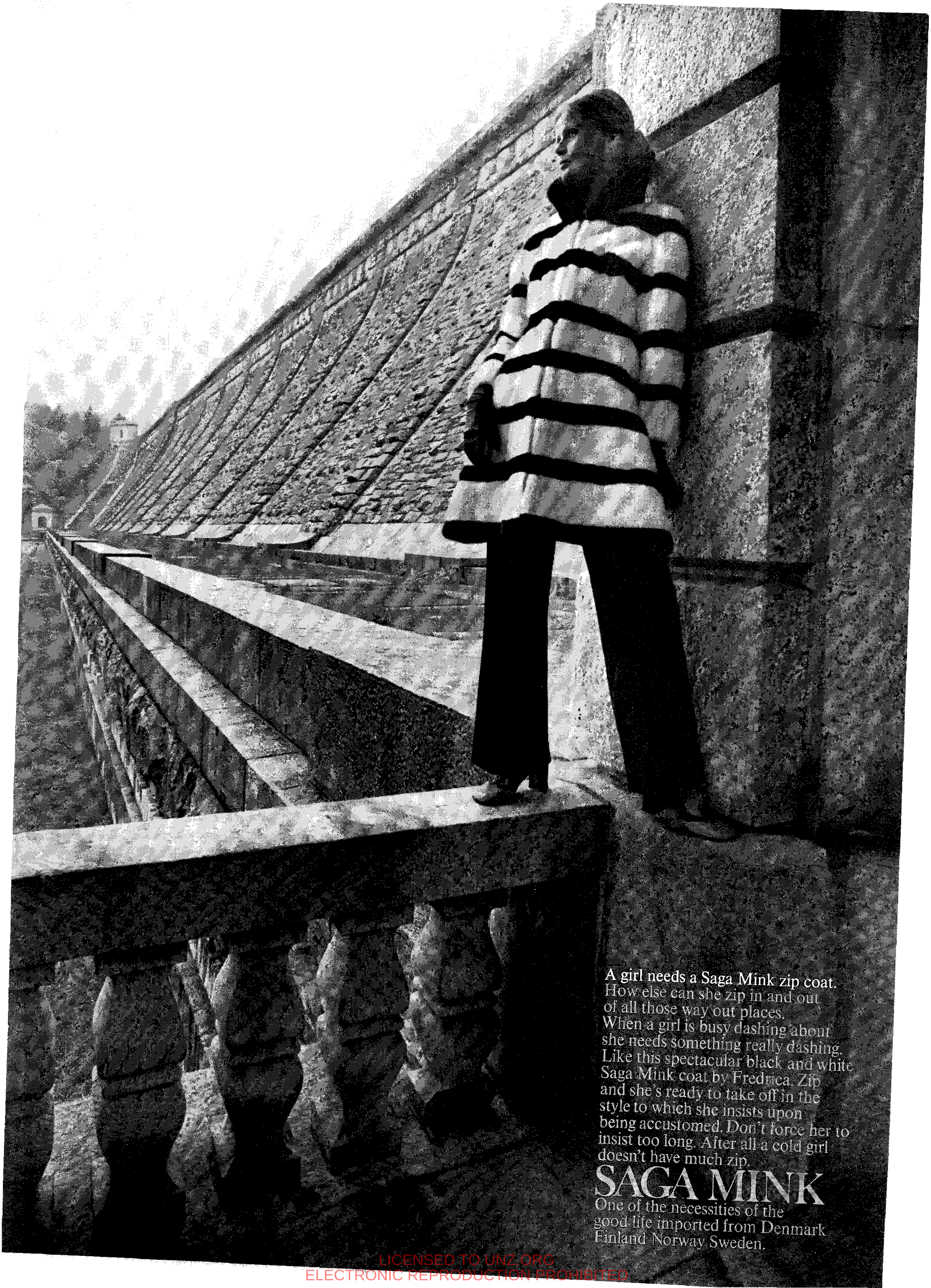

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with regard to the selection of his Cabinet, with regard to his budget, and with regard [to policy] . . . it's going to be very hard to correct them."

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Mitchell, whose appointment as Attorney General was announced on December 11th, had a reputation for being unapproachably aloof and disdainful of weakness in others. "When you first meet Mitchell, he seems cold on the surface," a Wall Street acquaintance of his remarked not long ago. "But when you get to know him

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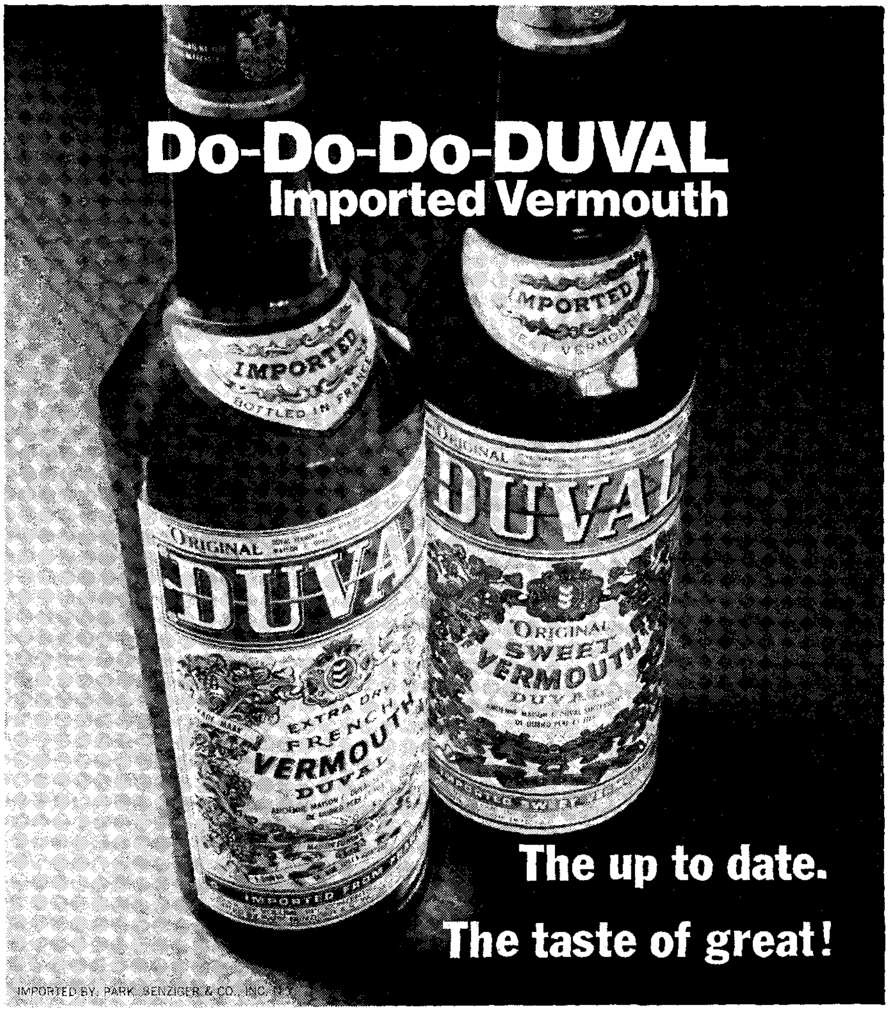

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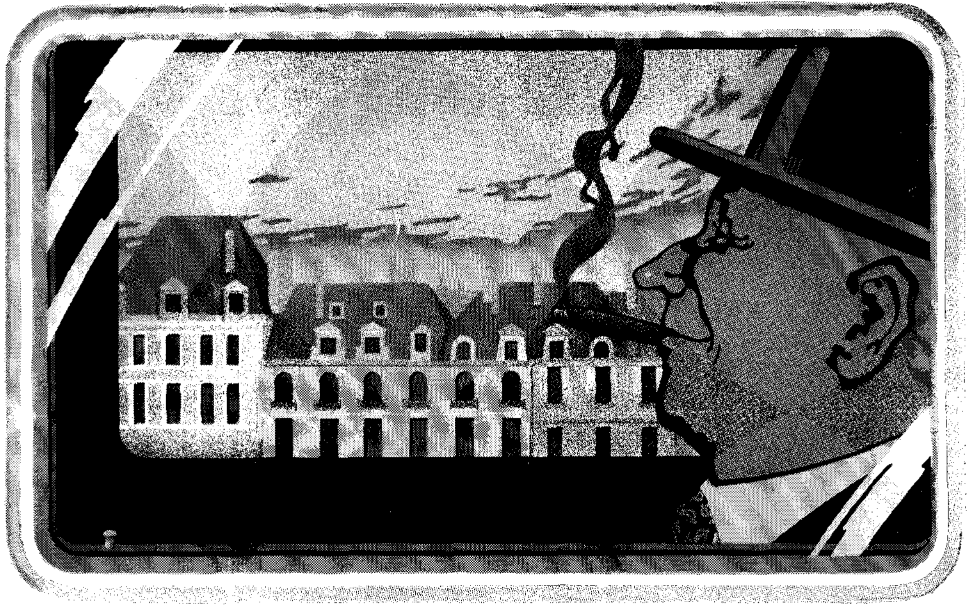

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Jockey Club 2, rue Rabelais. Unfortunately there has not been one new name added to its membership in fifty years. That doesn't mean you can't enjoy an evening as someone's guest.

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Barclays Bank Ltd. 33, rue du 4-Septembre.

First National City Bank 60, ave. des Champs-Elysées.

Lloyds Bank Ltd. 43, blvd. des Capucines.

Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. 14, Place Vendôme.

The Chase Manhattan Bank 41, rue Cambon.

Vocabulaire

bank: banque
banker: banquier
bank note: billet de banque
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better, you realize that's only the tip of the iceberg." One man who had worked with Mitchell during the campaign considered this impression baseless. "He was always eminently decent to everyone around him," this man said. "Of course, he has a tendency to be blunt, but that's because he's made his way in life not through the use of public-relations techniques but through his brilliance in the field of municipal bonds. After all, he made two hundred thousand dollars a year on Wall Street, so why should he butter up people?" To others, the new Attorney General's background constituted his most serious drawback, for municipal-bond law is not known for its richness in human and social concerns. In Clark's opinion, the Attorney Generalship was primarily a moral job, and, along with many others, he wondered if a man who had devoted thirty years to accumulating money could suddenly turn around and devote himself selflessly to the public interest.

Roy Wilkins, head of the N.A.A.C.P., expressed regret that no Negroes had been appointed to the Cabinet, and added, "The one least likely to understand the Negro situation is John N. Mitchell, the new Attorney General. The administration of justice is an area where the Negro in past decades has taken a terrible beating. Mr. Mitchell, without question, is concerned with the law, but it is hard for the average white or black American to see how a Wall Street lawyer can appreciate the police and courtroom hocus-pocus which snuffs out the liberties and lives of many hapless citizens each year." Over in the Department's Civil Rights Division, a young lawyer who viewed the appointment with even deeper despair said, "I gather from those who know anything about Mitchell that he could stay here for four years and never use the words 'Negro' and 'youth.' " During a discussion of the potential alliance between white youth and Negroes of all ages, Clark remarked, "This is the mix we're worried about. The students gave up the civil-rights battle for the most part to take on the government as the war in Vietnam got bigger and bigger and affected them more and more directly. But when it ends, there's every reason for them to join forces with the Negroes again." Continuing, he pointed out that the United States now had seven million college students, at least an equal number of young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one who were not attending college, and some twenty million Ne-

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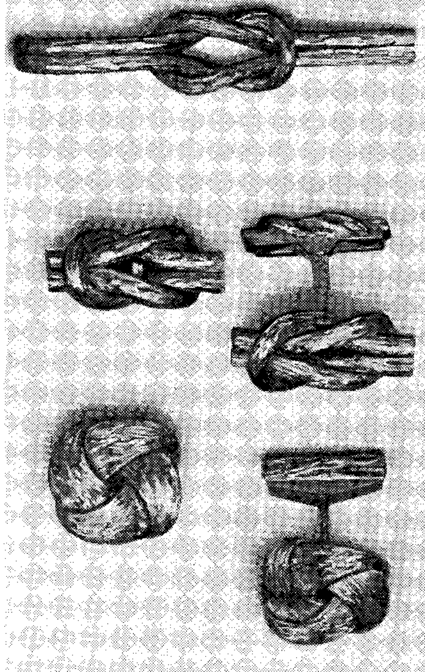

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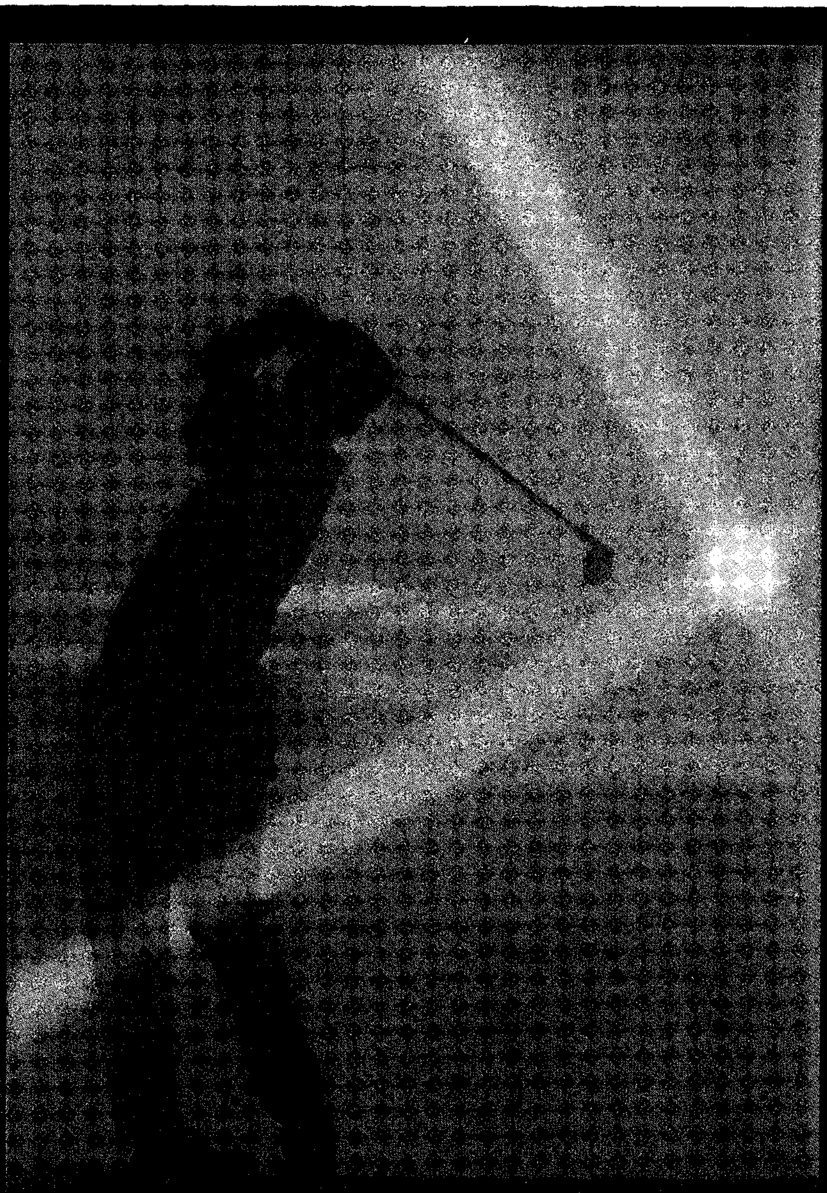
groes. If even a small percentage of these groups got together and made common cause, they would constitute an immense force; ten per cent of the total, for instance, would be close to the number of men in the military services. They would also constitute a grave peril to the nation if they ended up either with undemocratic goals or with democratic goals that were forcibly repressed. "Youngsters spend their formative years breaking away from their parents' direction," Clark said. "If the police suddenly order them to turn around and go in the opposite direction—that is, back in their parents' direction—why, the kids will just flow over them. They would be extremely difficult to handle, unless the authorities were willing to use maximum force and shoot enough of them to cow the rest."

Many successful managers of Presidential campaigns in the past have been rewarded by being made Postmaster General. The campaign manager usually makes the deals that help put his man in office, and since the Postmaster General is the chief patronage-dispenser in the government, giving him this office is a convenient way to pay him off and at the same time give him a way to pay off some of the people he made deals with. Nixon's decision to name his campaign manager to the post of Attorney General was bound to produce complaints that the Department of Justice was being made a political arm of the White House. And the complaints were intensified because of Mitchell's campaign role in devising the so-called Southern strategy, which had reportedly included commitments to men like Senator Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, to the effect that enforcement of existing civil-rights laws and pressure on Congress to enact new ones would be less than vigorous. "The big question now is whether Mitchell will act on the substance or the politics of an issue," Clark said. "The man who has this job shouldn't be closely tied to the President." Mitchell was very close to the new President—a relationship that he repeatedly reminded others of after the election. On the other hand, no Attorney General in history had been closer to a President than Robert Kennedy, who had been his brother's campaign manager. When this was brought up, Clark nodded and said, "Yes, but Bob was fully aware of how essential it is to keep this job out of politics. When he took over the Department, he held a meeting with all his top aides, and the first thing he said to us was 'No politics—period. You don't attend political functions, you don't speak on political matters, you don't get involved in any way.' " For his own part, Clark went on, he had never consulted President Johnson before filing a case, whatever its political implications might have been for the White House. "One of the main parts of this job is to find legal ways for the President to do what he wants to do," he continued. "All Presidents soon discover that if they can do something that's politically important to them through executive orders or legal maneuvers, they can sidestep legislation and avoid issues, and usually the public won't even notice what's being done. But the whole legal system can become shapeless if the Attorney General allows the law to be used that way. I've tried to keep the sense of legal discipline intact here, but the pressures against you are tremendous, and, God knows, you pay a heavy price for resisting them. Now, if an Attorney General is over at the White House for lunch three days a week, it's not likely that he'll hold out for long. And if he takes this office solely to help the President politically, he probably won't even realize that he should hold out." Clark's insistence on maintaining the Department's independence constantly amazed his subordinates and constantly irked the President. "Under former Attorneys General, the Public Information Office sent weekly memoranda to the White House informing the President about the Department's plans for the coming week," Cliff Sessions, who was Clark's press officer, said not long ago. "Since this had always been done, I went on doing it when Ramsey took over. But he heard about it and told me to stop. He said that it was none of the White House's business." (Under Mitchell, the custom has been revived.)

Mitchell insisted throughout the campaign that he would never take a post in the new Administration if his



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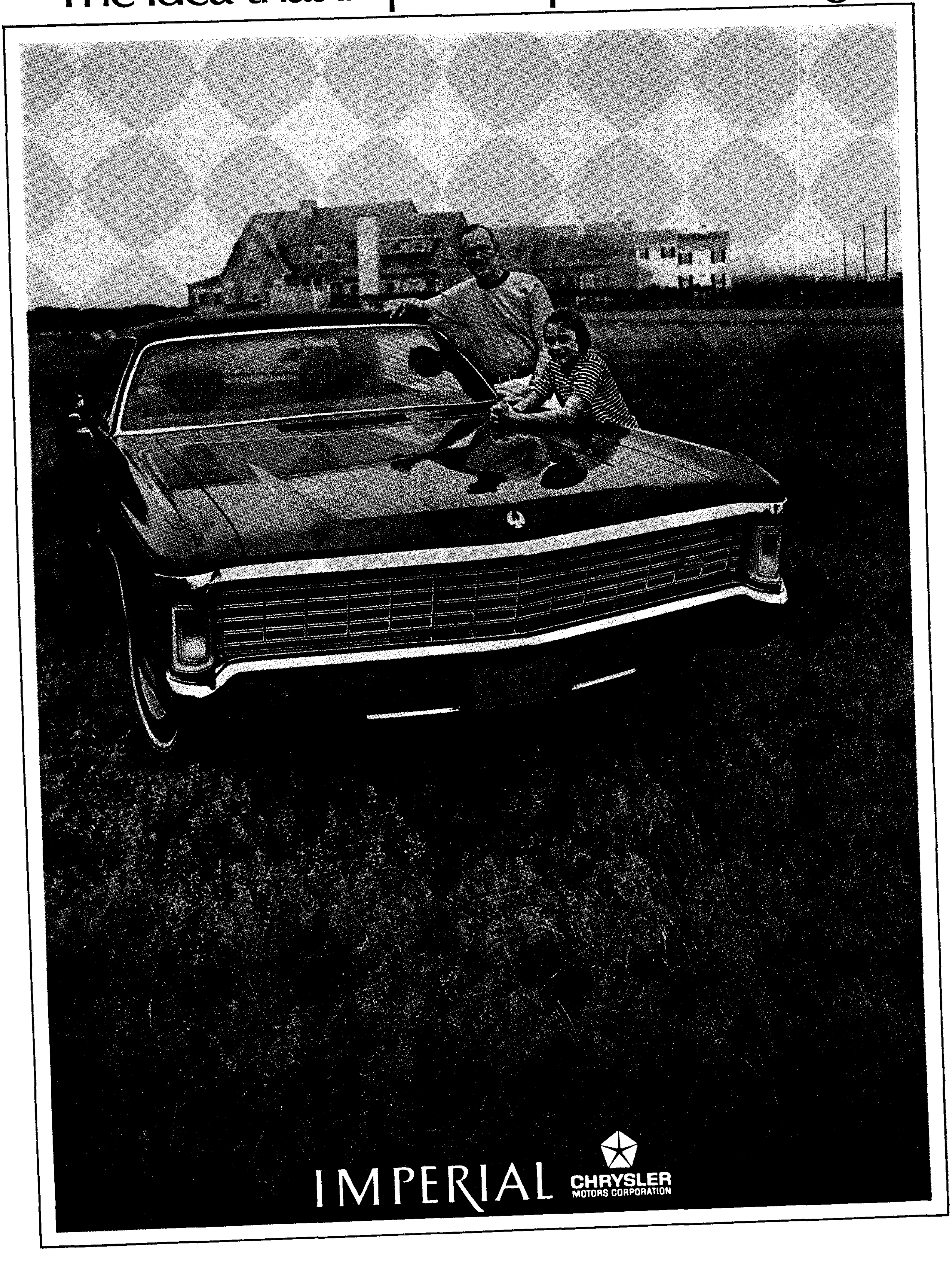
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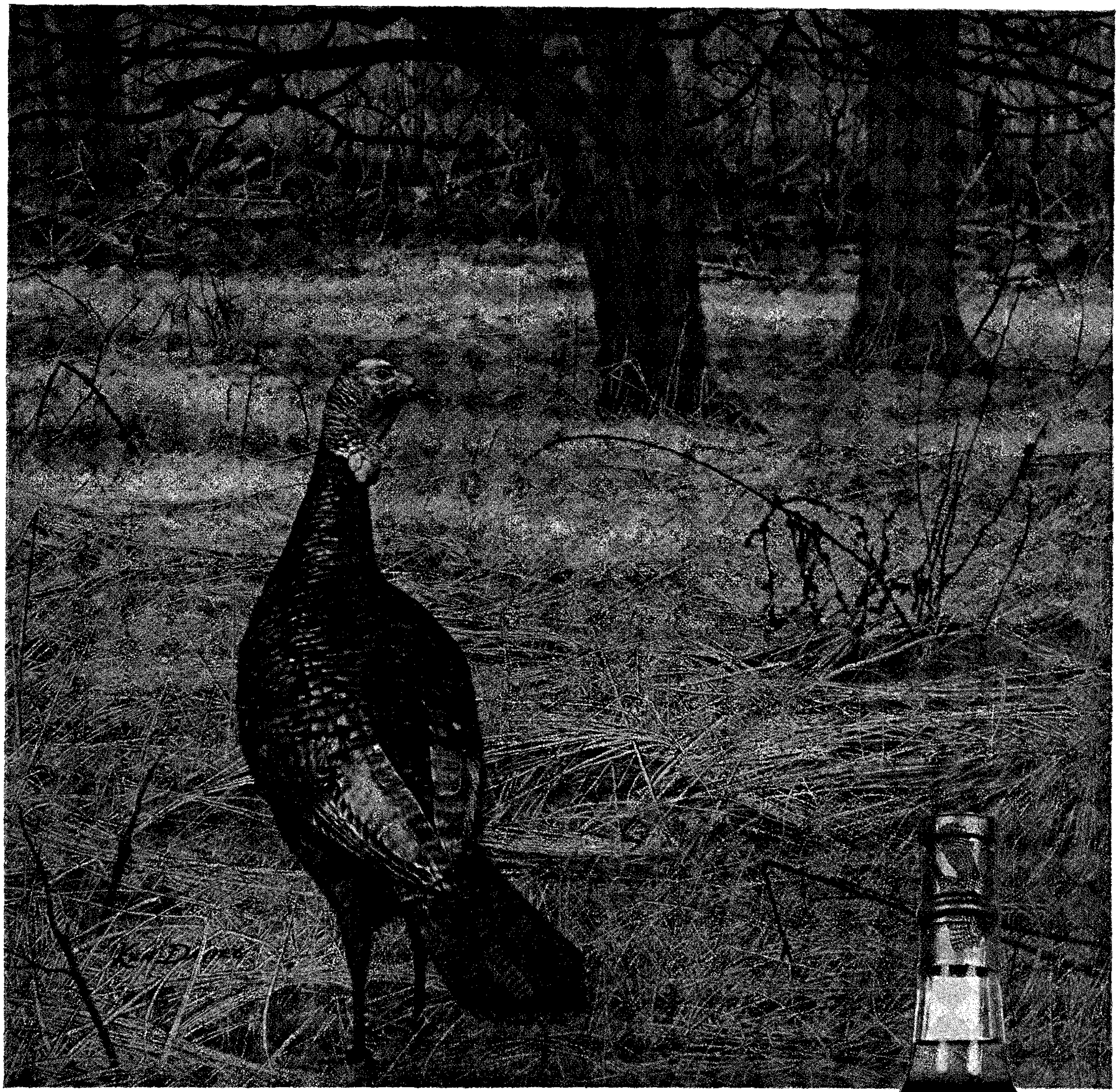

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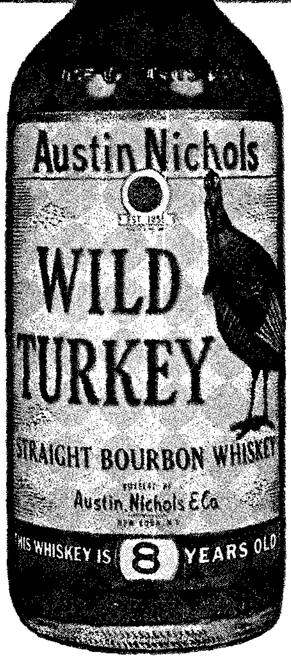
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candidate won. He meant it, and held out as long as he could. It was small wonder that he would have resisted, above all, becoming Attorney General, since the Republicans' campaign strategy of misrepresenting what the man in that post or the man who succeeded him could do about crime made it virtually impossible for him to perform the duties of that office effectively. In short, he was being asked to sit down on the chair that he had scattered tacks on. Even after he took the job, he went on saying that he hadn't wanted it and that he intended to stay in it for no more than two years. "This is the last thing in the world I wanted to do," he said shortly after accepting the appointment. "I've got all the things I ever wanted. I'm a fat and prosperous Wall Street lawyer, which is just what I always wanted to be." When this remark reached Clark, he shook his head dejectedly and asked, "How in the world can anyone do the job here with that kind of attitude? Bob Kennedy and the rest of us came here like a real shirtsleeved crew. We sat down and asked what had to be done, how to do it, and then how to improve on doing it. When we came up for confirmation in the Senate, we were asked if we meant to stay on just long enough to get big reputations and then move on to cushy jobs in prominent law firms. That wasn't my attitude. I told them I hoped to stay on as long as I could do something to help."

After Mitchell was appointed, the press described his political views as ranging from conservative to deeply conservative. For instance, the *Times* said that he appeared to be "far on the conservative side," and *Human Events*, the newsletter of the extreme right wing, said that he was "known to have a 'J. Edgar Hoover-ish' view on law enforcement" and that he had come "highly recommended for his new position by several conservative sources, including Sen. Strom Thurmond." Everyone knew where Thurmond stood, and if any doubt about Hoover's views remained he laid them to rest by telling reporters on his way out of a meeting with the President-elect that "justice is merely incidental to order." However, Mitchell himself had yet to be heard from. When he was, it was by way of an interview given to the *Evening Star*, which reported that he had said, "I've somehow got to dispel the notion that I'm a tough cop and an arch-conservative." In another interview—between Mitchell and a man he had asked to come work for him—the man ex-

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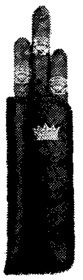

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plained that he wanted the job but that he also wanted to make it clear he shared most of Clark's views on how crime should be dealt with. "So do I," Mitchell replied.

The morning after the President-elect's mass introduction of his incoming Cabinet over television on December 11th, Clark telephoned Mitchell to offer his congratulations. Mitchell was too busy to come to the phone, but he returned the call a couple of hours later. Clark congratulated him on his appointment and offered whatever help he could give. Mitchell thanked him and said that he would need all the assistance he could get, whereupon Clark invited him to his staff lunch that day. Mitchell declined, explaining that he was engaged in White House briefings. Clark then invited him to his staff lunch the next day, but again Mitchell declined, saying that he would get in touch with him the following week. As it happened, though, the two men met the day after this conversation—at a cocktail party for the outgoing and incoming Cabinets that was given at the State Department. The two men talked together for an hour or so, and the next morning Clark confessed that he had been deeply depressed by the encounter—most of all by the realization that Mitchell's background and temperament would indeed make it as unlikely as everyone had said that the new Attorney General would ever be able to understand the bitter discontent of Negroes and the young. "If he can't reach out and make contact with them, it looks hopeless," Clark said. Of course, he went on, it was possible that Mitchell would arrive by a different route at the same conclusions that practical necessity had compelled Attorneys General Kennedy, Katzenbach, and Clark himself to reach. But that raised the question of whether Mitchell would be temperamentally able to maintain even minimal rapport with the groups that such conclusions would compel him to deal with. "I also got the impression that he's a first-rate administrator and will use his time well," Clark added. "That will help." In the course of their talk, Mitchell took advantage of the setting—the Diplomatic Suite—to see if he could negotiate a truce between the President-elect and the outgoing Attorney General. In spite of the bitter campaign attacks on Clark, Mitchell said, Nixon actually held him and his work in high esteem. Explaining that the attacks had merely been "a simplistic way to personalize the crime issue," Mitchell

NEW ISSUE October 30, 1969

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DINK STOVER UNRAVELS THE CROQUET-GROUNDS MYSTERY

OR "THE SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF HOMER BARROW"

In which Dink assists the President of Amalgamated, Inc. in peering through the amnestic mists of the past and reconstructing an altogether remarkable story.

The annual convention at Frolicdale-by-the-Sea has ended in something of a shambles. But Homer ("Big Wheel") Barrow is alive and well! After his dramatic rescue by our intrepid young Media Director, Barrow was taken to a prominent Boston hospital for observation and then dismissed. It is now evening and he and Dink are enjoying the view from the top of the Prudential Tower. Barrow sips on his double bourbon and Dink on his double malted, as the latter speaks:

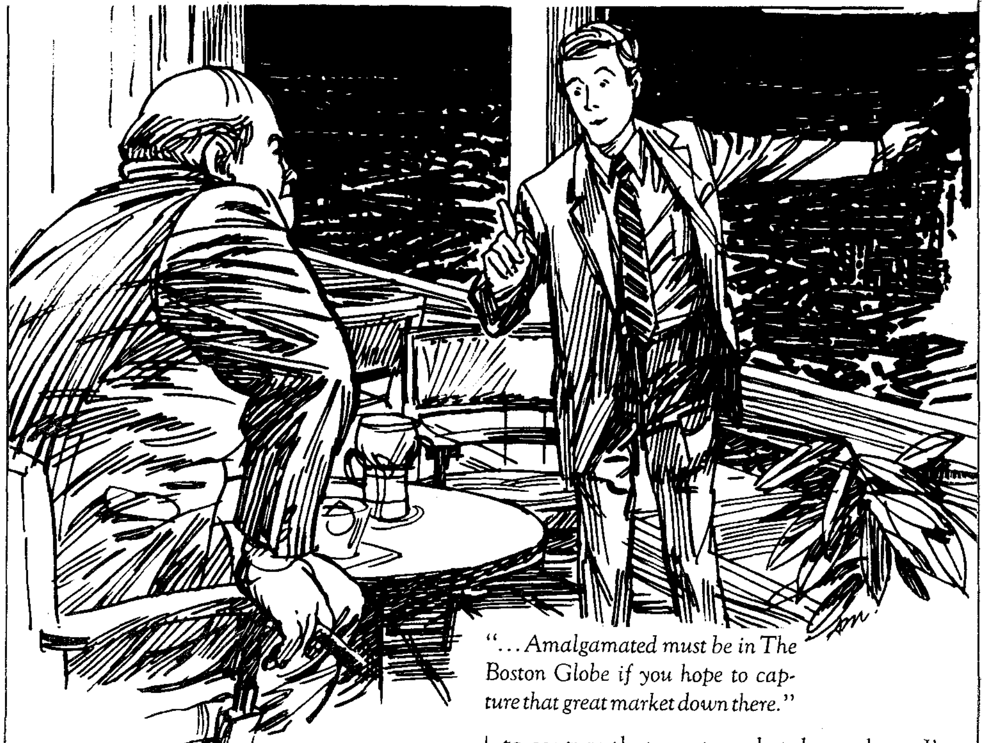
"Then it was your very own croquet ball that rendered you unconscious, sir. The blue one, wasn't it? Yes, I remember. I was playing the red, and Carruthers had the yellow, and . . ."

"What in the world, Stover!" interjected Barrow somewhat impatiently. But the big man's latent good humor came to the fore. "It does seem preposterous now that I look back. You had hit the stake and were 'poison'. So I struck my ball too hard and it went over the cliff. Well, I raced down to the beach and saw the ball was snagged in a bayberry bush high up on the bluff. I'd just started climbing when the confounded thing broke loose and landed square on my skull. Don't remember a thing until you brought me to my senses this morning. My boy, that was some tackle!"

Dink modestly averted his eyes, as he pieced together the day's kaleidoscopic events. He recalled how he had spotted Barrow, bound and gagged, afloat in a dinghy. After he had towed the boat ashore and released the prisoner's bonds, the amnesiac had raced up the beach toward Davy Jones Reef. Only a crushing tackle had stopped the 237-pound Barrow from certain peril – but the latter's head struck a giant quahog shell as he plunged to the sand. The blow proved a blessing, however, as it restored memory to Amalgamated's chief officer.

"Yes, Stover, that tackle would have done you proud in any game ever played at the Bowl. Bulldog! Bulldog!"

With a glaring disregard for transition, but in a sincere effort to divert attention from his athletic prowess, Dink changed the subject.



"*. . . Amalgamated must be in The Boston Globe if you hope to capture that great market down there.*"

"Look out there," he said, walking to the window overlooking the city. "See how the jewels sparkle tonight in the crown of old Dame Boston. And there to the southeast is one of the more utilitarian, yet most meaningful, of all her jewels."

"Which jewel – I mean, light – is that?" asked Barrow, under the spell of his companion's turn of phrase.

"The lights of Boston Globe headquarters. Even as we speak the men of the Globe are readying the next edition of Boston's number-one newspaper. Tomorrow, 65% of adults in households with incomes of $10,000 or more will be enjoying it. I imagine, by the way, that they enjoy the paper even more with Bodoni headlines and Excelsior text."

"What are you talking about, Stover?"

"Those are the new easier-to-read type faces the Globe is employing . . . Great Scot!" ejaculated the earnest young Media Director, blanching visibly. "I'm reminded of something for which I must apologize. While you were missing, sir, we went ahead with the media presentation. I wanted to emphasize to the chaps that Amalgamated must be in The Boston Globe, if (he swept Barrow's swizzle stick in a vast arc) you hope to capture that great market down there. I'm afraid my enthusiasm seems heartless."

"Not at all, lad. I wouldn't have wanted the men to miss the highlight of the convention. I'm proud that you persevered."

"I heard you coin an expression once, sir," said Dink gratefully, "that hit the nail squarely on the head: The show must go on!"

At that moment two of "Boston's finest" appeared in the lounge. "Would you gentlemen kindly come with us to the precinct station. The boys have picked up a couple of bad ones that need identifying."

. . . As they entered the police station, Dink and Homer Barrow saw two unsavory, crestfallen ruffians on a bench. One was a somewhat ferret-faced man.

"By Jupiter!" cursed Barrow. "I know that somewhat ferret-faced man. He is . . ."

Who is the somewhat ferret-faced man? What smoldering hatreds have fed his venomous rage? What is the story behind the executive-napping of Homer Barrow from Frolicdale-by-the-Sea? See the next episode – in the somewhat near future.

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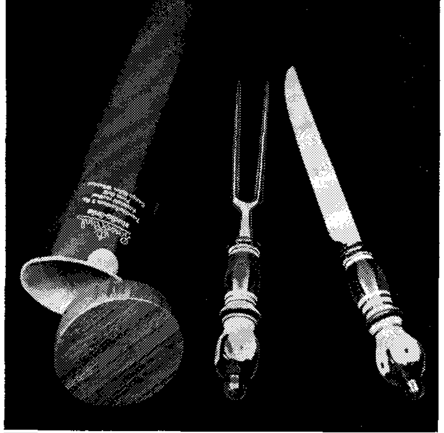

"Gold Egg" by Venini, Italy.
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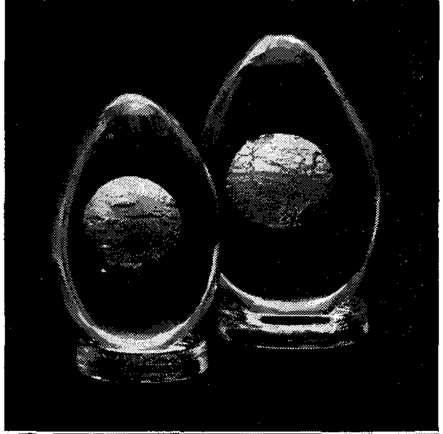

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went on to say that both Nixon and he felt an apology to Clark might be in order, and suggested that Clark might open the door to this by publicly stating that he knew the charges made against him and his record had not been meant personally. Clark heard him out and then said mildly, "I guess that judgment should be left up to third parties."

IF the President-elect found it difficult to get the right men for his Cabinet, he must have found it next to impossible to get the right men for the jobs immediately below that level. It was one thing to find a dozen successful businessmen and politicians who either wanted to cap their careers with the prestige that goes with a Cabinet post or to use it as a step toward other public office. It was quite another to find several hundred men who were willing to give up or postpone promising careers to take on the unglamorous, frustrating, day-and-night work that is the lot of the average Under-Secretary or Assistant Secretary—or, as these positions are designated in the Department of Justice, Deputy Attorney General and Assistant Attorney General. At the same time, sub-Cabinet positions demand high qualities of character and competence, because the men who hold these jobs must try to put the policies devised by the President and his Cabinet into effect on a day-to-day basis. Once again there was an extended delay in filling these posts—so protracted, in fact, that the new President failed to fill more than a third of the top three hundred spots in his Administration by the time of his inauguration. Democrats charged that either he couldn't make up his mind about what men he wanted because he couldn't make up his mind about what policies he wanted carried out or the men he wanted had decided that their chief interest in the government was in being left alone by it. Republicans retorted that his cautious approach was part of the Presidential style he hoped to set—stability, moderation, continuity, and deliberation—as a means of soothing a troubled nation that was worn out by the flamboyant exertions of his predecessor. Actually, a more reasonable explanation was that neither Nixon nor his staff had spent much time during the campaign looking for men to fill these posts. In fact, it wasn't until two weeks after the election that he set up a small group to collect names of prospective appointees. Although there may have been a shortage of qualified applicants, there certainly was no shortage of applicants. In a publicity

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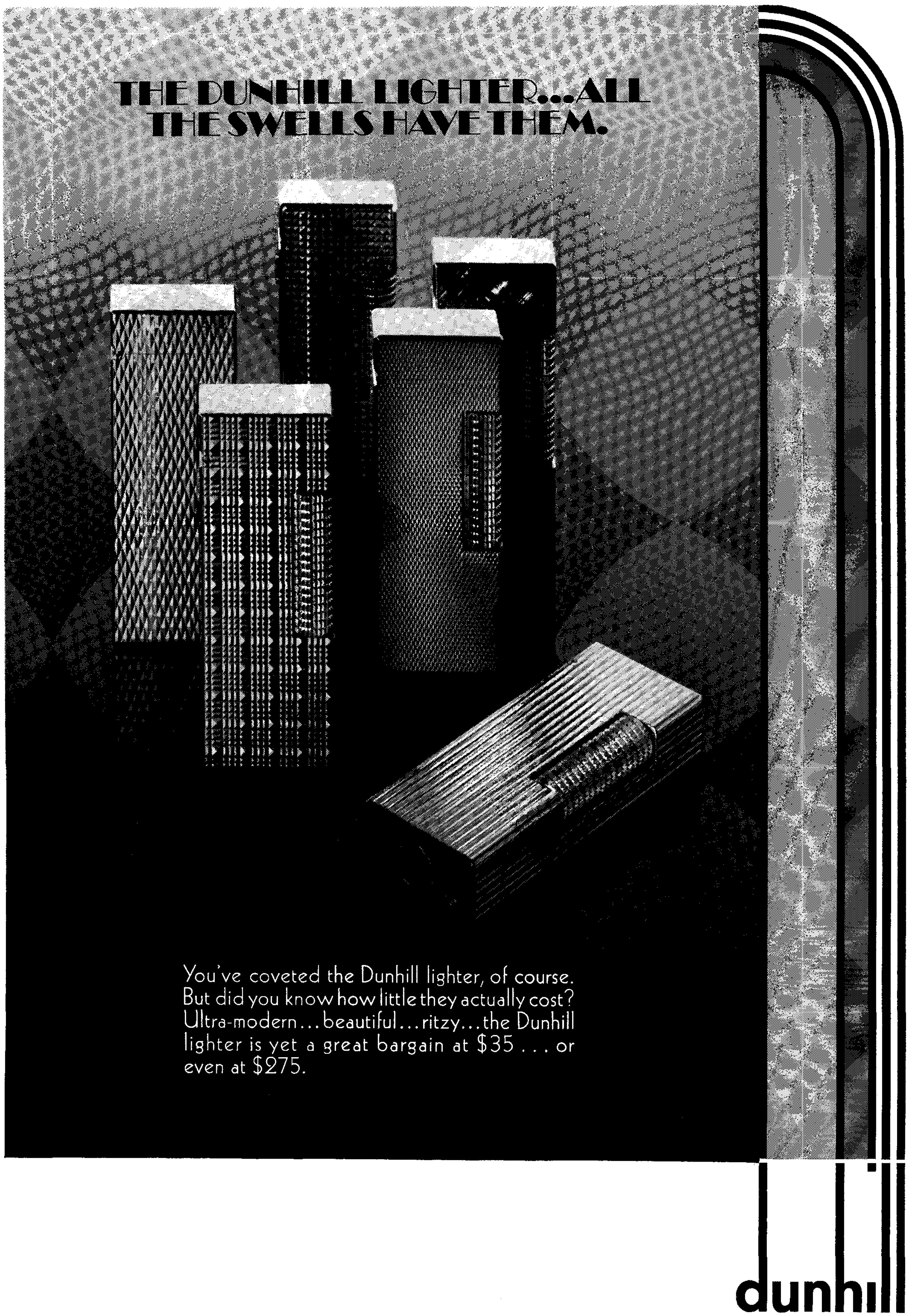
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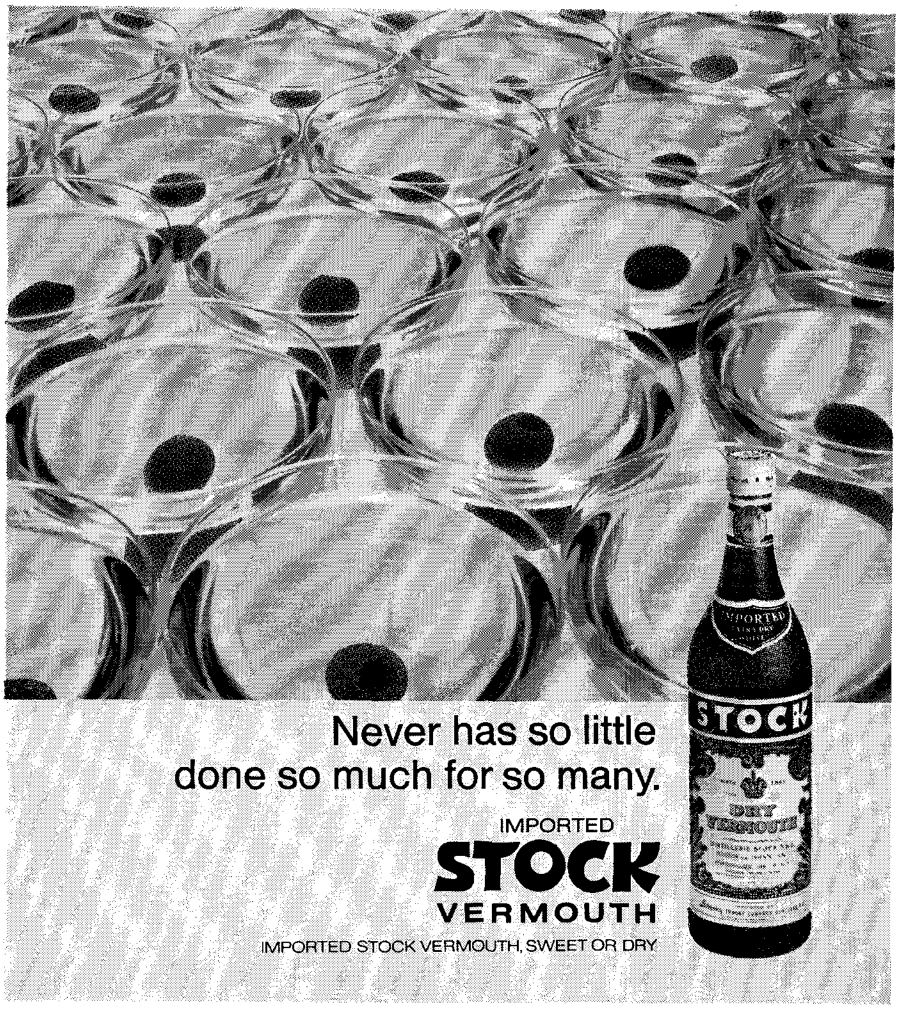
stunt that left the new Administration wobbling on a high wire without a net below, the President-elect's office sent out form letters to everyone listed in *Who's Who* asking for recommendations about likely prospects for office in the forthcoming government. Since the requests produced thousands of nominations and only about three hundred offices of significance were open—almost all of which would inevitably go to friends and associates of high-ranking Republicans—the predictable result was thousands of disappointed and angry people who had worked and voted for Nixon and who might be expected not to go out of their way to help him again. Another result was that recommendations submitted by important Party leaders got buried in the piles of unwanted recommendations, which further delayed the selection process. (Three months after the inauguration, the recruiting staff was still frantically looking for letters from members of Congress, governors, and large campaign contributors who were infuriated by the Administration's failure even to thank them for their suggestions.)

By the time the Cabinet was announced, the number of promising nominees for sub-Cabinet posts had been narrowed down to around two thousand. These were divided among the twelve departments, and each Cabinet officer was given a thick black binder containing descriptions of the posts to be filled and a list of the most suitable candidates, with their biographies and letters of recommendation. It was reported that President-elect Nixon had instructed his Cabinet to pick the men they wanted either from the notebooks provided or from among their own associates but that he retained veto power over their choices and they over his recommendations. The report was not entirely accurate. As it happened, Mitchell was in charge of the final screening process for all departments, which gave him a veto over any prospective nominee, unless, of course, the President or another member of the Cabinet insisted on hiring him. In the case of the men considered for the top jobs in the Department of Justice, a preliminary screening was conducted by the man who had been chosen (although the choice had not been announced) to serve as Deputy Attorney General. This was Richard G. Kleindienst, a forty-six-year-old Harvard-educated lawyer from Arizona, who had been national director of field operations for Barry Goldwater in 1964, a candidate for



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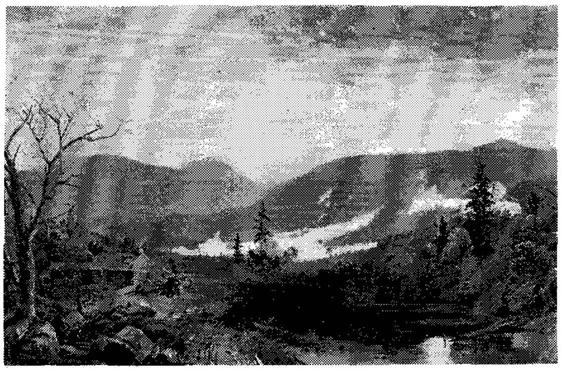

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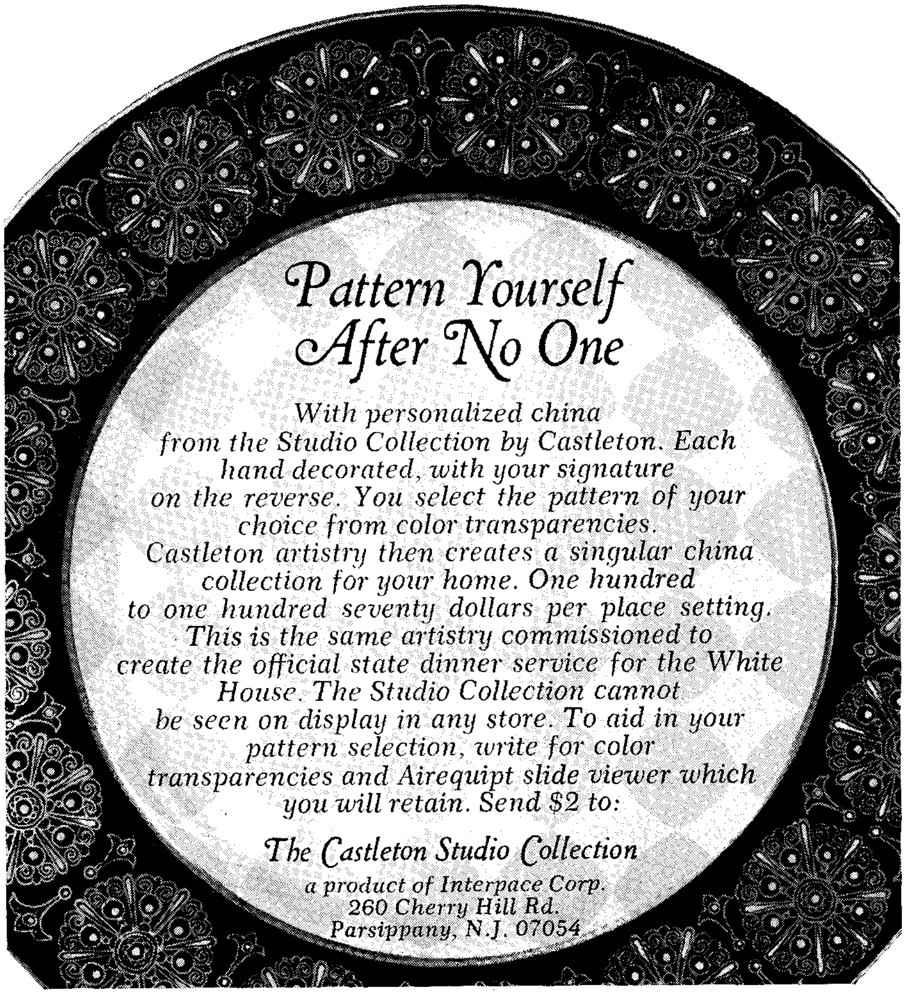

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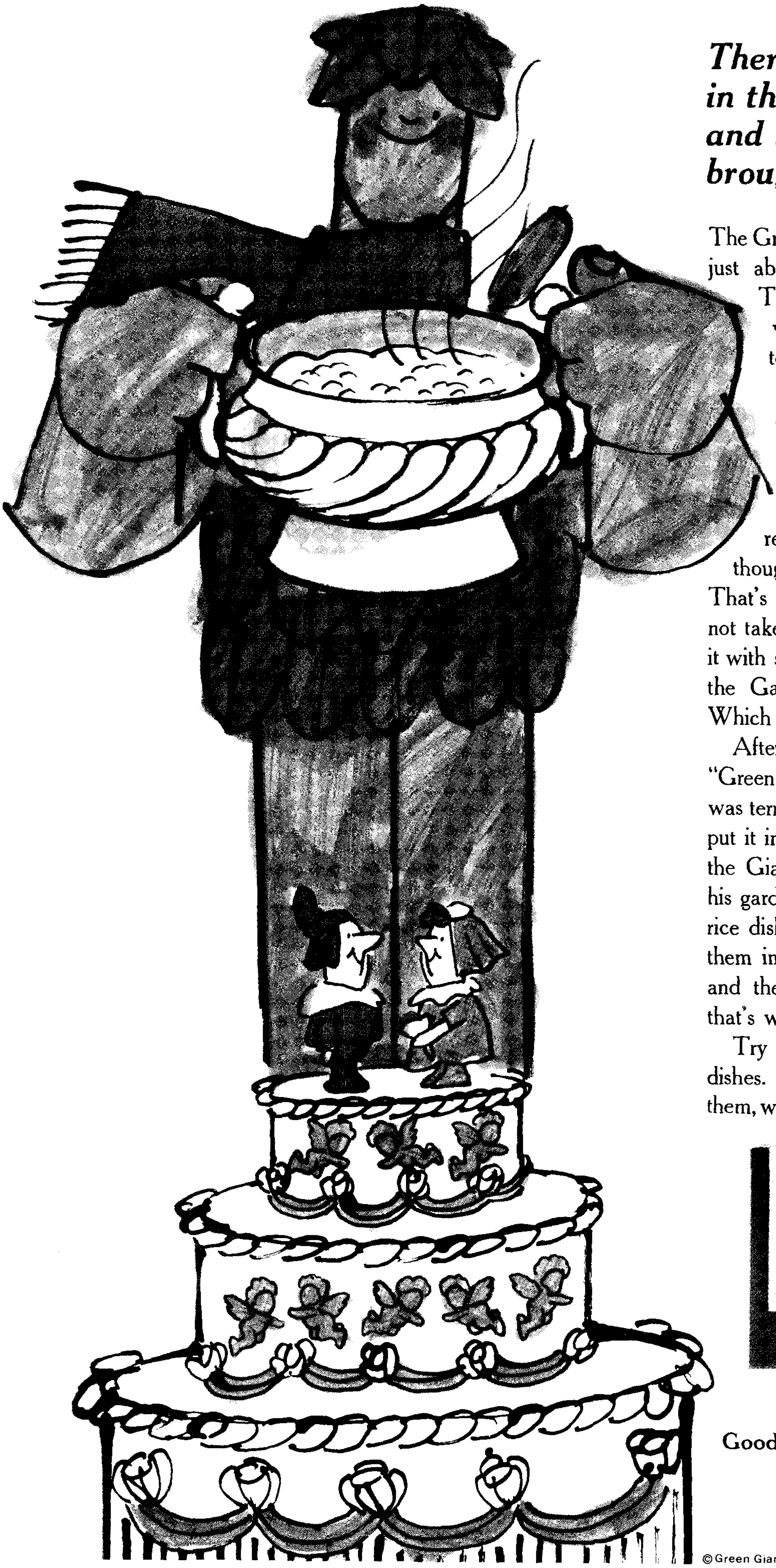
governor of Arizona that same year, field director for the Nixon campaign in 1968, and counsel to the Republican National Committee. Kleindienst was said to be somewhat to the right of Goldwater, but his own self-appraisal was that he was a conservative in economic matters and a liberal in human matters. (No one has ever been able to explain how this outlook—which General Eisenhower seems to have invented to describe his political philosophy—is possible, since liberalism in human affairs usually seems to require a liberal outlay of money.) In any event, Kleindienst also had a veto power of sorts over prospective appointments as long as he could explain to Mitchell's satisfaction why he had knocked someone off the list.

Mitchell had scarcely been named Attorney General before it was rumored that he would stay in the Department only until he had learned enough Constitutional law to qualify for a spot on the Supreme Court. The rumor somewhat cheered those who awaited his arrival in the Department with apprehension—until a new rumor sprang up to the effect that if he went to the Court Kleindienst would take his place as Attorney General. Several members of the Department predicted that this event would produce mass resignations on the part of the legal staff. In their view, it was bad enough that Kleindienst had been made Deputy Attorney General, since that post carried more power than most other sub-Cabinet posts in the government. The Deputy Attorney General not only runs the Department on a day-by-day basis and is in charge of the place when the Attorney General is not on the premises—as, in the nature of the job, he often is not—but also screens all prospective United States Attorneys and federal judges, which again gives him veto power, and directs liaison with Congress, which gives him an opportunity to try to revise legislation to his liking as it makes its tortuous, and largely secret, way through Congress. After it was reported but before it was confirmed that Kleindienst had been picked for the second spot in the Department of Justice, Tom Wicker took the unusual step of appealing, through his column in the *Times*, to the President-elect to reconsider this decision. Asserting that the Cabinet and sub-Cabinet selections so far seemed "a grievous fumble, a missed opportunity to give the blacks and the poor a symbolic assurance that the new President is interested in them," Wicker went on to point out that the selection of two men who



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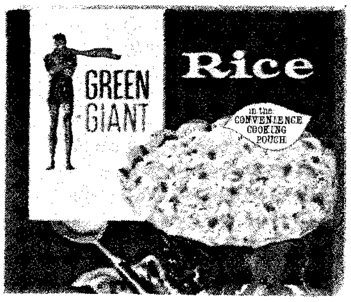

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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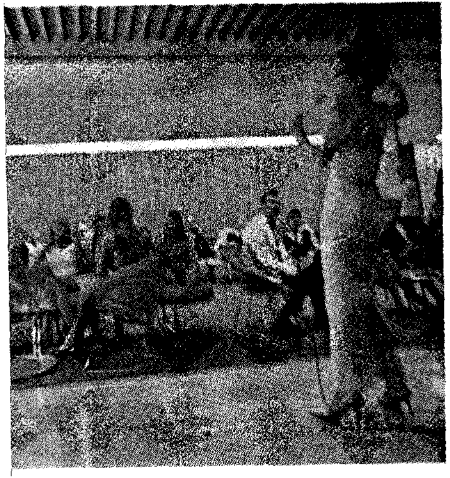

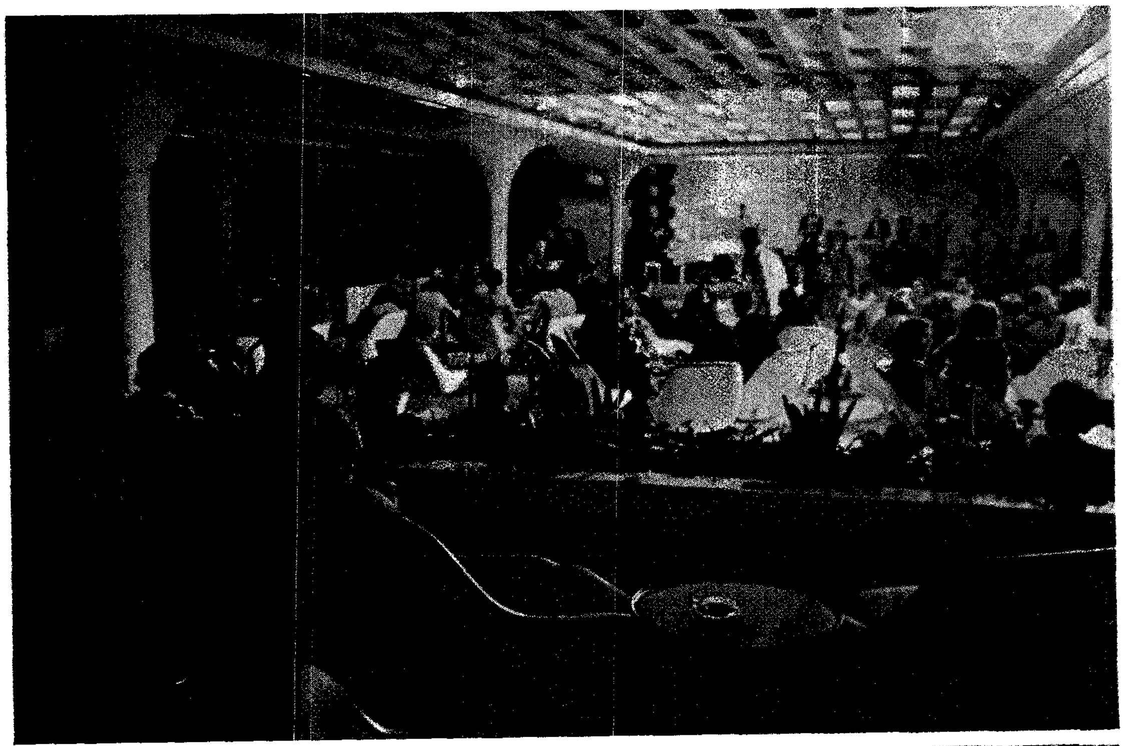

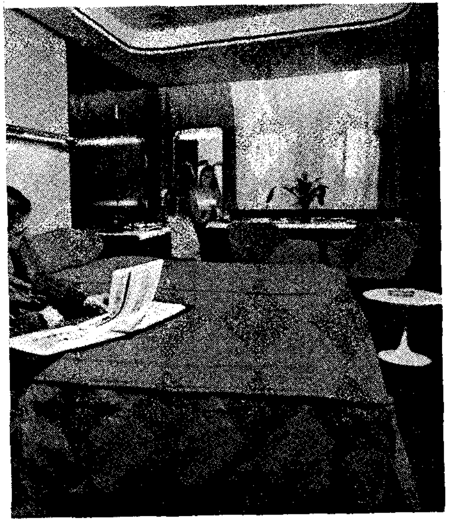

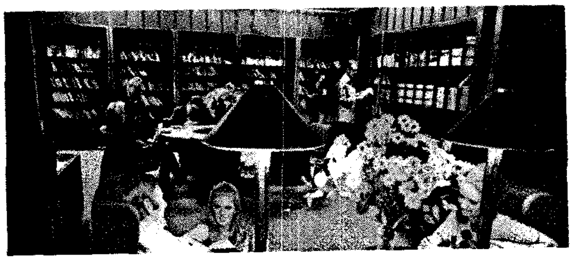

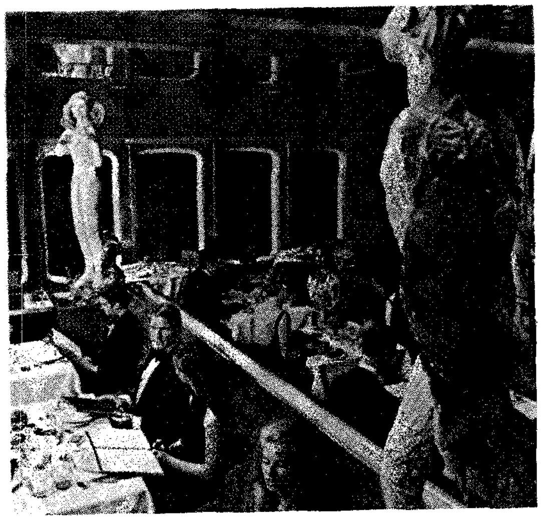

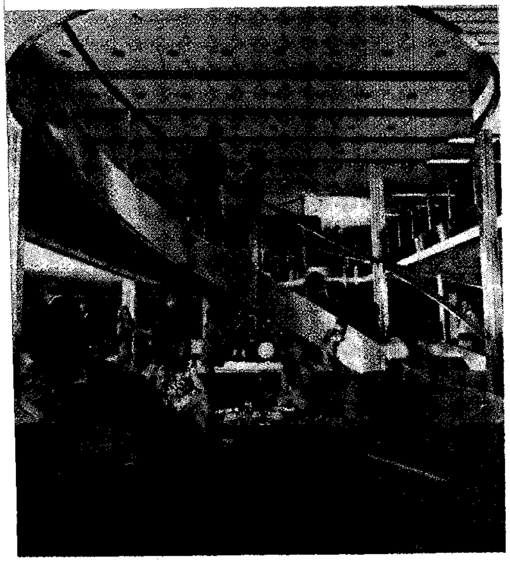

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were clearly without experience in, and apparently without sensitivity to, the complex and perilous circumstances surrounding the contention over civil rights "might well jeopardize any remaining confidence, among the blacks, in the Nixon Administration."

As it turned out, Kleindienst was inexperienced in more than civil rights. At the start of a two-hour visit he paid Clark for a briefing on the Department, he suggested that he be dealt with on the assumption that he didn't know anything. "I found nothing to challenge that assumption," Clark remarked afterward. Kleindienst had not even looked at an organizational chart of the Department and was stunned when he learned that it had thirty-five thousand employees; he knew neither the name of the man he was succeeding, let alone his duties, nor the name of the man in charge of the Criminal Division, which, with Kleindienst's enthusiastic support, had been such an issue in the campaign; he asked for summaries of all pending cases, and persisted in the request even after he was told that there were sixty thousand of them, that no one in the Department could conceivably be familiar with more than a tiny fraction of them, that some were literally older than he was, and that by the time summaries were completed—in half a dozen years, at best—they would be hopelessly out of date. He also wanted biographies, including political affiliations, of all employees in the Department; these were refused on the grounds that the product would end up half as big as *Who's Who* and would be as useless as that volume when it came to determining whether a man was a competent, loyal public servant, and that it was against both policy and common sense to force people to give up their right to a secret ballot. All in all, it appeared that the Nixon Administration was going in for on-the-job training in a big way.

ONE of the most important and difficult parts of the Attorney General's job, Clark once said, was "keeping a sense of balance in law-enforcement attitudes toward the very great tensions and anxieties that exist in the country today—tensions of the central city, of racism, of extremist activity, of youth unrest—and maintaining a fair and effective enforcement of the law that is neither repressive nor permissive." Although the choice of Mitchell and Kleindienst led Clark to suspect that the Nixon Administration would return the Department to

"A Black Russian please."
"I'll try a Kahlúa Stinger."
"O.K., but what is it?"
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its old role of acting like "a flinty-eyed prosecutor," he was still determined to do everything he could to help the new men by showing them what he and others in the Department had learned over the years about the problems facing it and how they had tried to solve them. "Probably the most difficult part of the transition is conveying our experience," he said. "Some newly arrived Cabinet officers want *no* help at all. Others want some help but are usually suspicious of what they get. And still others want all the help they can get and do their best to consider it objectively." To preserve the integrity of the transition, President Johnson let the senior members of his Administration know that he wanted nothing done that might appear to be an attempt to commit the Nixon Administration to current policies. Clark wholeheartedly agreed with this dictum, and to make certain that the experience he hoped to convey was taken in the best spirit he did not put it down on paper, as his subordinates did in their briefing documents, but delivered it to his successor orally. Otherwise, he explained, it might have looked as if he were trying to create a written record that he could publicly refer to later in the event that the new Administration undertook programs that the old Administration had recommended; if Mitchell got that impression, Clark added, he might be inclined to reject all advice without even considering it. Clark also instructed his top aides to draw up suggestions for new programs and new procedures to make the Department more effective and easier to run. When an acquaintance remarked that probably no one else in political life had ever taken such a step to assure the success of someone who had blamed him for a good part of society's ills, Clark shrugged. He was not interested in the success or failure of the man who was taking his place, he explained, but was concerned only about the success or failure of the mission of justice.

The ideas that Attorney General Clark and his staff passed on to Attorney General-designate Mitchell and his staff were many and various. According to a memorandum submitted by Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold, "The greatest defect in the administration of justice today is the delay in making trials available" to defendants. To remedy this, he recommended that the federal government set an example for state and local governments by sharply increasing the number of federal judges, federal pros-

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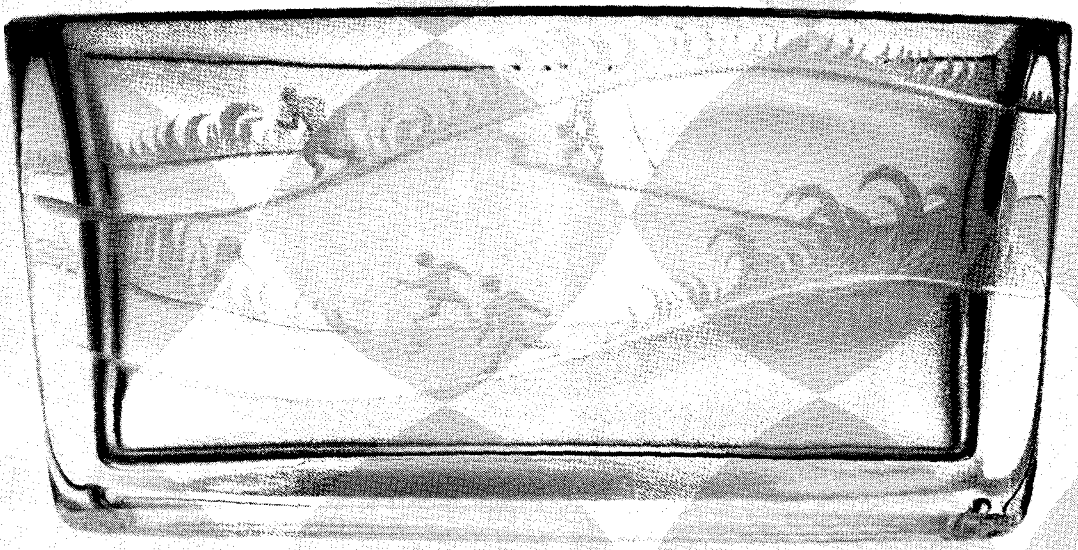

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ecutors, and federal courtroom and detention facilities. He also wanted to see United States Attorneys and Marshals—there are ninety-three of each throughout the fifty states and territories—removed from the patronage system and put under the direct control of the Attorney General. To an unfortunate degree, the government is a set of interlocking anachronisms, and one of the most outdated of them all is the system of giving a new President the right to name all new United States Attorneys. Since they conduct most of the government's legal business in the field, one would expect them to be responsible to the government's chief legal officer, the Attorney General. Actually, though, each considers himself far more responsible to the man who persuaded the President to appoint him—normally, his state's leading political figure in the party that has won the White House. Once installed in office, a United States Attorney has little contact with the Attorney General but constant contact with the senator, representative, or political boss who got him his job. Of course, it is unlikely that these patrons support all of the government's aims, which makes any consistent legal policy impossible on a national scale. It also tends to make it unlikely that the government will succeed in any attempt to investigate or prosecute illegal conduct on the part of any friend, supporter, or associate of the politician who put the United States Attorney in office. "The system reduces justice to a political pawn," Clark said in commenting on this archaic tradition. Another flaw, he went on, is that each time a Presidential election comes up, all United States Attorneys (and all of the nearly eight hundred Assistant United States Attorneys) begin to slack off work as they scout around for other jobs in case their party loses and the market is suddenly glutted with former United States Attorneys. "Justice should not have peaks and troughs like that," Clark observed toward the end of his term in office. "These men should be chosen for their professional skill, not their political friends. As things work now, the Department's constancy, its purpose, its mission are shattered every four or eight years. When we came into office in 1961, we found six United States Attorneys' offices in different parts of the country where no one even showed up on Inauguration Day or thereafter."

Fred M. Vinson, Jr., the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division under Clark, felt that the most critical problem facing his

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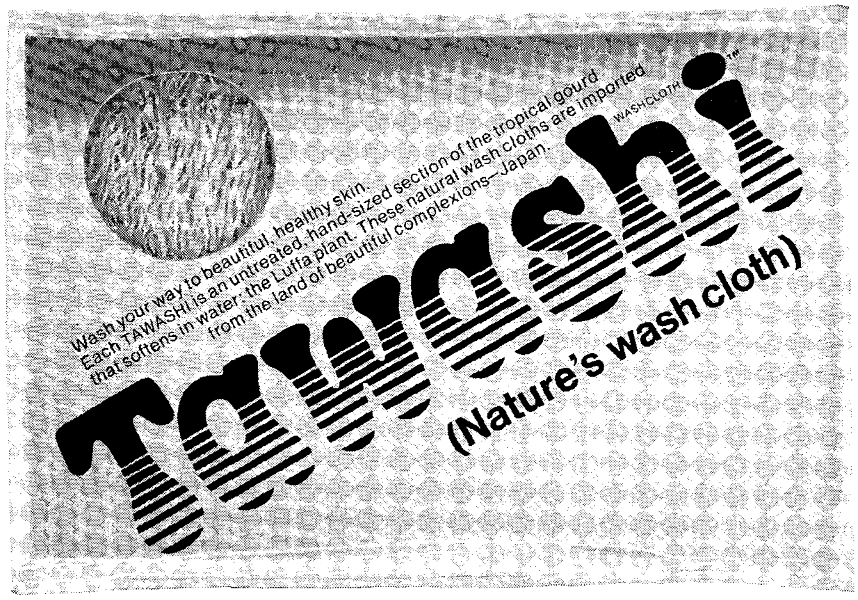
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operation was "the development and retention of experienced personnel." Pointing out that many of the Assistant United States Attorneys around the country were in great demand by large law firms, Vinson expressed the belief that a large number of them took good job offers not because they wanted to leave but because they had so little security where they were. "Their departure with the outgoing Administration may be especially crippling" in view of the rising crime rate, he added, and urged the incoming Attorney General to devise ways through which many of these men might be persuaded to stay on before the exodus began. Vinson also called for expanded programs to train young attorneys for the Department, for a recruiting campaign to get experienced trial lawyers to join his division, for an improved system of collecting and collating information on organized crime, for more consumer-protection laws to safeguard the unwary, for a network of regional offices to handle the rapidly increasing number of fraud cases (particularly frauds against Negroes and the poor), and for more funds to expand the organized-crime section.

Myrl Alexander, director of the Bureau of Prisons, asked, first of all, for higher personnel standards and more people to meet them. For example, he pointed out, there were only nineteen psychiatrists and nineteen psychologists for the entire population of twenty thousand inmates in the federal prison system. Second, he urged large-scale development of model institutions—relatively small adult and youth facilities in and near large metropolitan centers—to provide a broad range of rehabilitation programs. In order to spread the most beneficial effects of such experiments to state and local prisoners, he suggested that local correctional agencies be allowed to use these centers for non-federal prisoners on a cost-sharing basis. Ultimately, Alexander continued, once the new centers were competently manned and successfully operated, they should be turned over to local control. Then, to study and treat special groups of offenders about whom almost nothing was known—mentally ill, violent, and mentally defective prisoners—he called for regional centers with highly trained personnel. Finally, he recommended that more funds be provided for new facilities to house small numbers of "adult repeaters," as a means of developing new rehabilitative techniques for "this heretofore unrespon-

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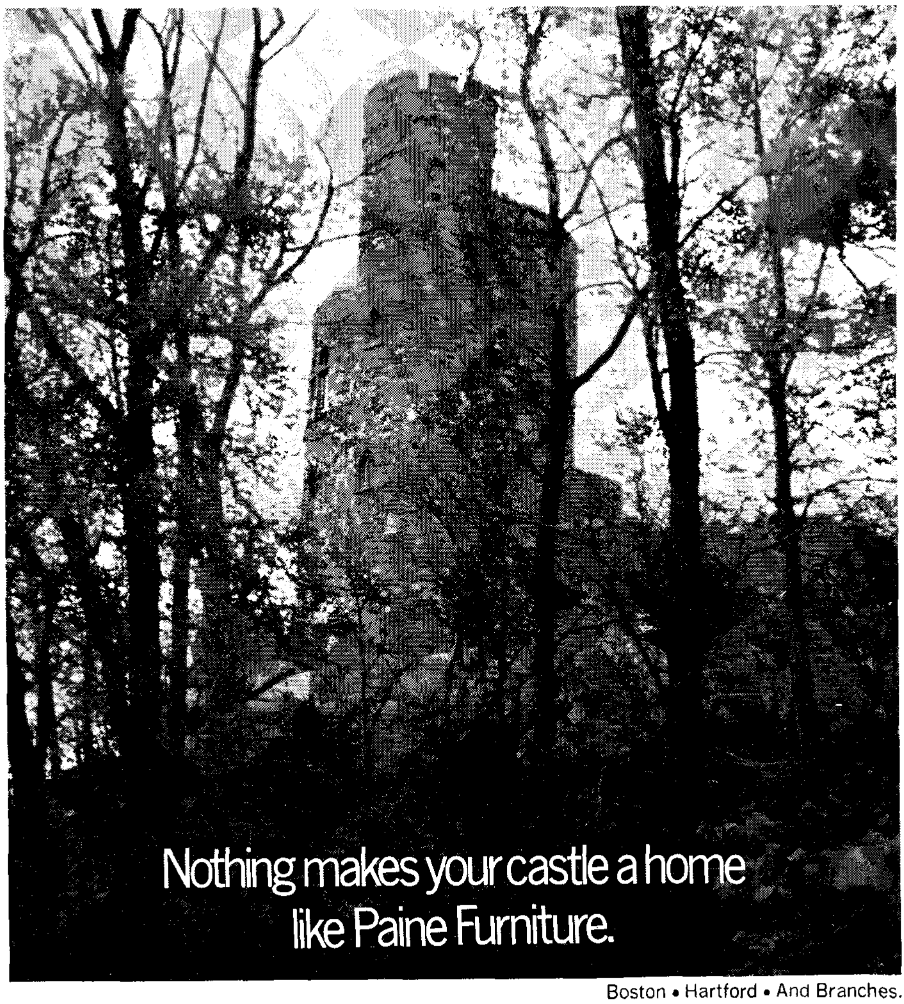

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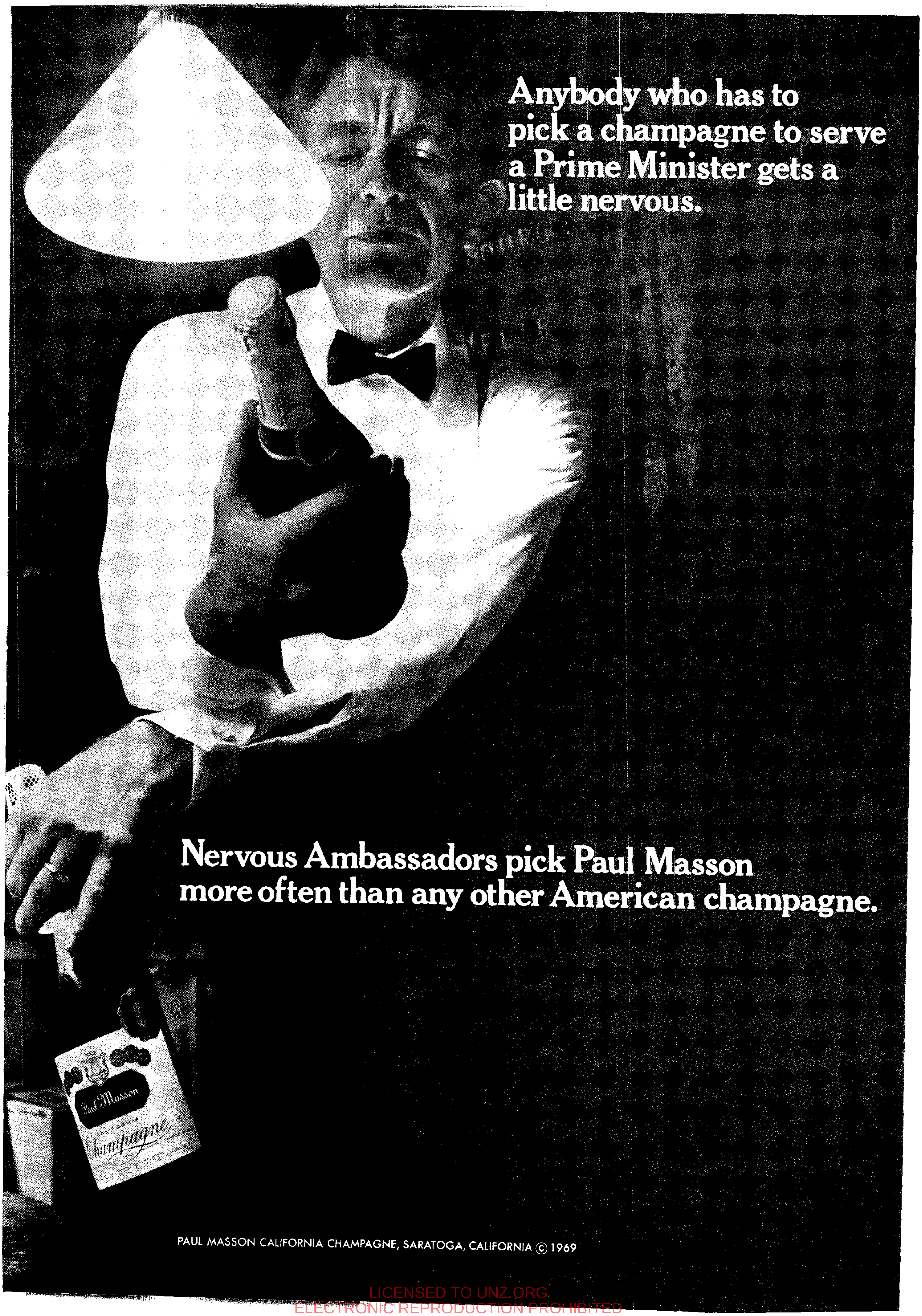
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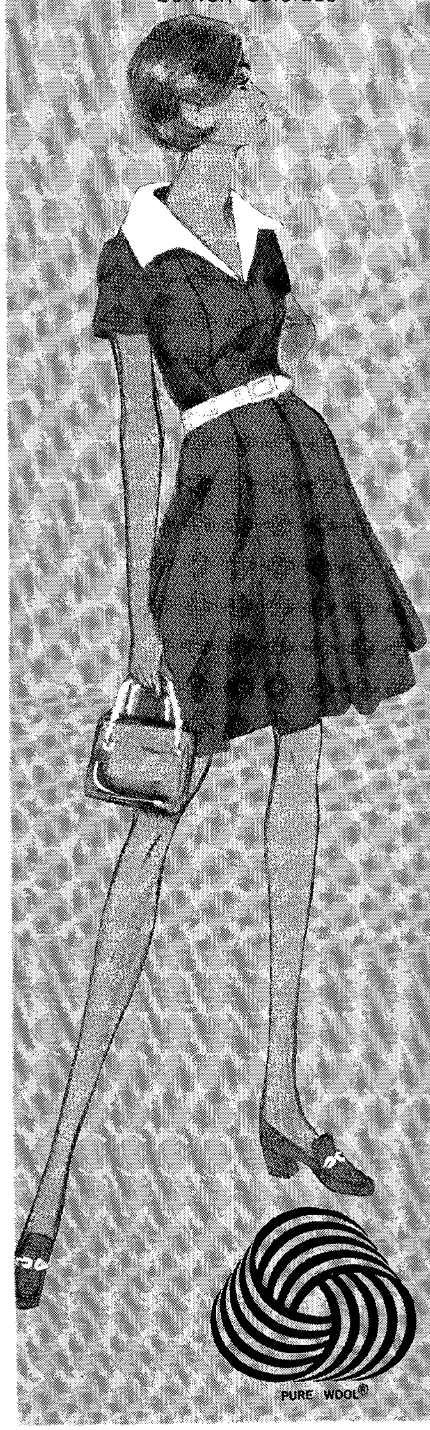

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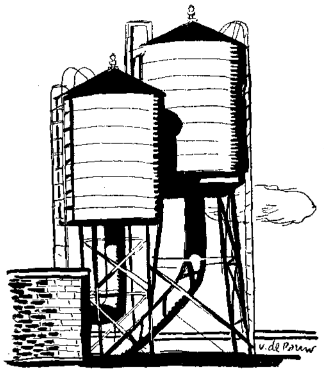
sive group.” Alexander’s suggestions seemed to Clark among the most important that he passed on, because, as he often said, “repetition is the one factor in crime we can control.” During the Presidential campaign, Nixon had recommended his own solution—putting twice as many people behind bars—but Clark pointed out that since most of the country’s jails and prisons were little more than crime schools, this resort would only assure that twice as many hardened criminals emerged from them.

By the time the last work week of Clark’s term of office came to an end—on January 17th, three days before the inauguration—he and Mitchell had conferred together for half a dozen hours. In the course of these meetings, Clark gradually revised his original impression of his successor. “I’ve been very impressed by him,” Clark said at the end of this period. “In our talks, I’ve found him intelligent, wise, cautious, and highly professional. He seems sensitive to the problems surrounding civil rights, although he’s inexperienced and somewhat narrow there. But he’s wise enough to realize that he doesn’t have the answers and that he has to learn, and learn quickly.” Clark urged Mitchell to make full use of the funds provided for under the Law Enforcement Assistance Act, which Congress had passed a few months before, to help—or, in effect, compel—local and state governments to improve their police departments, courts, and correctional systems, and to push for new legislation to help the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, which Clark had persuaded Congress to set up some months earlier, function more effectively. He also urged Mitchell to press for electoral reform and passage of stricter new laws to deal with corrupt practices by government officials, and said, “These would be good for the country, good for the Department, and good for your party.”



SHORTLY after the Republican National Convention, Nixon’s aides and a group of outside advisers met at Mission Bay, California, and set up thirty committees to study the major problems that then confronted the country or were expected to confront it within the next few years. Some of the initial conclusions were used during the campaign to impress the public with the imagination and resourcefulness of the candidate, until one of them—a statement to the effect that a modest increase in unemployment would be tolerable if it produced a sizable decrease in inflation—created such adverse publicity that, Mitchell said later, “we turned the task forces off and diverted our energies instead to the campaign.” Once the campaign was over, the task forces were turned back on, and their findings began to pour into Nixon headquarters at the Hotel Pierre, along with the thousands of pages of briefing documents submitted by the Johnson Administration. It was like changing the kitchen staff in the middle of preparations for an elaborate seven-course meal that had to be served at once; no one on the new shift was sure what recipes had been used, what ingredients should be added, or whether the whole meal should be thrown out and a new one begun. One basic change in the Justice Department that was contemplated by the incoming Administration was to make the Organized Crime and Racketeering Section of the Criminal Division a full division on its own. “This would be a very bad move, but they want to make it,” Clark said at the time. “Although organized crime is hot stuff right now—a fashionable scourge—actually it makes up only a small percentage of the total crime afflicting this country. Making a change of this sort would create a hopeless conflict of responsibility and authority. Because of all the current publicity about organized crime, a new division devoted to it would get most of the crime-control funds appropriated by Congress, and a lot of lawyers would be enticed away from the Criminal Division, which has most of the real work to do. Of course, such a change would be popular with the public and on the Hill, but it would be purely political. I strongly advised against it.” The new Administration was considering another plan, which Clark also opposed, to appoint a Negro to head the Civil Rights Division and a white man to head the Community Relations Service, instead of, as in the existing setup, the other way around. In theory, it sounded good to have a Negro in charge of the Civil Rights Division. In practice, however, the change

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January 10, 1969.

5:30 P.M.—Mrs. Harris Williams and her daughter left their home in Manhasset, L.I., and drove to Kennedy Airport to pick up Mr. Williams who was coming home from a business trip.

7:30 P.M.—Mr. Williams' flight landed (one hour late, due to inclement weather).

8:00 P.M.—The Williams family stopped off at a small Long Island restaurant for some dinner.

9:00 P.M.—They arrived home, found the house in shambles, and called the police.

9:15 P.M.—The police got there and together with the Williamses compiled a list of the articles missing. Among them were: the sterling silver (they left the stainless); the color TV (they left the black and white); eight bottles of Chivas Regal (they left the ordinary liquor).

10:00 P.M.—The police attempted to add some levity to the situation by commenting on the thieves' good taste.

10:01 P.M.—Mr. and Mrs. Williams didn't laugh.

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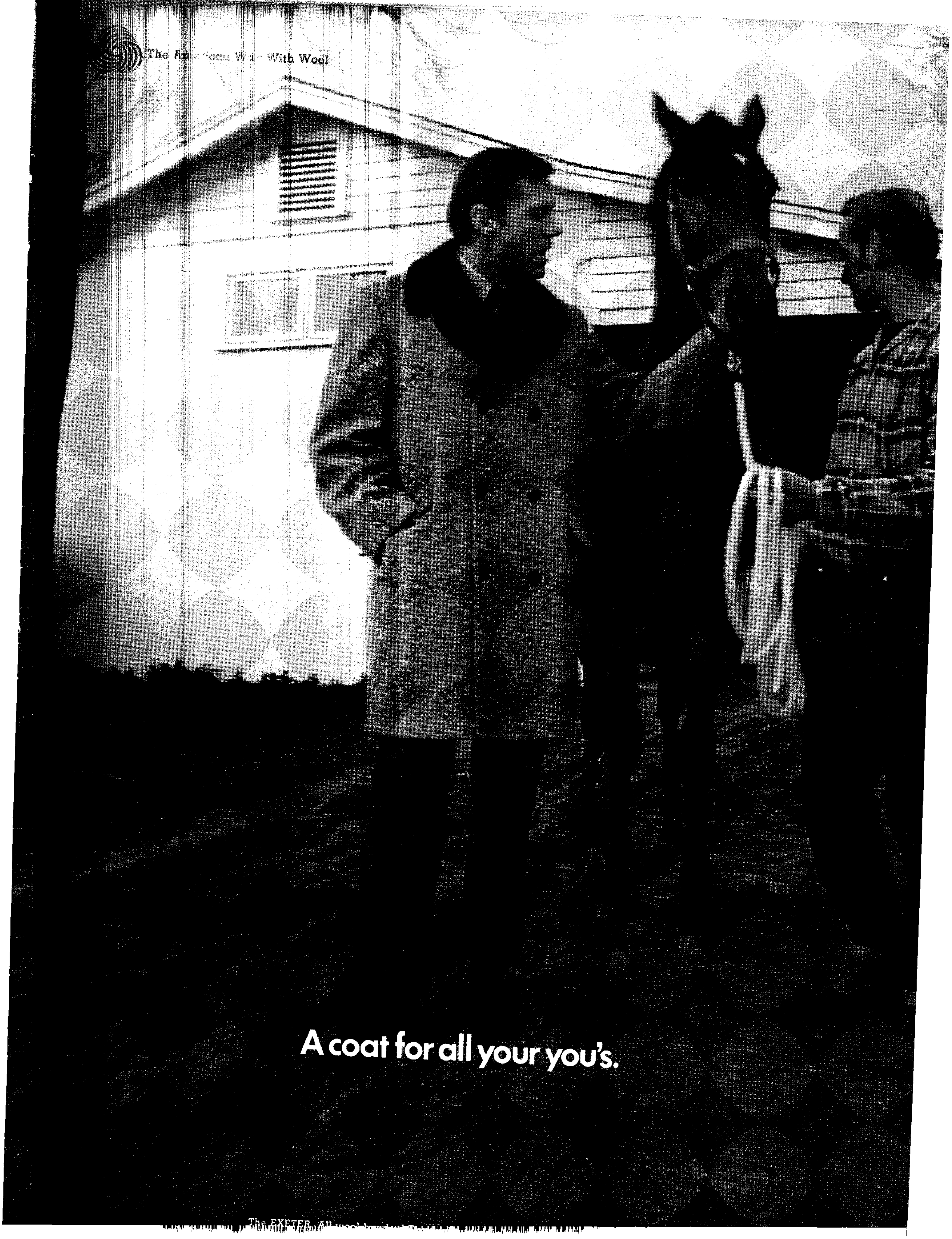
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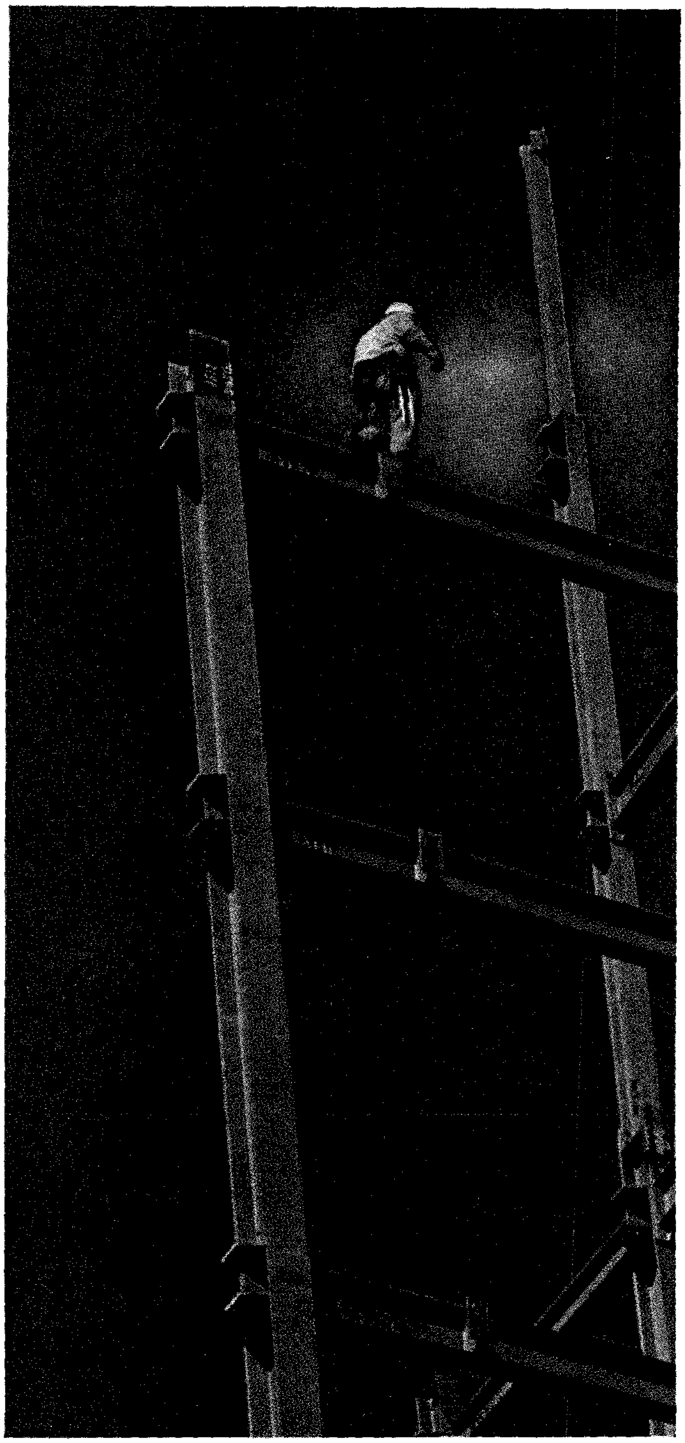

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would have meant that the head of the division would be far less able to deal with white segregationists in the South, who might refuse to sit down at the same table with him or anyone representing him. And a white man in charge of the Community Relations Service could have destroyed it overnight. Seventy per cent of the people working in the C.R.S. were Negroes, and the heart of the operation was made up of black militants who worked in the slums. "They would simply refuse to take suggestions, let alone orders, from a white man, however sincere he might be, because they would never believe that he knew the problems and shared their convictions," Clark explained. "But it would look good to have a white man in there fighting for his black brother." Although these changes seemed politically productive, they were never made, apparently because their potentially disastrous social consequences finally became clear to Mitchell. That they were seriously contemplated, though, supported a contention made at the time by Deputy Attorney General Warren Christopher—that the ambling pace with which the new Administration was approaching the problems it was about to inherit, coupled with a wholly unrealistic attitude toward them because of the top management's utter lack of experience, was bound to produce miscalculations. A miscalculation of this dimension also supported the contention made by Clark and others that nothing more gravely imperilled justice in America than an Attorney General whose instincts were essentially political.

After Mitchell took over the Department, he remarked that what had surprised him most during the transition and his first weeks in office was the spirit and dedication of the Department's employees. In large measure, this spirit and dedication had grown out of the conviction that Clark and his two immediate predecessors had inculcated in the key members of the Department—that no work in the entire government was more vital to the well-being and, indeed, the survival of the country than theirs. Along the way, most of these officials had also become convinced that their goals—full equality and true justice—could best be attained through the methods then in use. "The new crowd probably isn't committed to civil-rights enforcement any more than they are committed to any other ideology," one career officer in the Department remarked during

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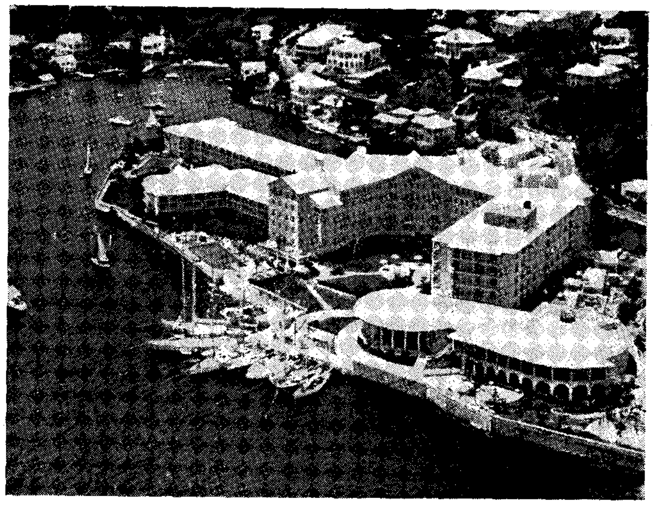
the transition. "But they are practical men, and they will discover—let's hope soon—that the only practical way to keep this country in one piece is the way it's being done now. After all, the policies we follow didn't spring out of our foreheads full-blown. They are the result of trial and error, slogging hard work, long experience, and the lessons of history. They aren't really *our* policies, they're the policies of necessity."

Shortly afterward, Robert H. Finch, the newly appointed Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, publicly revealed that one crucial policy involving the Department of Justice didn't seem a matter of necessity to him. After meeting with the President-elect's task force on education, Finch told reporters that he was going to take "a long look at the guidelines" that had been laid down in the Civil Rights Act of 1964 to finally carry out the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decision of 1954. The guidelines—repeatedly criticized by the Republican candidate during the campaign, with the unmistakable implication that if elected he would take immediate steps to change them—required Southern school districts to show annual percentage increases in the number of Negro students attending formerly all-white schools if the districts wanted to continue getting federal education grants. Since few schools in low-income states like those involved could hope to stay open without federal money, the guidelines had been the most effective means devised so far for enforcing the Court's order. Accordingly, any plan to relax them struck many observers as an obvious payoff to Senator Strom Thurmond for his help in putting Nixon in the White House. When Finch was asked whether he intended to withhold federal funds to achieve desegregation, he answered, "There are other ways—such as community pressure—to achieve results." There being very little community pressure in the South for desegregation outside Negro communities, the remark prompted Clark to issue a statement warning about the upheaval that would follow any relaxation of the guidelines. In 1963, the proportion of Negro children in schools that had once been exclusively attended by white children was one per cent, he said, while under the guidelines it had risen by the end of 1968 to twenty per cent. If the forces of law were turned against Negroes, he added, they would quickly lose the little remaining respect they had for the law and would give



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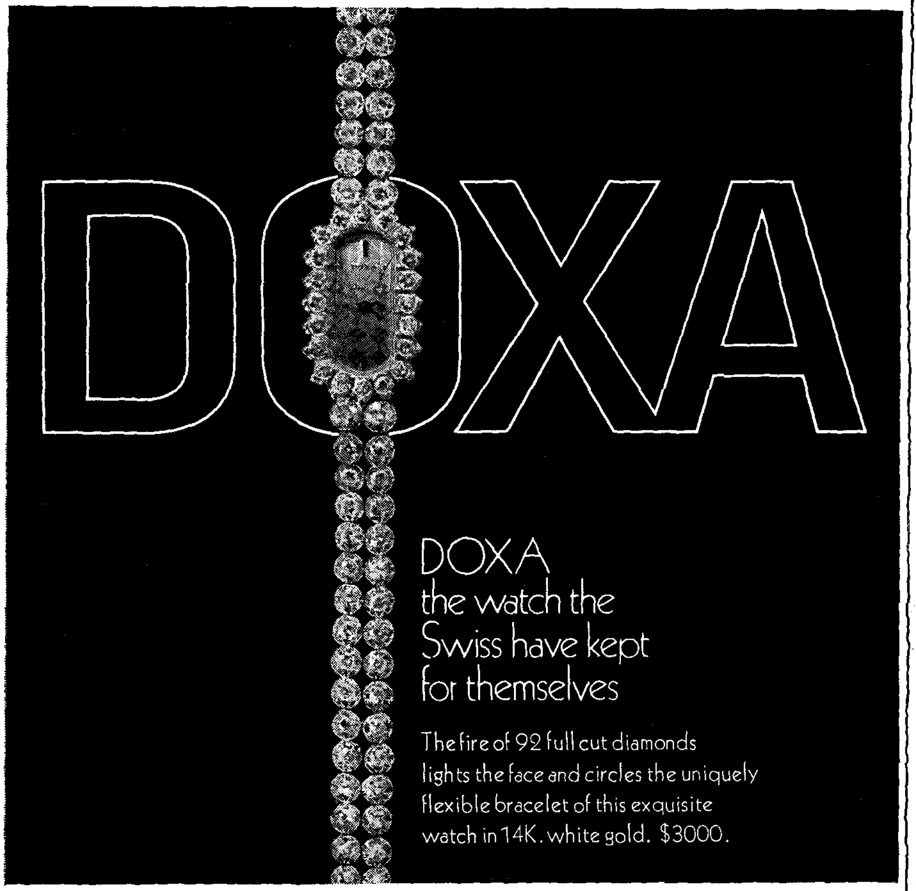

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up all hope of attaining full citizenship by peaceful means.

A FEW days after the election, President and Mrs. Johnson were waiting on the south portico of the White House as a limousine drew up and President-elect and Mrs. Nixon got out. Mr. Johnson was surprised to see Mitchell emerge behind them, and concluded at once that he was going to be the second most important man in Washington. Of course, Nixon's reliance on his former law partner was by no means exclusive, but it was great enough to force Mitchell to sacrifice the time he might otherwise have spent in learning about his forthcoming responsibilities in order to assume the burden of overseeing the entire transition. The main result was that three weeks before the inauguration not a single representative of the new Administration was at work in the Department of Justice. This promised great trouble in the future for the new management, but it created some trouble right then for the incumbents. Men who knew they would be replaced had long since made arrangements for other jobs and were eager both to get settled in their new work and to keep their promises to Clark that they would stay as long as they were needed to brief their successors. "I guess we're the transition's stepchild," one of Clark's aides said on the last day of 1968. "We've set aside some offices, but no one has shown up to use them. The rumor is that someone will be coming in the day after New Year's, but we don't really know. It's a crazy way to start a new government."

The rumor was correct. On January 2nd, the first member of the new Administration to appear for full-time duty arrived at the Justice Department. A twenty-eight-year-old lawyer by the name of Kevin P. Phillips, he had been administrative assistant to a conservative Republican congressman, Paul Fino, of the Bronx, for three and a half years before going to work in the Nixon campaign as an assistant to Mitchell. On December 23rd, Phillips made a telephone call from New York to Pellerzi, the Assistant Attorney General for Administration who was handling the nuts and bolts of the transition, and explained that Mitchell wanted him to move into the Department and start preparing the necessary groundwork for the new Administration's takeover. Pellerzi assigned Phillips the suite of offices that had been set aside and, at his request, trans-

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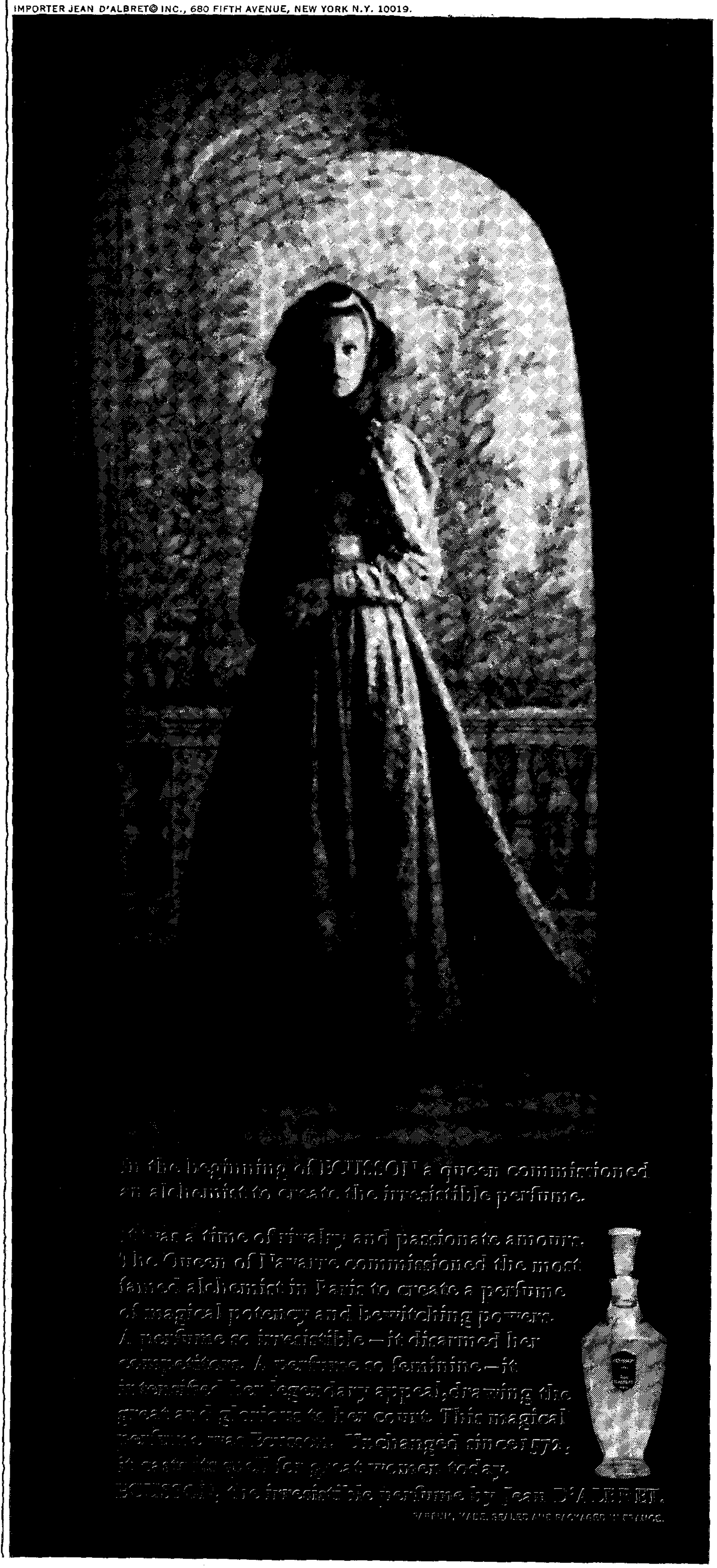

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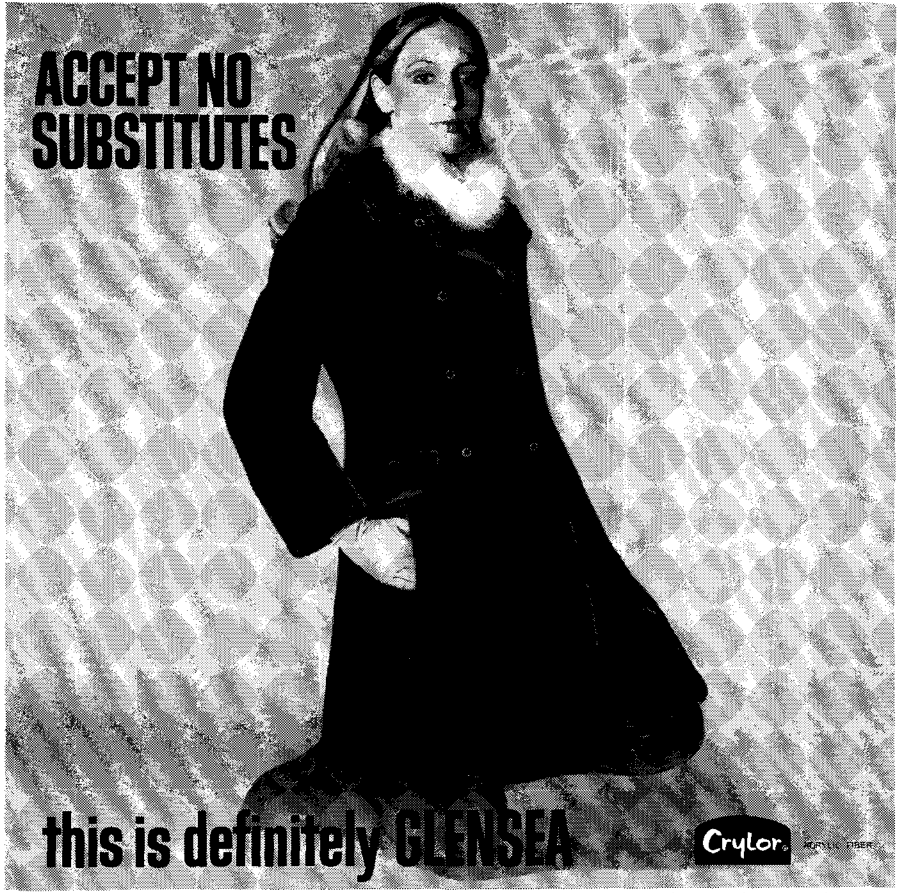

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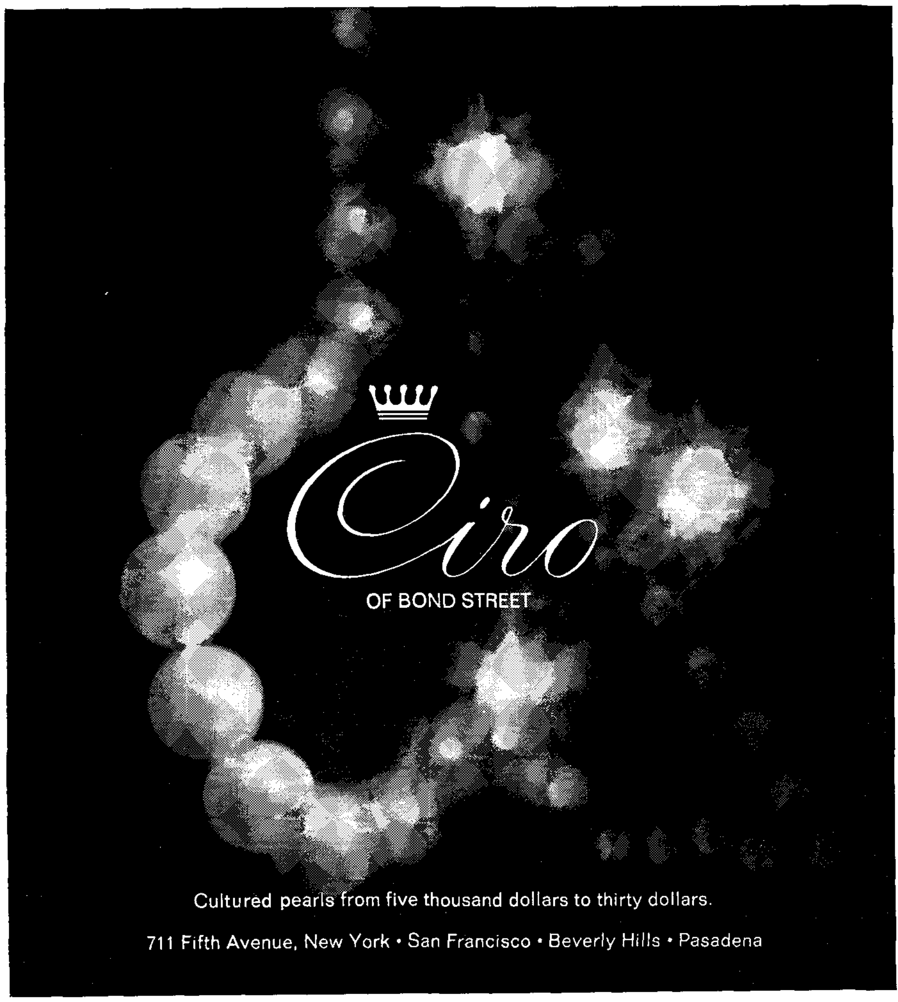

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ferred to his staff a young lawyer from the Land and Natural Resources Division who had worked for Nixon during his 1962 gubernatorial campaign in California, and sent a secretary-typist from the administrative pool to assist them; at the same time, Phillips got in touch with a young lawyer who had been chairman of Law Students for Nixon and asked him to be on hand at the Department on January 2nd. Shortly after noon that day, the four of them got down to work. The first job the Phillips group tackled was reading the briefing documents the outgoing Administration had prepared for the Department. Phillips, who was deeply mistrustful of anything the Democrats had put their hand to, soon decided that this material was too cumbersome to be of much use and turned instead to a number of documents he got from the Bureau of the Budget and one he got from the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel called "Duties and Responsibilities of the Attorney General," which, though it had been drawn up in 1959 and was somewhat out of date, had at least been prepared under a *Republican Administration.* From these, he compiled a description of the Attorney General's job, and then he turned to the areas where the greatest troubles might be expected the soonest—civil rights, crime, and slum-dweller relations with the police. He and his staff wrote digests of all civil-rights laws and of key federal criminal laws, ending with the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968—with emphasis on Title I, which set up the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, and Title III, which gave federal and local officials the right to place wiretaps and bugs on anyone who had committed, was committing, or was about to commit a crime punishable by a year or more in prison. After that, Phillips's group put together data that had been submitted by the Department to the Bureau of the Budget in preparation for President Johnson's 1970 budget, which was due to be revised by President Nixon shortly after he took office. Then the Phillips staff compiled descriptions of about a hundred pieces of legislation that the Department had proposed or intended to propose to Congress, along with a list of the likeliest clashes over issues when the Ninety-first Congress convened a few days later. Memoranda were also prepared on the Department's involvement in certain pressing urban problems and its responsibilities vis-à-vis the District of

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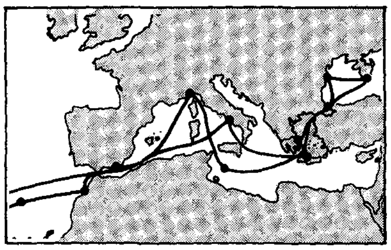

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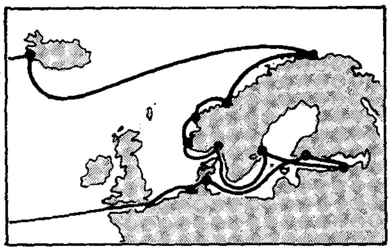

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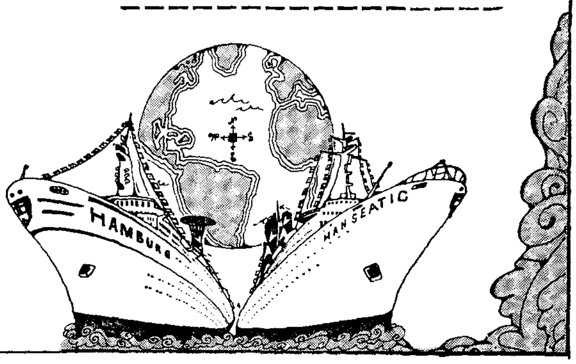

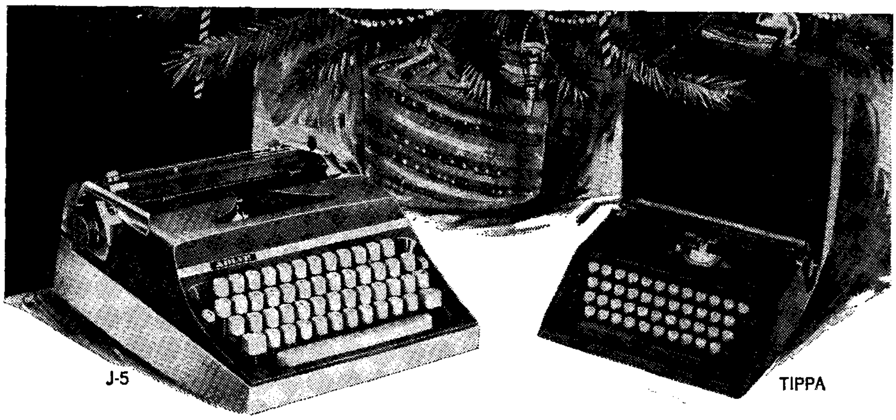

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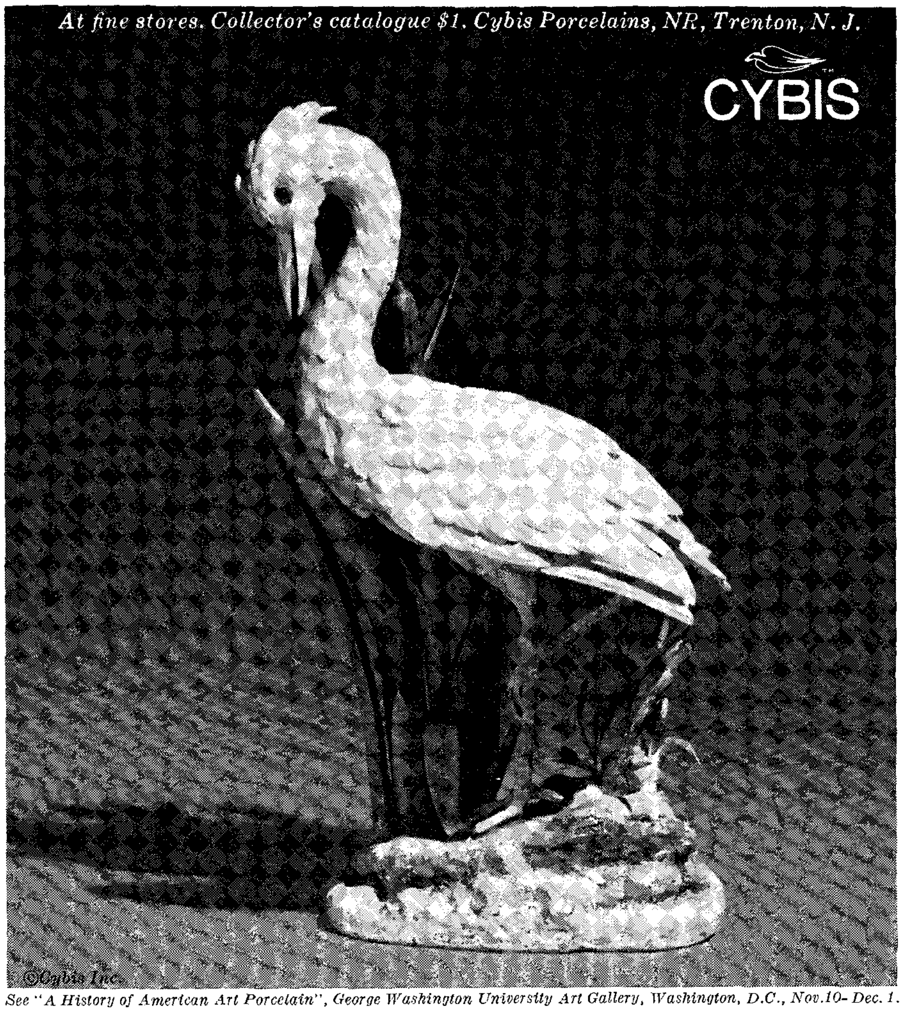
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Columbia. Since most of the Department's business with Congress is conducted through the Senate and House Judiciary Committees, Phillips and his staff drew up biographies of their members, which included information about where each man stood on important issues and the relative influence of the chairmen and the ranking members of both parties, along with an assessment of the strength of the coalition between Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans, which was expected to be more influential than ever. Finally, Phillips prepared a paper describing the procedure to be followed in the confirmation hearing that Mitchell would have to attend before the Senate Judiciary Committee in a couple of weeks.

The Brookings Institution study of the 1952-53 transition had observed that what any President-elect needed most of all was "advisers who have been studying the issues in several key areas long enough to have recovered from the shock of discovering how complicated most issues are when they are approached with responsibility for action." Although Phillips was far from being a Presidential adviser, his role of deciding which facts were important and which were not, not to mention the way in which he described both sides of certain issues, was bound to influence Mitchell, a very important adviser. In any case, when Phillips was asked, after he had been on the job for a few days, what had surprised him most about the place he replied, "Nothing really surprised me, except perhaps the weakness of the administrative structure and the way the lines of command here are tangled and broken. I can't say that I've been overwhelmed, as I thought I'd be. Of course, I didn't know what many of the people here did, but the operation ceased to awe me when I saw the disorganization. Much of the Department—that is, the technical side of it—runs itself. And the decisions made by the Attorney General don't seem overwhelming to me. In fact, the responsibilities of the job strike me far less than when I got here five days ago. The main problem is that there is no real command system, which leaves things too fragmented. It's an unresponsive mechanism. But Mr. Mitchell is a terrific administrator. And that's just what this place needs most."

In an article published in *Commentary* a few months earlier, Daniel P. Moynihan enumerated some of the mistakes made by liberals in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, and added, "High on any such list would

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More than a new car. It's a whole new field of one. The first truly luxurious personal car even us guys who work for a living can swing.

Keep that in mind as you read.

Then, if you must, try bracketing Monte Carlo with anything else.

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Our apologies to chrome buffs.

Cheap costume jewelry. The last thing found on a lady. Or a gentleman.

Or a Monte Carlo.

The lines are just too nice. The form is just too clean.

So excess chrome is out.

Excess anything is out.

Tinsel lovers, we know the anguish this must bring.

But be of good cheer.

We're sure somebody out there is building a car just for you.

Monte Carlo is simply an alternative. An uncluttered, unblinding alternative.

To brighten the lives of the purists.

About those two missing headlights.

No, they're not concealed. They just aren't there. For two reasons.

We wanted the Monte Carlo to be different looking.

And better looking.

The stylists felt Monte Carlo's personality demanded the clean look of single headlights.

Not to be outdone, the engineers went one up by devising a special higher intensity unit.

The result? Monte Carlo's notably unlittered front end. With a headlight that throws more light, in high beam or low, than a majority of conventional singles do.

We redirect your attention to the picture.

Is everybody happy?

Welds can be beautiful.

There are two kinds of welds on the Monte Carlo. Thousands of body and frame welds.

And a special kind of surface weld.

The latter is called a lap joint. An expensive sheet metal weld which is filled with solder. Then filed down to a finish that defies detection by sight or touch.

The other welds are specifically engineered to soak up stresses.

And help prevent rattles.

We mention this so you'll know why Monte Carlo is so beautifully quiet.

And so quietly beautiful.

Like a library after hours.

With Monte Carlo, we did more to nullify noise than make all those welds. And position plump rubber biscuits at critical body mount areas.

We made silence a science.

Every car ever made has its own peculiar acoustics. It has certain "holes" that admit sound. And certain noise paths that transmit and amplify that sound.

What we did was track them down.

Then dam them up with much more blanket and spray insulation than is customary on a car this size.

It all adds up to a Monte Carlo we can only describe as sailplane silent.

We knew where to stop.

An easy chair doesn't have to be obese to be comfortable.

Any more than a room has to be hung with gaudy gew-gaws to be luxurious.

Sit in Monte Carlo and see.

We made the seat cushions using the flat "S" springs found in fine furniture.

Then we devised special form-fitting foam cushioning for you to sit on and lean back into. And covered it all with rich new fabrics and vinyls.

Sidewalls and trim received the

Monte Carlo by Chevrolet

We made the so you wouldn't spend

same artful attention. But good artists know where to stop.

And stop we did.

Short of baubles and bangles.

Short of bombast.

Short of all the nonsense we felt would offend the gentleman.

And wound up with a masterpiece.

Let your comfort be your guide.

Carpathian burled elm?

Please realize, we declared war on things superfluous.

Not things distinctive.

Witness, for example, Monte Carlo's instrument panel. Every new touch of convenience you'd expect.

With exceptional gauge/control accessibility.

But, to the panel itself.

It has the hand-rubbed oil look of one of the finer and rarer wood grains around. Carpathian burled elm.

It's not the real thing. (Like an original Picasso, *that* would *cost*.)

But then, who's above taking pleasure from a faithful reproduction?

Especially when it won't rot, warp, chip, splinter.

Or feed termites.

Not just for turnpikes.

Most luxury cars have one thing in common: a very plush ride.

Which is always pleasant on those long boring straightaways.

And an indisputable comfort on all our nation's rougher roads.

But admittedly not much fun when you're challenged to "feel" a narrow twisting highway.

Herewith, a little enlightened thinking.

We put a stout tempered-steel coil spring at each wheel to soak up jolts and jars with the best of them.

However, each coil is selected by computer to correspond with the exact body and equipment weight of every Monte Carlo.

The end product is a suspension that isn't too harsh. Or too cushy.

So you glide comfortably down bumpy roads and turnpikes.

Without giving up that taut, controlled feeling at corners and curves.

You don't feel like a fifth wheel.

Monte Carlo's concept as it differs from other luxurious personal cars is really quite simple.

To involve you as a driver.

We figure if you like to drive, the last thing you want is a car that cuts off all sensation of the road.

We think you want a comfortable car that hasn't compromised its own maneuverability.

So we squeezed Monte Carlo's wheelbase down to a tidy 116 inches.

And stretched out the front track to a little over five feet.

And held its height down under a yard and a half.

A physicist could tell you in complicated terms what all this does for Monte Carlo's impressive handling.

But maybe you'd prefer finding out firsthand by wig-wagging Monte Carlo down a busy side street.

Or some snaky mountain highway.

Engines: 350 cubic inches and up.

Where a car like Monte Carlo might try to shortchange you is in the engine compartment.

Not Monte Carlo.

Inside rests a regular gas V8 to the tune of 350 cubic inches.

That translates into a crisp 250 hp.

Which is plenty for most anybody.

But you may not be most anybody.

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A 300-hp 350.

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Whatever you need.

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Perhaps we should restate the case.

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Things like power disc brakes and fiberglass-belted tires.

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For instance there's a clean little stereo tape/radio package that accepts tape cartridges through an ingenious flip-up radio dial. (Saves space and keeps the clutter down.)

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The heading above says it all.

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Plus the smug satisfaction of knowing you've got it all in a car that doesn't flaunt it.

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On the move.

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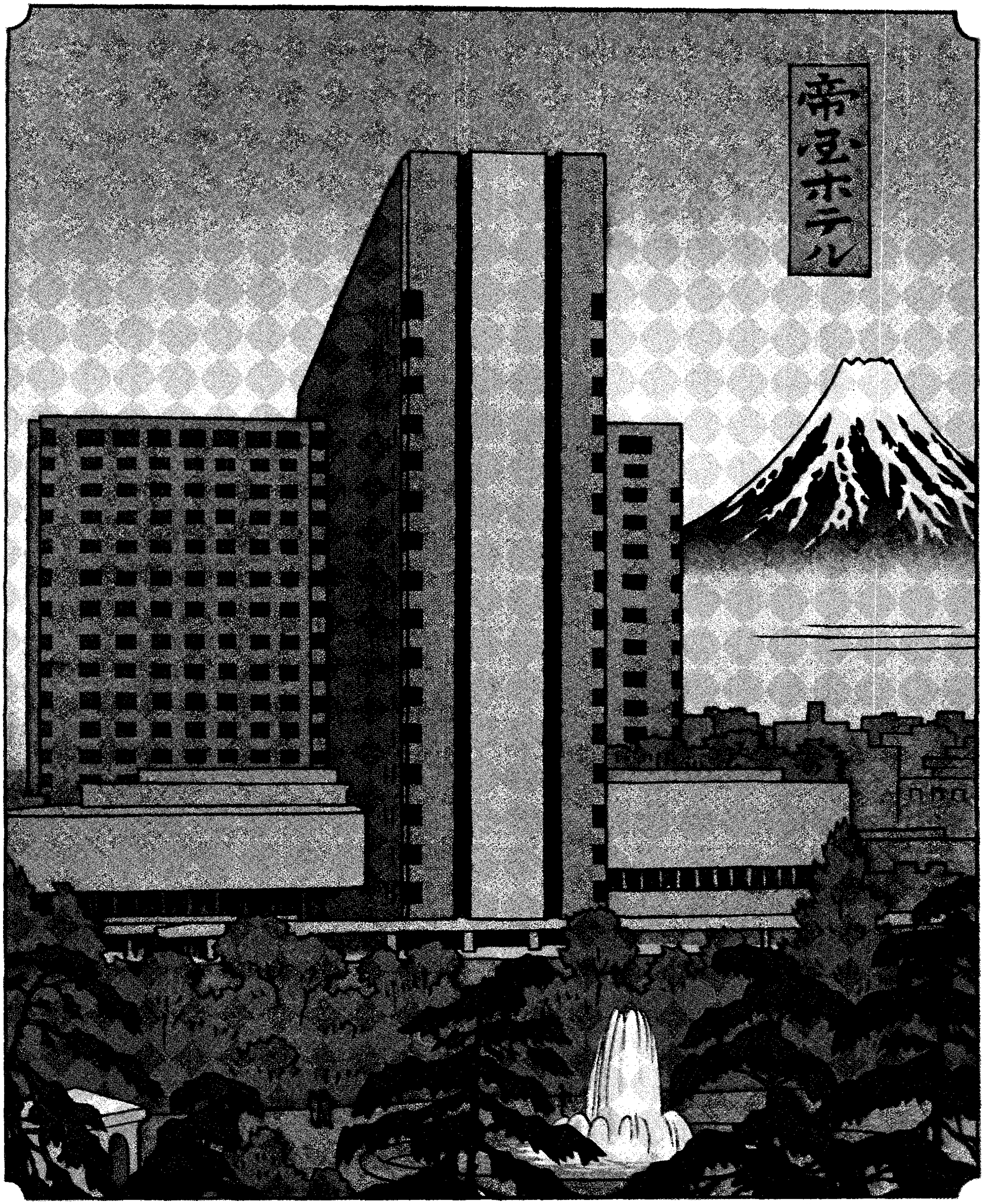

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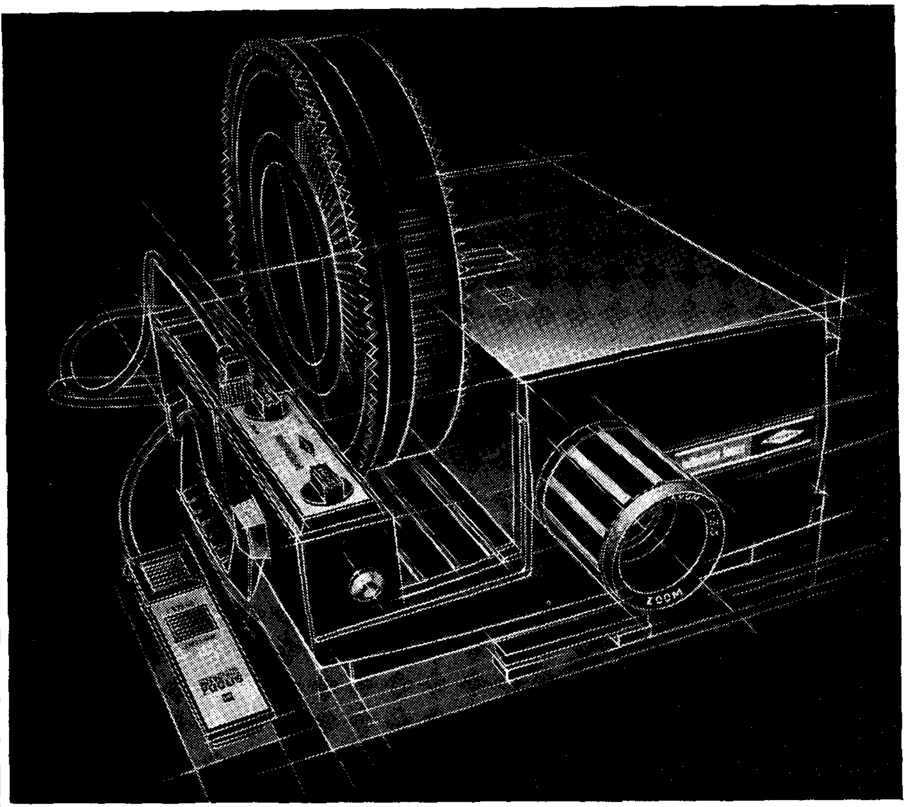
be our disposition to be too much interested in ideas, especially if they are new, and too little interested in administration." Phillips was dismayed to find that he could agree with a Democrat on anything, but he conceded that in this case he emphatically did. "It's time for the tired, old, competent people to come in and make things work," he said. "We've had enough of the innovations of the wide-eyed idealists. They spent more money on finding out how long it took a termite to eat a building than they did on feeding people. They went into the slums and got the people's hopes up and then didn't deliver. That just made things worse. Some of these idealists have done far more damage to the country than the Morgans and the Insulls did. Most of them have been too interested in their own little bailiwicks, in preserving and expanding their power, and too little interested in the poor. They have misled the people in an attempt to keep their own gravy trains running. It's time we got these hypocrites out of town and began administering."

When Phillips was asked whether he had in mind merely a more orderly process of carrying out current policies, he shook his head vigorously and said that while he had nothing to do with devising policy, he nonetheless had some ideas of what would ultimately have to be done. "We're going to have to change things here basically from Clark's approach," he went on. "For example, I absolutely disagree with the theory that you can upgrade the poor by giving them things like better housing. That liberal idea is wholly without substance. The most important thing you can give the poor is a sense of community and history and their place in both. As matters stand now, most of the current government programs have hurt, not helped, the poor." Asked further if the poor could be given a sense of their place by way of education, Phillips again shook his head. "I don't believe in education for most people," he said. "Teach them how to use a lathe and let it go at that. Also, it's time we stopped being soft. We mustn't be afraid to get in there and crack a few heads."

Phillips had expected to find the Department of Justice "an all-knowing monolith," he said, but instead he found that "some of the Assistant Attorneys General, who really run things, are not very knowledgeable," although he did not explain how he had reached this conclusion when, by his own account, he had assiduously avoided all contact with them for fear of



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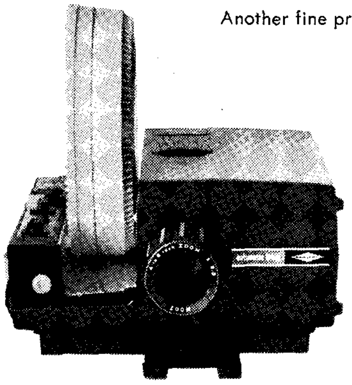

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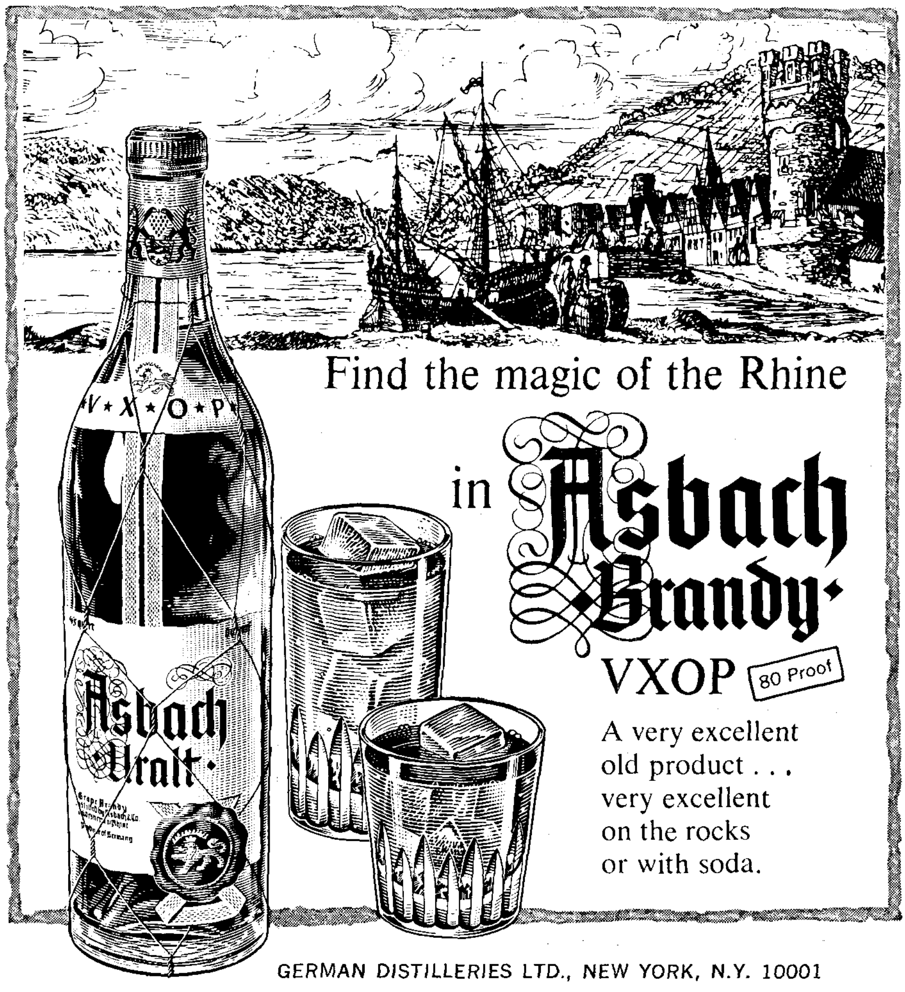

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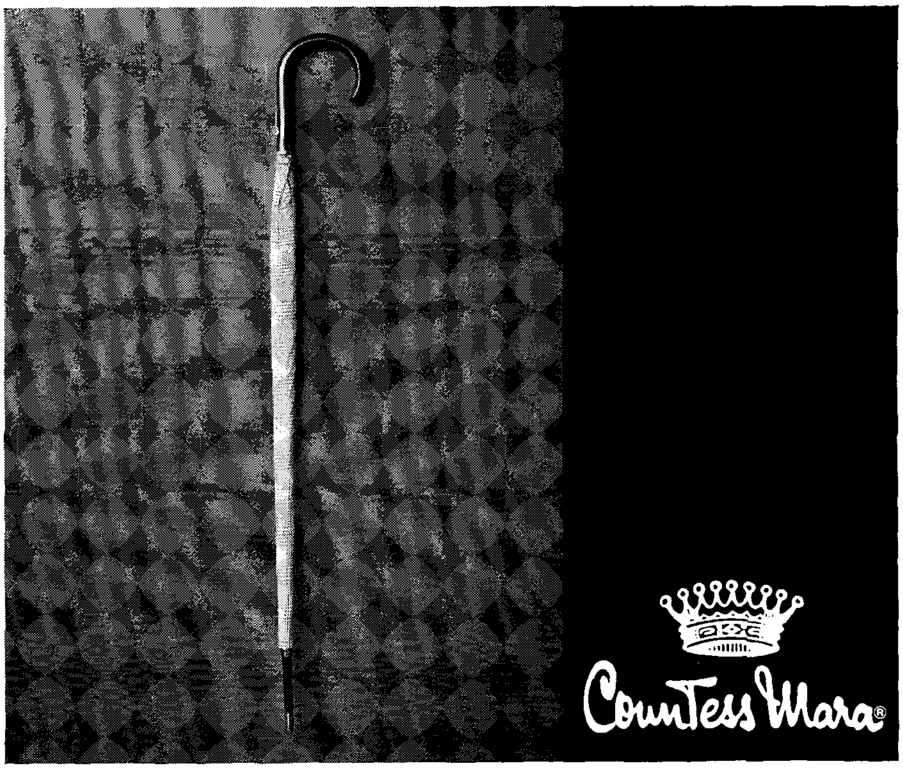

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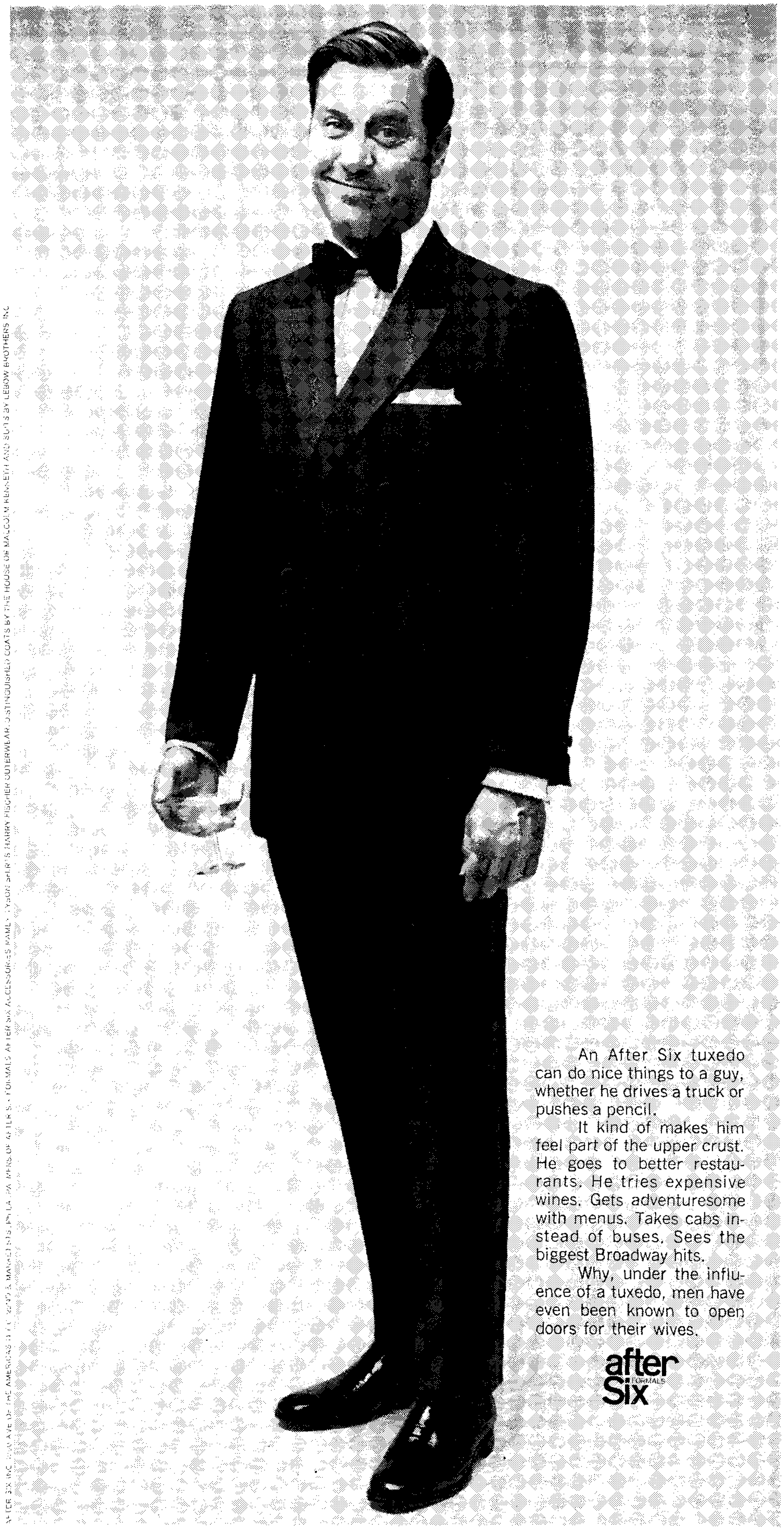
political contamination; as he put it, "Those are all political men." (Actually, only one of these men—Edwin L. Weisl, Jr., son of the New York political leader and head of the Civil Division—could have been considered a political figure, and because he was he had little influence on Clark and even less on policy.) On his first day in the Department, Phillips was invited to join Clark and his senior aides at a staff lunch in the executive dining room, but he was reluctant to accept. "I felt that they were all political people—you know, Democrats—and, of course, I'm a Republican," Phillips explained later. As it happened, several of those at the lunch, which he finally attended, were non-political career officials, and at least one, Solicitor General Griswold, was a lifelong Republican. Everyone on hand knew that Nixon had placed an embargo on all policy discussions between his aides and outsiders for the time being, so the lunch conversation was mostly small talk. However, Phillips seemed tautly uncomfortable, and to put him at his ease Stephen J. Pollak, head of the Civil Rights Division, politely asked Phillips where he had gone to law school. "Harvard," Phillips answered, and resumed eating. Pursuing the subject, Pollak asked what class he had been in, and when Phillips told him Pollak asked if he knew a student in the same class who had later worked for the Department. "I didn't have any contact with the other students," Phillips replied, and added, matter-of-factly, "I wasn't interested in the law. I went there only to further my career in politics." The reaction of the others in the room—particularly Griswold, who had been Dean of the Harvard Law School before becoming Solicitor General—was one of barely controlled astonishment, but Phillips seemed unaware of it. "There were various personalities there," he later said of the lunch. "Of course, Clark came up through the ranks and is more chummy with his staff than an outsider would be. But Mr. Mitchell will be the only personality in that room when he takes over. The others will be his assistants." (When Mitchell was later asked whether he agreed with the theory that Phillips had developed in his recently published book, "The Emerging Republican Majority," he replied, "I don't really have a practice of subscribing to the theories of my aides. It generally works the other way.")

Phillips's charge that the top level of the Department of Justice was too politically oriented apparently was derived from the belief that only Demo-

Connoisseur, bon vivant, raconteur, patron of the arts, truck driver.



An After Six tuxedo can do nice things to a guy, whether he drives a truck or pushes a pencil.

It kind of makes him feel part of the upper crust. He goes to better restaurants. He tries expensive wines. Gets adventuresome with menus. Takes cabs instead of buses. Sees the biggest Broadway hits.

Why, under the influence of a tuxedo, men have even been known to open doors for their wives.

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crats were politically oriented, for it would have been difficult to imagine three more intensely political men than Mitchell, Kleindienst, and Phillips. That is, it would have been difficult until the names of some of the men chosen to serve as Assistant Attorneys General were revealed. Although their appointments were not announced until after Mitchell took office, four of them were present in the Department during the final week of the transition. Of the four, three had recently run for political office—Will Wilson, the new head of the Criminal Division, who had run unsuccessfully in Texas for both governor and senator; Jerris Leonard, the new head of the Civil Rights Division, who had failed in an attempt that fall to unseat Senator Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin; and William D. Ruckelshaus, the new head of the Civil Division, who had been beaten that fall by Senator Birch Bayh, of Indiana. The fourth, Richard McClaren, the new head of the Antitrust Division, had not been involved in politics; he had been an anti-antitrust lawyer for business. In other words, six of the first seven men to come into the Department on the top level were essentially politicians. To Clark and Christopher, this was the most unfortunate development so far. "Political men are usually ambitious men," Clark said after the appointments were made. "One has to be especially careful of the ambitious men who come in here, exhilarated by their position and power, and get carried away." And Christopher elaborated on this danger by saying, "Our whole philosophy has been that you have to depoliticalize this operation as much as possible. When the Attorney General was the President's campaign manager, the Deputy Attorney General was a campaign field director and gubernatorial candidate, and three Assistant Attorneys General recently ran for office, you are politicalizing things, no matter what kind of face you try to put on it. We've avoided people of this sort like the plague. Once they've run for office, even unsuccessfully, they're likely to want to run again. That is, they lost the gal last time but they're going to get her the next chance they have. That creates the danger that the way civil-rights, criminal, and anti-trust suits are handled will be less than pure. Once the Department becomes political, of course, the mission of justice must suffer." A tally made six months after the inauguration revealed that seventy-three per cent of Nixon's appointees were Republicans; in the Department of Justice, the

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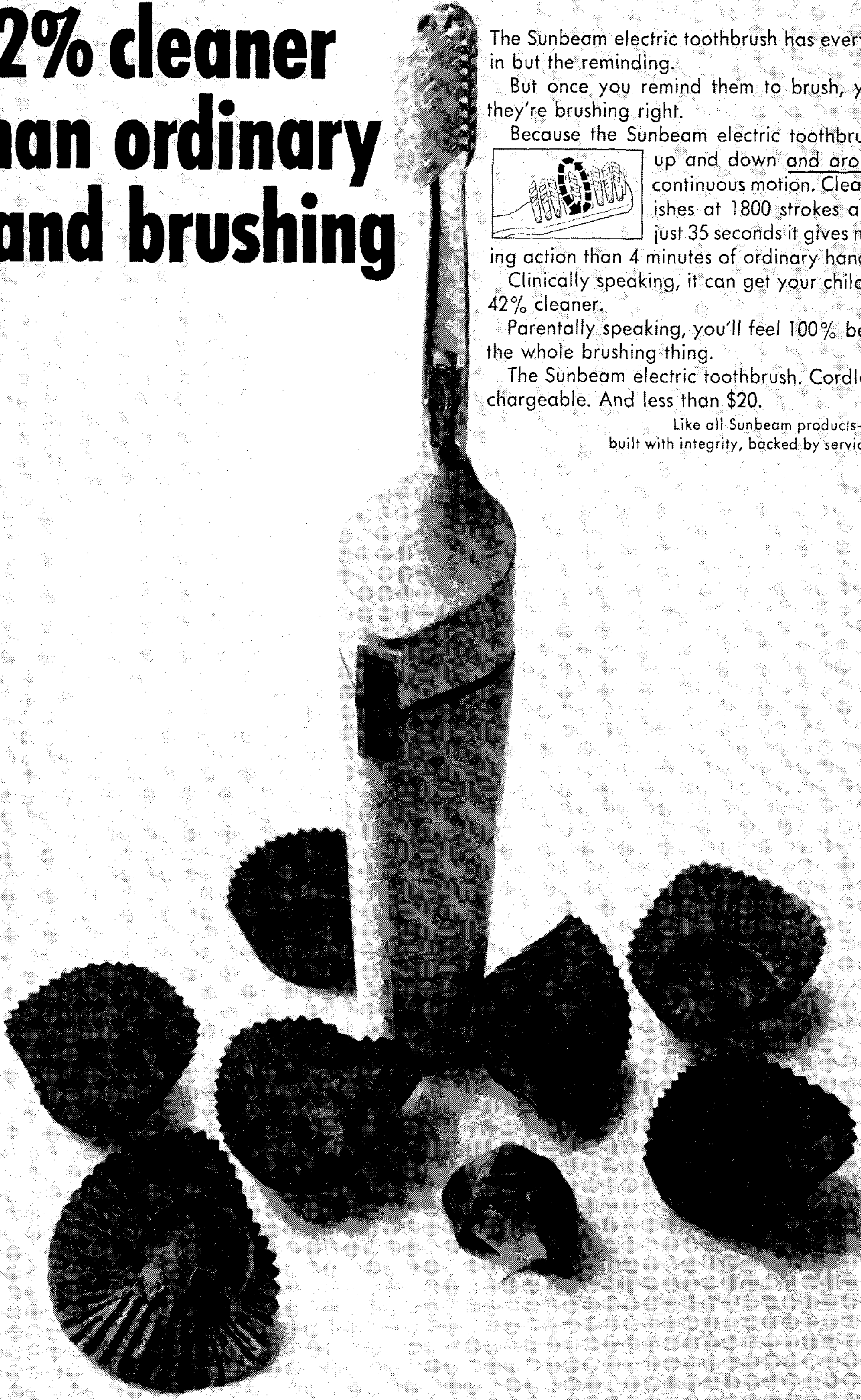

figure was nearly a hundred per cent.

On the plus side of the ledger, Mitchell indicated to Clark that he was not going to make the clean sweep of officeholders left over from the outgoing Administration that many had anticipated. In fact, he went so far as to ask both Clark's executive assistant and his private secretary to stay on in the same capacities. "That indicates a high level of professionalism and confidence," Clark said. "These offices aren't easy to manage, and this shows that Mitchell realizes it. It also shows he's not worried that they'll listen in on his phone calls or tip me off about the latest hot memo from the White House." To Clark's further satisfaction, all of his own aides who were being replaced arranged to stay on until the end and to be available for consultation afterward. Their behavior during the transition was typified by the way Roger Wilkins conducted himself after he recovered from his initial despair over the results of the election. "I've done my best to be absolutely correct," he said during the last days of the transition. "The only way I can hope to preserve the integrity of this agency is by dealing as openly, candidly, and honestly with the new people as I possibly can. The least we can do is give them the benefit of our doubts and all the help we can. Of course, some of them don't want any help of any kind from us. I can understand their attitude, and I don't blame them for not trusting us. They feel that this Administration has goofed up from beginning to end—war, riots, student discord, rising crime. In their view, we've failed miserably. We're a bunch of wide-eyed romanticists who don't know how to tie our own shoes. Their reaction is bound to be exaggerated because they've been out of office for eight years, and from the outside the problems always look simple. And the fact that they won a Presidential election seems to them to prove that they're right. Why should they come in here and take instructions from losers?" He paused for a moment, and added, "I wonder how omniscient they'll feel when *their* term ends."

IN the final three days of his administration, Clark filed three major anti-trust cases against large corporations, which brought an avalanche of criticism down on him from conservative newspapers around the country. An editorial in the New Bedford, Massachusetts, *Standard Times* called him "the weakest, most inept member of the Johnson Administration" and charged that his

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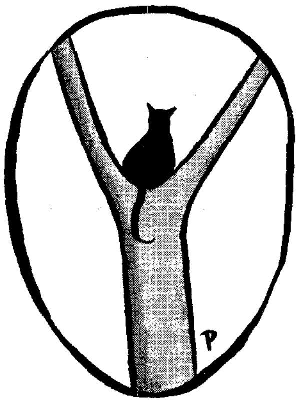
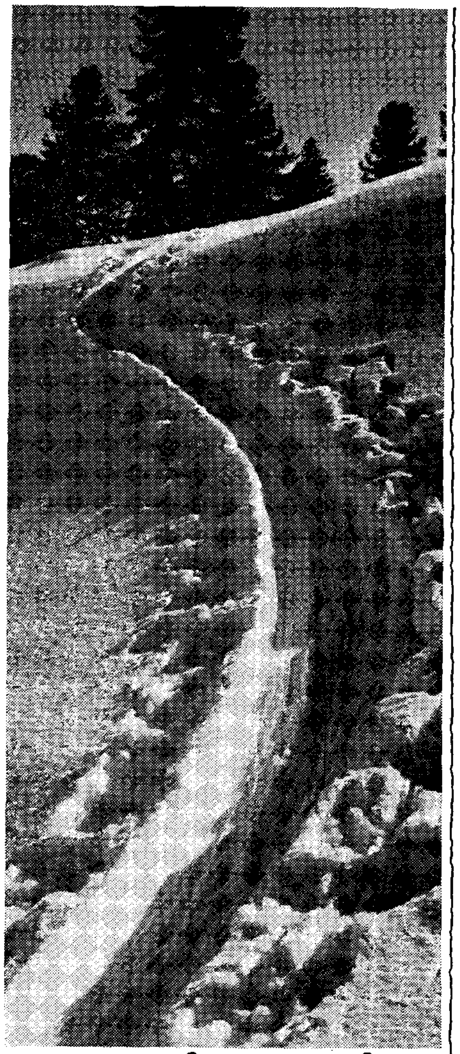
"week of vindictiveness against his successor and the new President was an indictment of himself." The cases involved, first, the charge that General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, and American Motors had conspired together for nearly fifteen years to delay the development and use of pollution-control devices on automobiles; second, the charge that the Atlantic Richfield Oil Company and the Sinclair Oil Corporation were planning a merger that, according to the Antitrust Division, was illegal; and, third, the charge that I.B.M. had monopolized the three-billion-dollar-a-year computer market. Clark conceded that to a degree these cases might inhibit his successor by compelling him to press them to a successful conclusion or leave himself open to the charge that he was soft on lawbreakers if they were big enough. "Still, we had no choice but to go ahead," Clark went on. "Big companies often lie in wait for a transition period, because they figure the Department's attention will flag then. Some of them want to negotiate with us for mergers during the transition, when everything is up in the air. Others want to make their move during and after the transition, when the flux is at its peak. And still others want to make their move after the inauguration, before the new people get settled in." As it happened, he continued, Atlantic Richfield and Sinclair, by announcing their intention to merge on January 17th, compelled the Department either to act while still in office or to let the companies proceed in a fashion that it believed to be illegal. As for the other cases, Clark said, "We spent two years investigating these matters, and if they were turned over for review to people who aren't even here yet and who aren't experienced, it would take two more years to go over the whole thing again. By then, it might be too late to remedy the damage we feel has already been done. In general, I think it's wrong either to hurry things or to leave the hot potatoes behind. For instance, I've got a reorganization plan for the Department that I think is good, but I *wouldn't* put it into effect because it's a policy matter and should be left up to the new people."



The one area in which Clark hoped that his actions would commit the incoming Administration was civil rights, because that was the one that seemed to him the most important and the most in jeopardy. By pressing as many cases as the Department could handle, he hoped to establish a solid record, so that any falloff on the part of his successor would be readily apparent to the public. One of these cases seemed especially important to Clark. The previous February, a group of Negro students demonstrating against a segregated bowling alley in Orangeburg, South Carolina, were suddenly fired on by state troopers, who killed three of the students and wounded twenty-seven others. The Department presented the case—against nine of the policemen—to a federal judge, who convened a grand jury, but in the end it refused to bring in an indictment. Clark felt that the case constituted willful murder without provocation and was deeply concerned about the effect of it on the Negroes in the area. To demonstrate the government's determination to obtain justice for black men as well as white, in the South as well as in the North, he resorted to the unusual legal device of pressing the case even without a grand-jury indictment. The troopers were charged under a Reconstruction statute that prohibited punishment of citizens by policemen without due process of law—a statute that had been enacted specifically to protect newly freed slaves from abuse by police acting under "color" of the law. Clark filed the case nearly two months before he left office, but it didn't come to trial until several months afterward; the jury found the troopers guiltless.

Before filing the three anti-trust suits, Clark informed Mitchell of his intentions and explained that major cases of this kind were certain to be difficult and controversial. "We can discuss them, but that might make it appear that you were endorsing our actions," Clark told him. "Although the decisions are mine, you will have to live with them, so you may want to know what I'm going to do and why." Finally, they agreed that Clark would call Mitchell before making any move of consequence and provide him with the details. In turn, Mitchell discussed with Clark the people he had in mind for top posts in the Department and the people he was going to ask to stay on—all with candor and amicability. "The time we've had together has been very beneficial, I feel," Clark said a few days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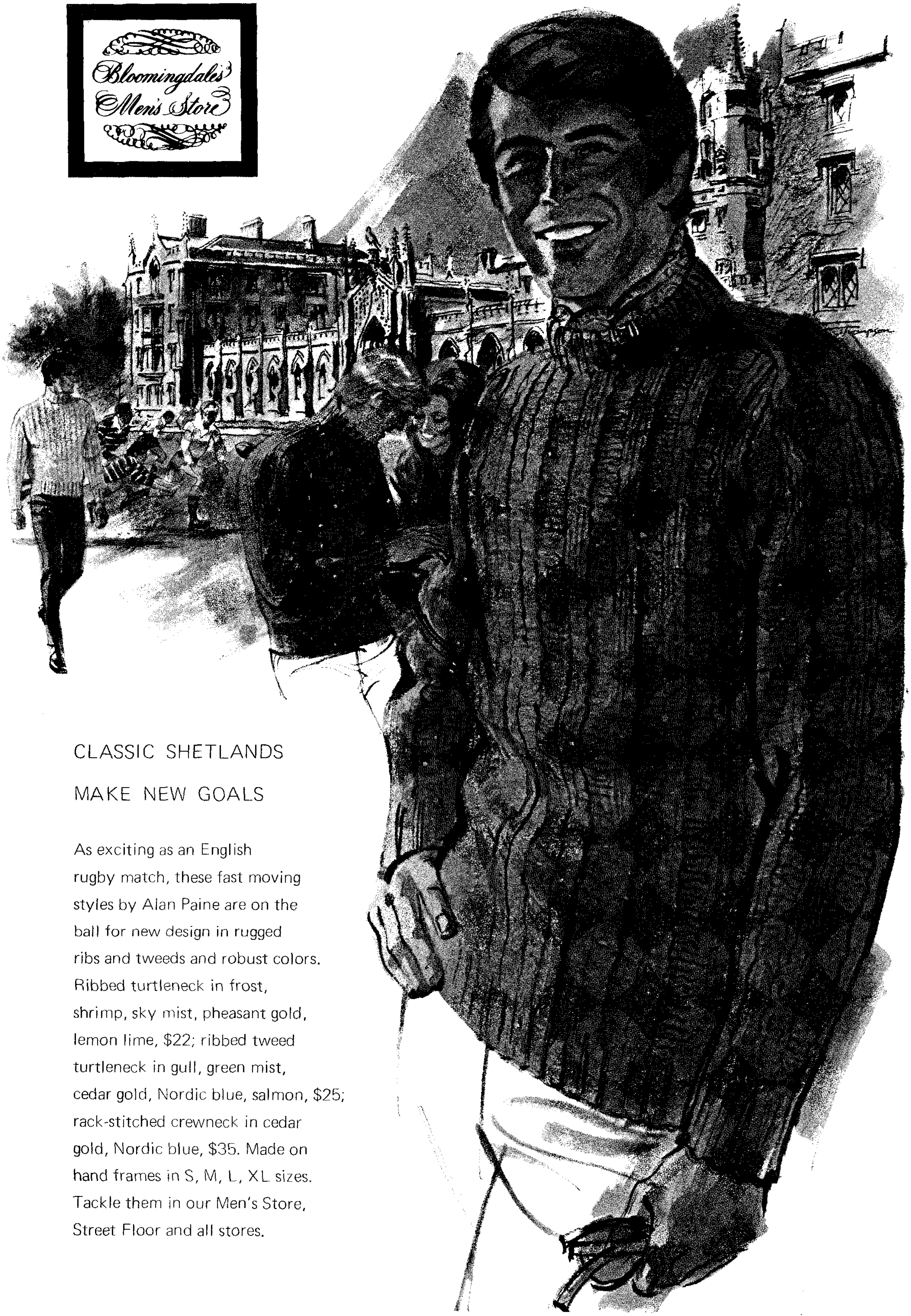

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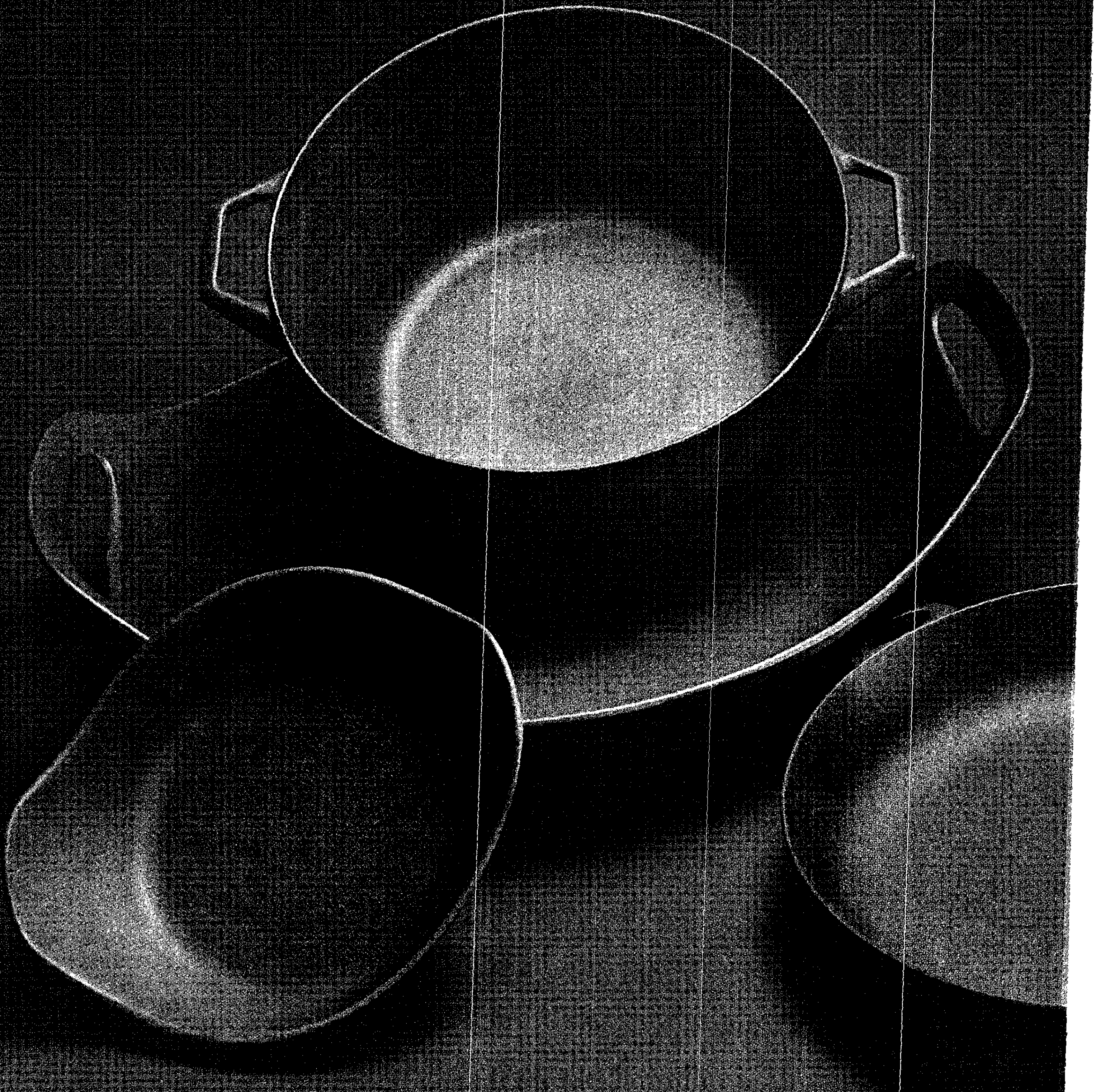

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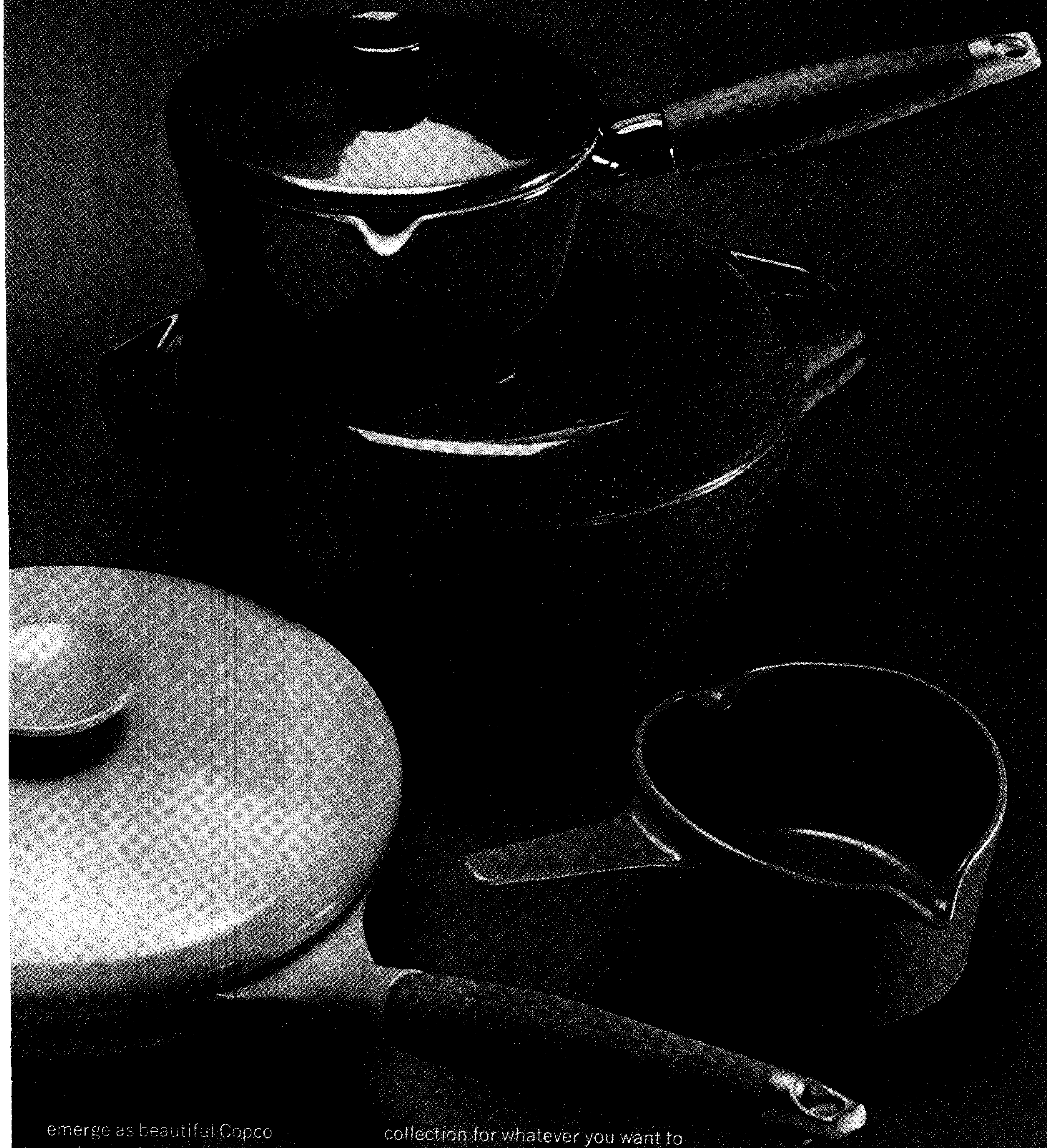

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THE Senate Judiciary Committee met on the morning of January 14th in its panelled hearing room on the second floor of the New Senate Office Building to consider the appointment of the Attorney General-designate. A couple of days earlier, the Nixon camp had heard that some liberal Democrats on the committee who resented the Republicans' campaign attacks on Clark intended to rough up the man who had devised them. To prepare Mitchell for this, Phillips was ordered to provide more information on the Attorney General's duties, and early on the morning of the fourteenth Kleindienst took the material and went to brief Mitchell over breakfast at his temporary headquarters in the Hotel Jefferson, a quietly elegant establishment not far from the White House. But the rumor turned out to be unfounded, and it soon became clear that Mitchell would be confirmed without serious opposition. The hearing opened when the chairman of the committee, Senator James O. Eastland, the Mississippi protector of Southern womanhood and cotton subsidies, stopped chomping on a panatela long enough to say, "I'm going to vote to confirm you without question." This was quickly followed by similar expressions of confidence from other conservative Southern Democrats, including Senators John L. McClellan, of Arkansas, Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, and Robert C. Byrd, of West Virginia. (The committee's leading conservative Southern Republican, Senator Thurmond, was absent from the deliberations, presumably to create a protocol obstacle for any of his colleagues who might have been tempted, had he been present, to ask the witness whether he had made a deal to get the support of the Southerners led by Thurmond, but would have been unwilling to violate Senate courtesy by bringing up that subject unless Thurmond was there to defend himself; Thurmond arrived at the end of the hearing, just in time to vote for Mitchell when the committee went into executive session.) The Southerners' eager support of the nomination also appeared to support the contention that Nixon

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had indeed made commitments in the South, through Mitchell, to ease the enforcement of civil-rights laws and to oppose adding any more of them to the books.

Senator McClellan took advantage of the forum provided by the hearing to expand on one of his favorite themes: the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act had been passed nearly unanimously by Congress the year before, and yet President Johnson and Attorney General Clark had flatly refused to enforce two of its main provisions—one permitting federal, state, and local law-enforcement officials to wiretap and bug suspected criminals, and the other legislatively overruling two Supreme Court decisions designed to protect the Constitutional rights of defendants in criminal cases. Just about every leading legal historian and Constitutional-law authority in the country had opposed both provisions of the law, on the grounds that they were un-Constitutional, ineffectual in the struggle against crime, and aimed not at criminals but at the liberal majority on the Court. Even many of the members of Congress who voted for the measure felt that McClellan had demagogically used the public's intense fear of crime to bully his colleagues into approving the law in the name of order. When McClellan asked Mitchell if he meant "to abide by the overwhelming voice of Congress," Mitchell hastily assured him that he did, whereupon McClellan said, "That is very gratifying to me."

The only question of substance asked by a Southerner came from Senator Ervin, who, in all likelihood, brought it up in a friendly manner to head off anyone who intended to bring it up in an antagonistic one. After remarking that most campaign managers in Presidential contests had been rewarded with the job of Postmaster General, he went on to say that to his way of thinking there was "something incompatible with marrying the function of the chief political adviser and chief agitator with that of prosecutor of government crimes," and asked Mitchell whether he planned to act as chief legal officer of the country or chief political adviser to the President. "Senator, I would hope that my activities in a political nature and of a political nature have ended with the campaign," Mitchell answered. "I might say that this was my first entry into a political campaign, and I trust it will be my last. From the termination of the campaign and henceforward, my duties and functions will be related to the Justice

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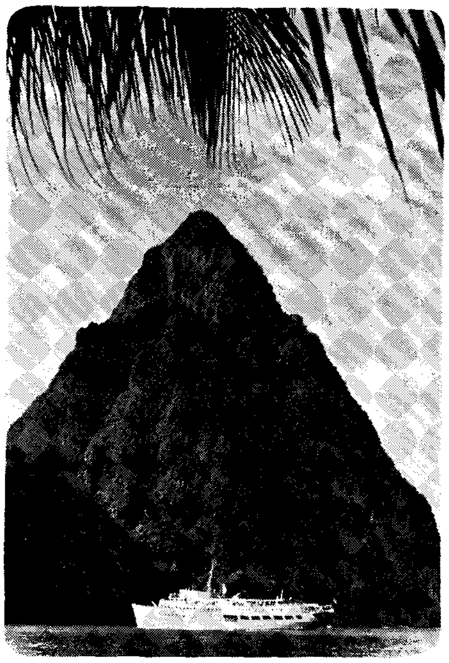

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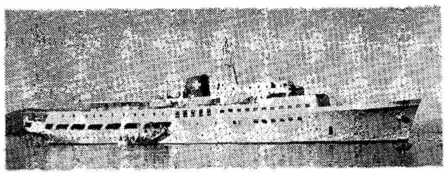

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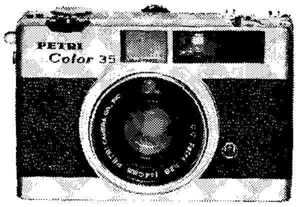

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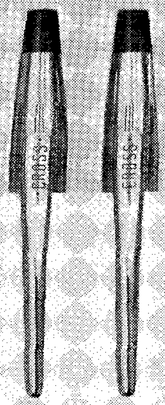

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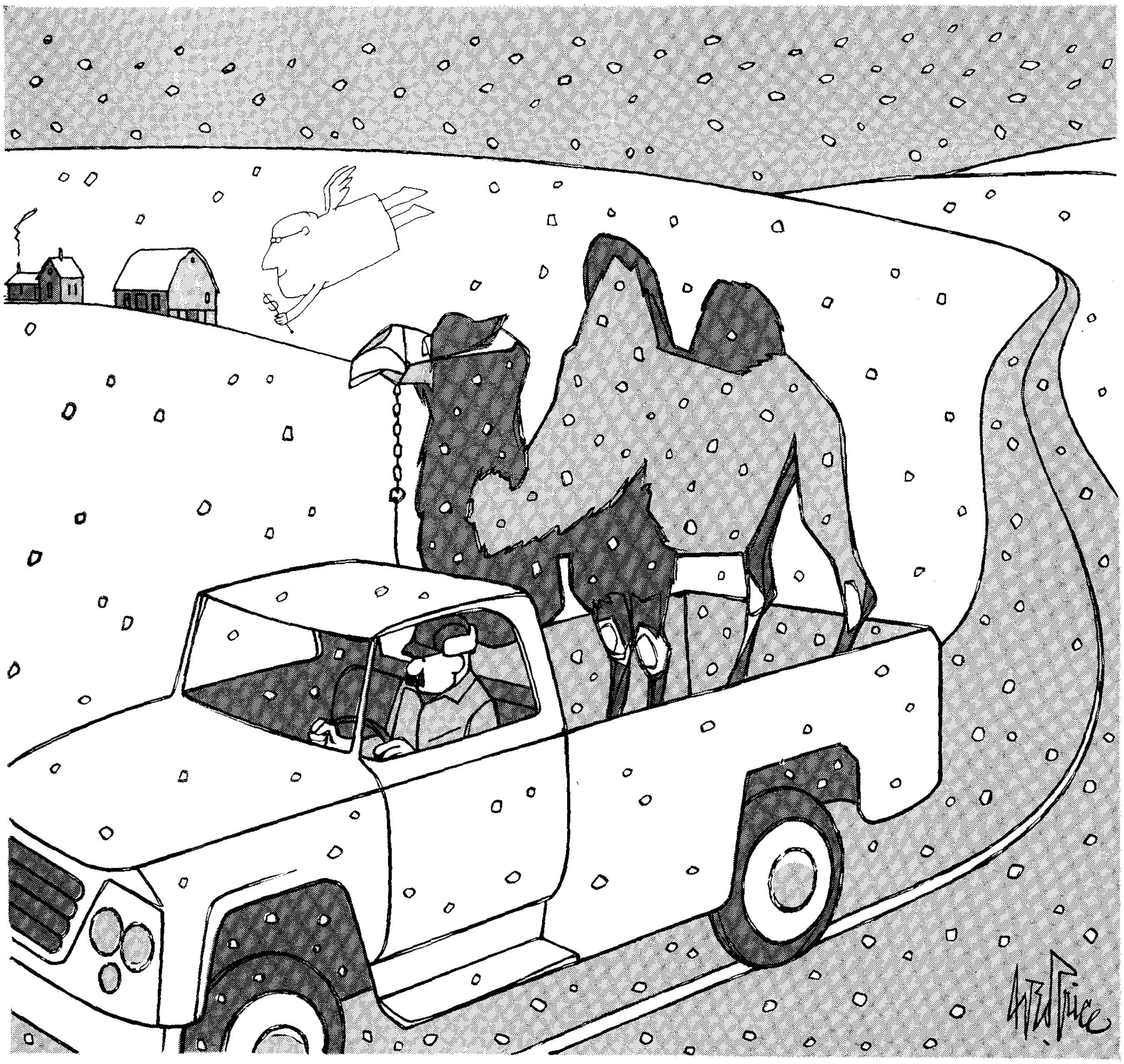

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Department, and as the legal and not the political adviser of the President." Nodding his approval, Ervin smiled and said, "Thank you, sir. I commend your answer." Unaccountably, no one asked Mitchell about his highly political role in selecting and screening Cabinet members and their top aides.

In the course of the two-hour hearing, the only member of the committee to bear down on the witness was Senator Philip A. Hart, Democrat of Michigan, who had been one of only four senators to vote against the so-called Crime Bill:

SENATOR HART: The one statement that sticks in my mind in connection with [the Presidential] campaign most vividly was the President-elect's statement that we were going to get a new Attorney General. It had a lot of overtones to it. Now I believe Ramsey Clark has been a superb Attorney General. How will the conduct of the office under you differ?

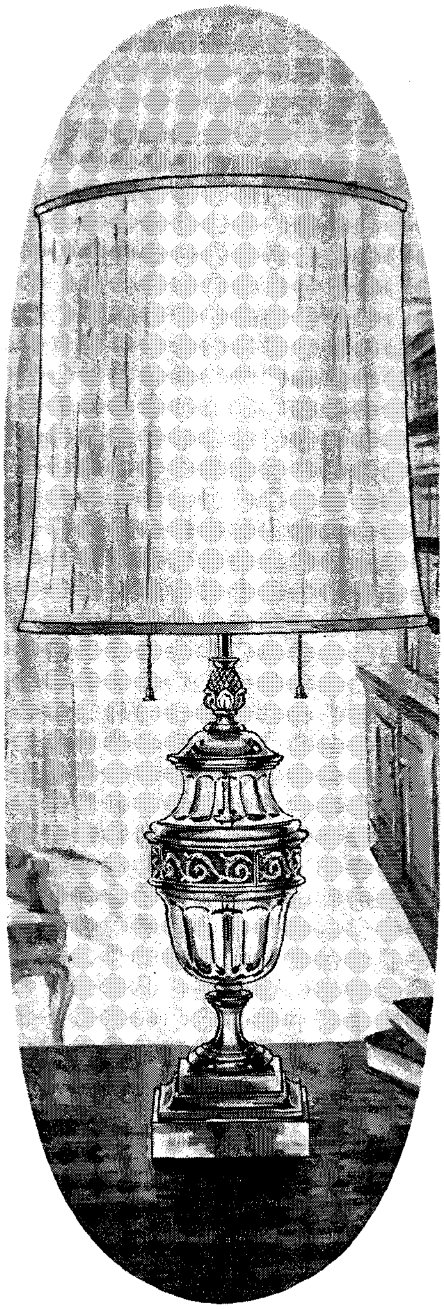
MR. MITCHELL: Senator, I don't know as I can answer that in full. I believe that I can point out one difference which has been discussed here this morning, and that is perhaps the extent to which electronic surveillance may be used, particularly in the area of organized crime. I do not, of course, know all of the refinements of the workings of the Justice Department under the present Attorney General, and I think it would be presumptuous on my part to try and analyze the different activities of that Attorney General and to anticipate what my function and course of action might be in relationship to it.

SENATOR HART: Well, did the President-elect have any deeper analysis than you when he made his speeches?

MR. MITCHELL: I don't know as I can answer that question either, sir. I am sure that the points to which he talked related to specifics in this area of electronic surveillance. I believe that his basic approach to the discussion of the office of the Attorney General related to the pursuit of the prosecution of people engaged in organized crime. There was that additional area, as I recall his statements during the campaign.

SENATOR HART: I am sure you will check the record, and my reading of that record is that the pursuit of organized crime under Ramsey Clark has been more aggressive than at any other time in the history of this country. And if the only policy quarrel the President-elect had with Ramsey Clark's conduct was wiretapping, he was most imprecise in his speeches, as I listened to them. They were politically productive, but I think contributed nothing to the understanding of what really confronts this country.

A battery of television cameras had been set up in the corridor outside the hearing room, and when Mitchell emerged he was asked by a network interviewer the same question Hart had asked inside; namely, how his stewardship of the Department of Justice would differ from Clark's. One



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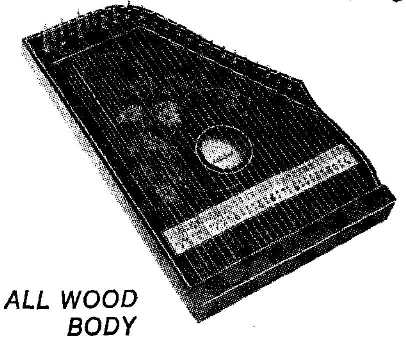

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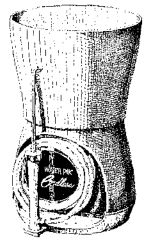

Water Pik appliance Model 52, the rechargeable, personal portable for travel and home use.

> The Water Pik oral irrigating device is *Acceptable* for use as an effective aid to the toothbrush in a program of good oral hygiene to supplement the regular professional care required for oral health.
>
> **Council on Dental Materials and Devices**
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Water Pik®
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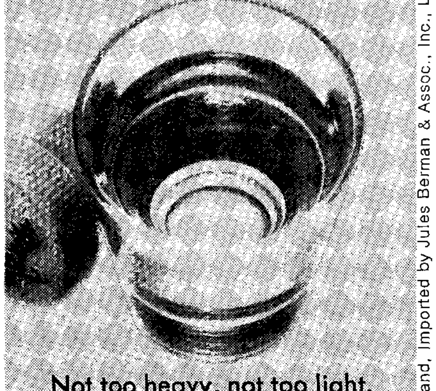

Not too heavy, not too light. Old Rarity, the premium scotch that is flawlessly made, sensibly priced.

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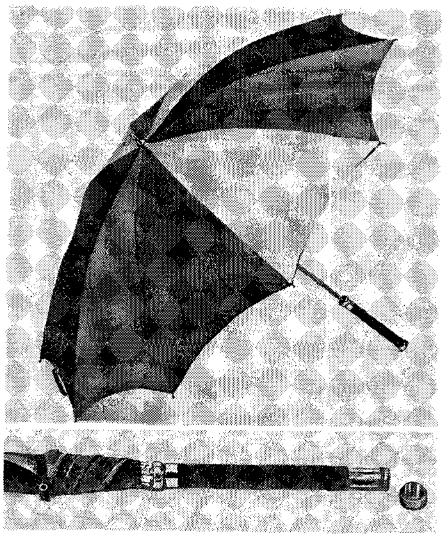
principal difference, Mitchell answered, was that he would make use of electrical and electronic surveillance in cases affecting the nation's security. The implication was that Clark had refused to use such devices in these cases—or, in other words, that he had willfully jeopardized the security of the United States. He had not, of course—he simply refused to authorize wholesale wiretapping and bugging *outside* the realm of national security—and if Mitchell had made that assertion inside the hearing room he would certainly have been corrected at once. But the interviewer apparently didn't know enough to correct the record, and that was the way it went out on the news around the country that night.

CLARK was far too accustomed to Republican misrepresentations by this time to let the latest one bother him. He was much more deeply upset by the new Administration's decision to employ wiretapping and bugging against any and all suspected criminals, because it constituted the first firm evidence that the President-elect and his Attorney General were going to continue playing politics by promising the public that they would move aggressively against society's malefactors, whereas, in his opinion, they were doing little more than destroying every citizen's right to privacy, which Justice Louis Brandeis had called "the right most valued by civilized man." During the hearings, Mitchell promised the committee that in using secret surveillance the government would carefully protect the rights of the individual. There was no reason to disbelieve him. But the new Administration's acceptance of such surveillance would encourage state and local law-enforcement agents, who had exactly the same right under the new law that the federal government had, to use these devices, too, and there was ample reason to fear that they would act far from circumspectly when they did. Ordinarily, local prosecutors and local judges (whose approval is needed before a tap or a bug can be planted) are far less subject to public control than their federal counterparts, since the legislative bodies that oversee such matters are often corrupt or lackadaisical, and the likelihood that the new law would be abused for personal or political ends raised the alarming prospect that whole towns and cities would be harassed and perhaps even controlled through this means.

The incoming Administration's un-



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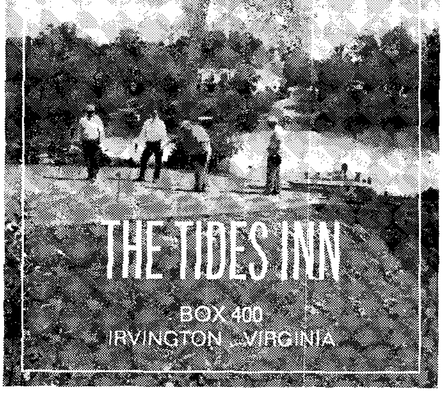

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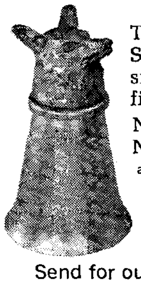

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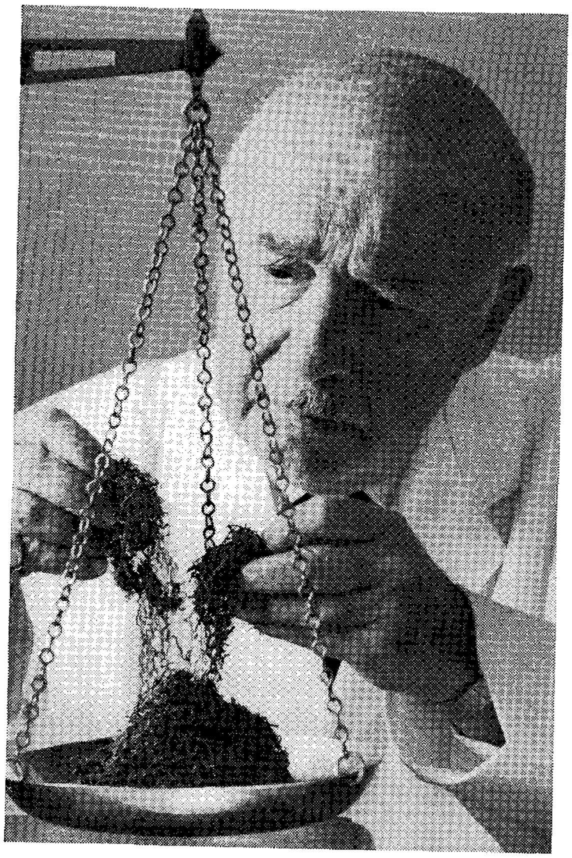

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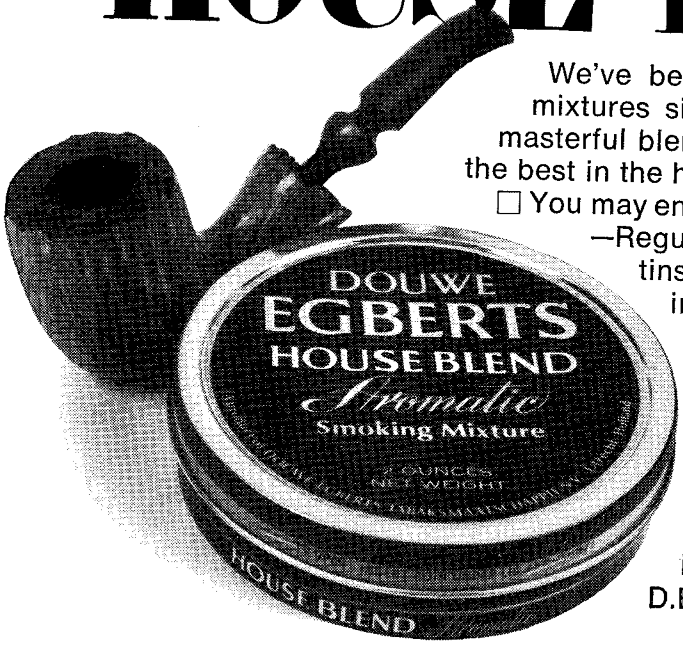

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hesitating support of this perilous law immediately raised doubts about how the new President and his Attorney General would react to other crucial problems that were certain to come up within the next few months. One of these was the use that the new Law Enforcement Assistance Administration would ultimately be put to. In the original version of the bill, which was drafted under Clark's personal supervision, federal grants were provided for state and local law-enforcement agencies that wanted to modernize their operations and were willing to meet certain federal standards. However, as the measure made its way through Congress, right-wing members of the Senate and the House cut a few loopholes in it, chiefly one that required the government to give money appropriated under the bill directly to the states, which were largely controlled by rural interests, despite the Supreme Court's redistricting orders; this meant that the funds would be likely to be spent not in the crime-ridden cities that most needed them but in small towns and villages where speeding and drunkenness were the worst offenses. And the money that did end up in the cities could be spent, quite legally, not on upgrading police departments, courts, and correctional systems, as the Johnson Administration had intended, but on buying wiretapping and bugging equipment, Mace, tear gas, and anti-riot armaments. Clark and others in the Department who watched helplessly as the right-wing Dr. Frankensteins in Congress assembled this monster feared that it would someday be used to fight Negroes and students rather than criminals.

During the Presidential race, Nixon had repeatedly told Southern audiences that while the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibited segregation, nothing in it required positive government action to achieve integration. This was widely taken as a pledge that a Nixon Administration would deal gently with the South's continuing denial of justice for Negroes. Secretary Finch's subsequent promise to review the guidelines established under the law struck many as being the first step toward fulfilling that pledge. They also feared that the new President intended to weaken other civil-rights laws and perhaps to dispense altogether with the Voting Rights Act of 1965. By suspending a number of devices, mainly literacy tests, that had long been used by white registrars to keep black voters away from the polls, this act had raised Negro voter registration in the Old Confederacy

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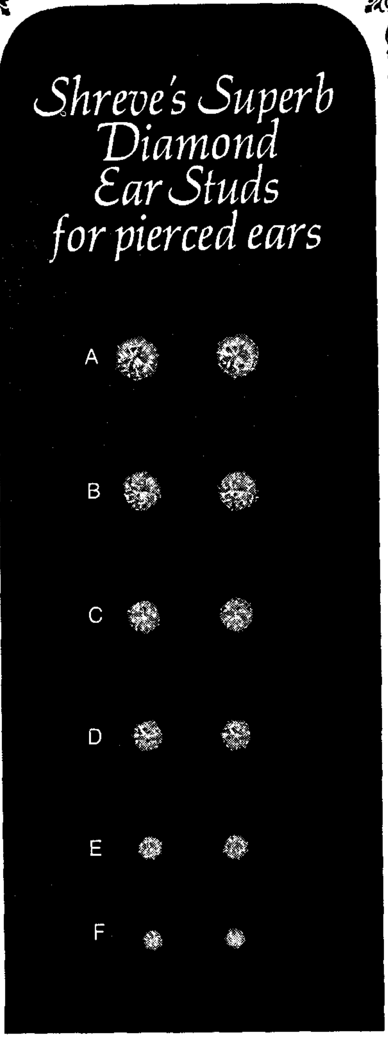

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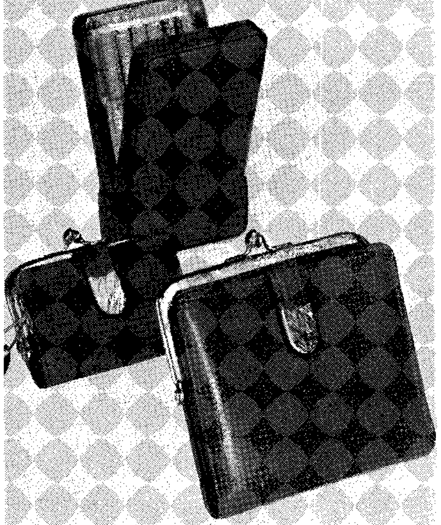

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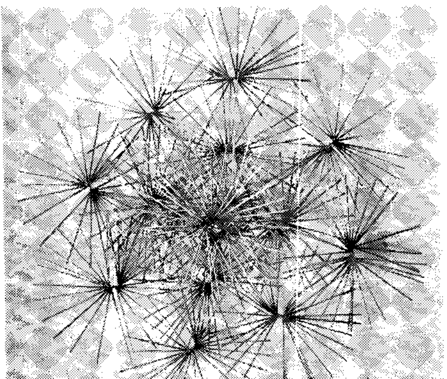

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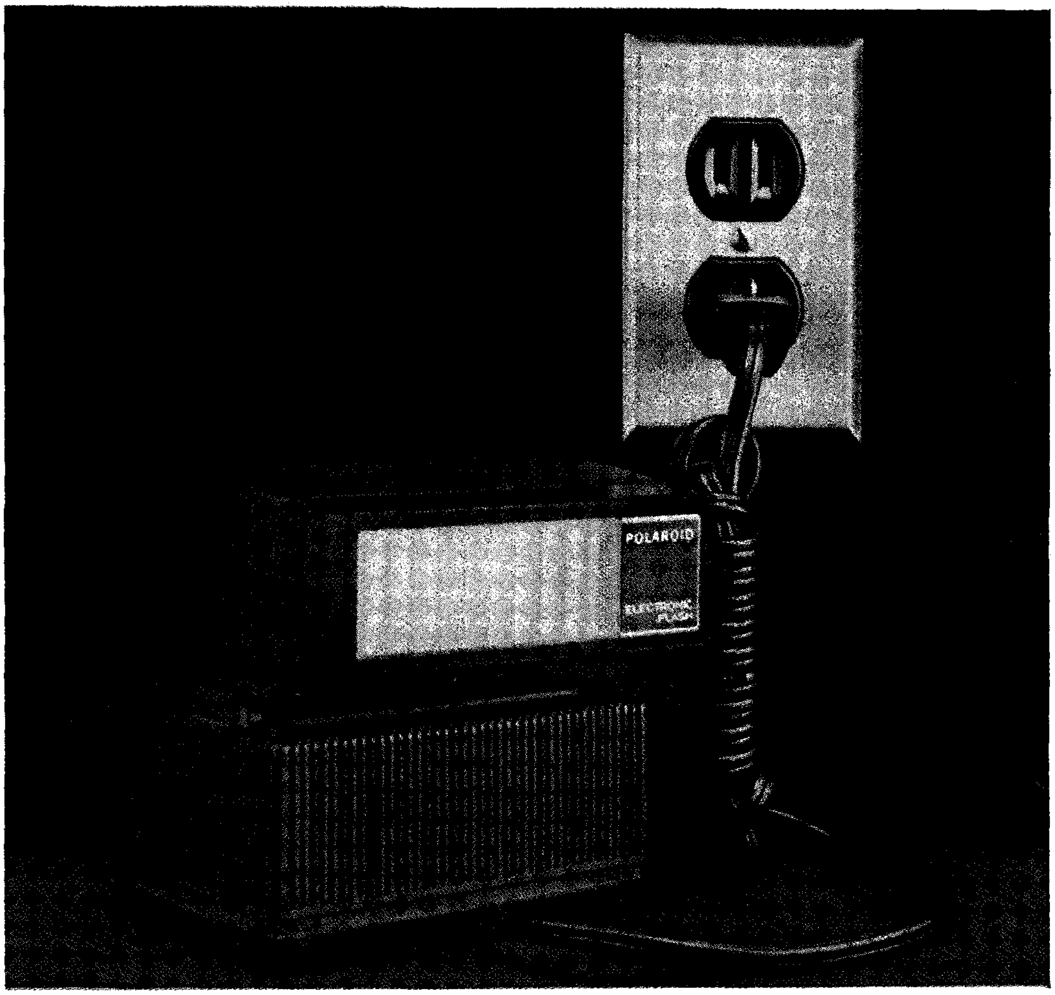
Enter: The 360.

Its electronic flash lights pack after pack of



No flashbulbs ever. The electronic flash head recharges automatically, storing energy to light 60-second pictures with brilliant 1/1000th of a second bursts.

You slide the electronic flash unit into place with a satisfying click, and flip on a tiny switch.

Instantly, the signal light and a rising sound tell you the flash is building energy. A light starts flashing, and the sound switches to a *boop...boop...*

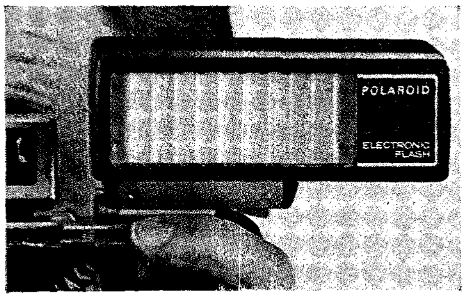
You are now ready to shoot up to 40 flash pictures, without stopping to put in a flashbulb.

As you focus, louvers in the flash unit automatically adjust to deliver the exact amount of light you need. You depress the shutter and zoing! the strobe releases a 1/1000th of a second burst of light, fast enough to freeze a bird in flight (see right) or catch a splash in a baby's bath.

You pull the film packet out of the camera. Automatically, an electronic timer is activated and the timer light goes on. The instant the print is perfectly developed, the light goes out and the timer goes *beeeeeep.*

Now: peel off your picture. Perfectly exposed. Perfectly developed. And all you did was aim and shoot!

You'll never have to use another flashbulb. (So you'll never run out of them!) After you've taken 5 film packs (40 shots), the electronic strobe recharges itself on house current, automatically. Fifteen minutes and you can shoot another pack. One hour and it's recharged. When you're not using it, just keep the flash unit plugged in, like your electric toothbrush.



As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

Best of all, The 360 gives you

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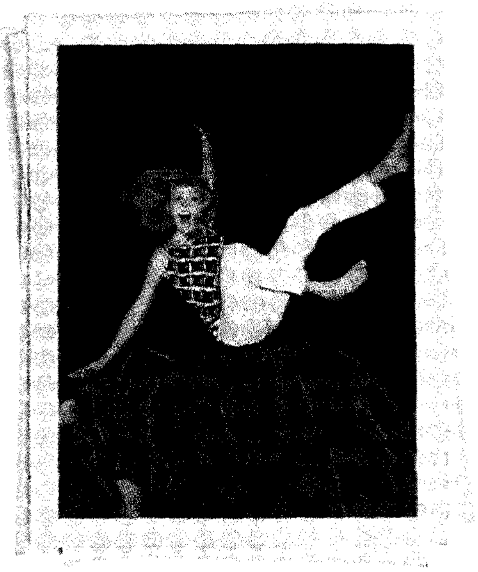
pictures perfectly, then recharges itself.

the freedom to shoot when the moment is right.

You'll take wonderfully spontaneous pictures. No more wooden friends and relatives. You'll never have to ask your subjects to pose. The film is exposed only for that millisecond of light. If your hand jiggles, you don't have to worry. The pictures are always razor sharp.

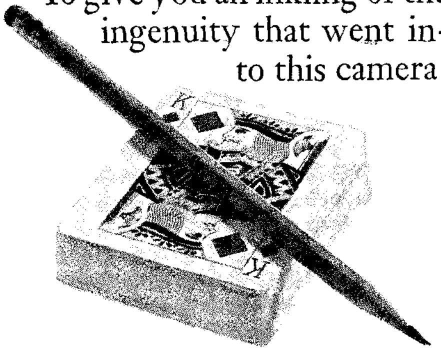


1/1000th of a second exposure makes possible spontaneous flash pictures.

You'll get perfectly exposed shots, indoors or out. This remarkable strobe light is particularly kind to flesh tones. Outdoors, the sophisticated electric eye and electronic shutter system will read the light and set the exposure automatically.

You won't waste any more pictures because of poor timing. You set the timer correctly and let it worry.

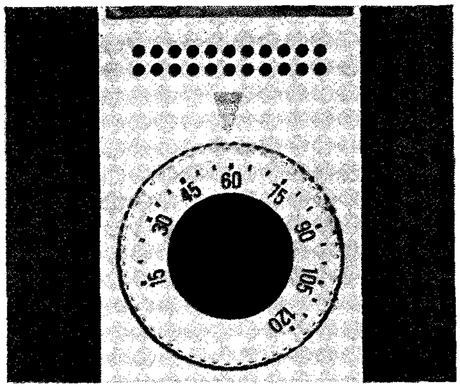
To give you an inkling of the ingenuity that went into this camera:



Electronic circuits reduced in size from a pack of cards to a pencil point.

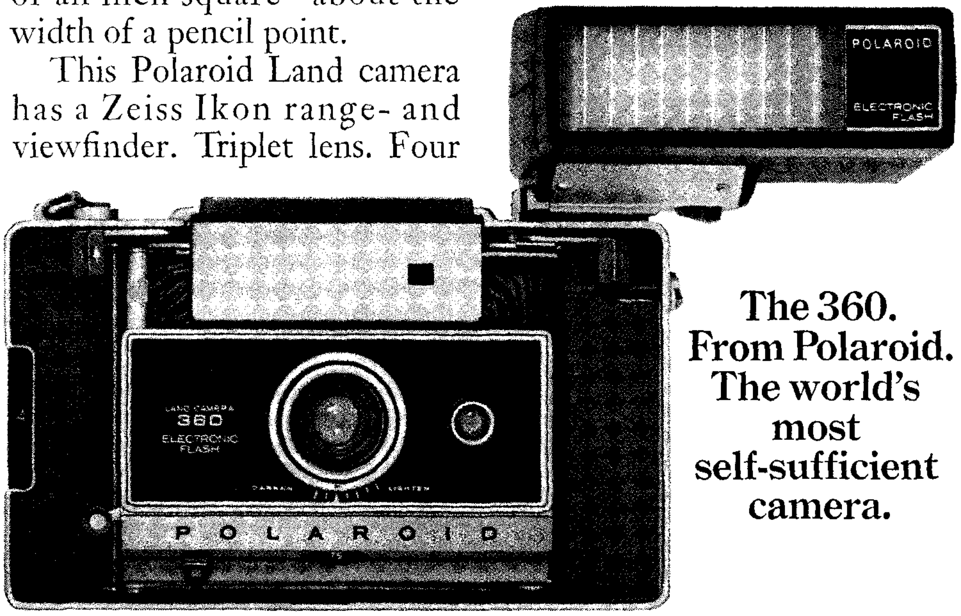
In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit are circuits containing transistors, resistors and other electronic components. Each would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In The 360, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-covered silicon less than 1/32 of an inch square—about the width of a pencil point.

This Polaroid Land camera has a Zeiss Ikon range- and viewfinder. Triplet lens. Four film-speed settings. Two exposure ranges for color, two for black-and-white. It can take Polaroid camera attachments for close-ups and portraits. It has a tripod socket. And instant pack-film loading.



Electronic timer sounds off the instant your print is perfectly developed.

See (and hear) this most distinguished of the Countdown Cameras, the finest camera Polaroid has ever produced.



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Ask for a "Quiet Man" (equal parts Gallwey's Irish Coffee Liqueur and Vodka, stirred with ice and served on the rocks).

Try Gallwey's over vanilla or coffee ice cream. Any way you try it, you'll be delighted with your first taste. Beautifully boxed for gift giving.

GALLWEY'S Liqueur INTERNATIONAL GOLD MEDAL WINNER from less than a million and a half in 1964 to better than three million in 1968. Four hundred and seventy-nine Negroes have been elected to public office in the South since the act was passed. If this law, which was about to come up for extension, was simply allowed to expire, Clark was convinced that the little remaining faith Negroes had in the established system would vanish, and he warned, "Nothing could be better calculated to irreconcilably divide the country than the failure to enforce the civil rights of all our citizens."

Kleindienst was reported to have promised that the new Administration would crack down at once on "draft dodgers" and student radicals. Under Attorney General Clark, the Department had markedly stepped up its prosecution of young men who violated selective-service laws (and once again had been accused of being "soft"), but whenever it was possible Clark preferred to handle these cases through selective-service machinery, which provided some chance for objectors to change their minds or to agree to serve in the military forces in a noncombatant capacity, rather than through the courts, which were comparatively harsh. Clark's reasoning was that prison was likely to ruin the lives of young men who were decent citizens and, in fact, were often the most promising members of their generation. Since they were doing nothing more than obeying the dictates of conscience and honor taught them by society—usually to society's horrified surprise—Clark felt that every opportunity should be given them to stay within the law and out of prison. And Kleindienst's promise of swift action to repress student radicals ran directly counter to Clark's policy of finding legal and orderly outlets for dissent rather than encouraging the hysterical bands that were panting to stifle it at any cost. In some quarters, student radicals were regarded as an even greater threat than the forces of organized crime, as was made alarmingly clear by a report that later appeared in the Chicago *Daily News:*

> Undercover police investigations in Illinois are at an all-time high. In the Chicago area alone, more than 1,000 men from the FBI and various other federal, state, county and city agencies are working on supersecret assignment. "Our growing concern about subversives and militants, with their talk of armed revolution, has brought us a temporary shift in emphasis away from the organized crime problem," said Illinois State Police

A quiz for every real or imagined steak expert

(Whatever your score, you're eligible to fill out the form below.)

I. MONFORT OF COLORADO is the name of:
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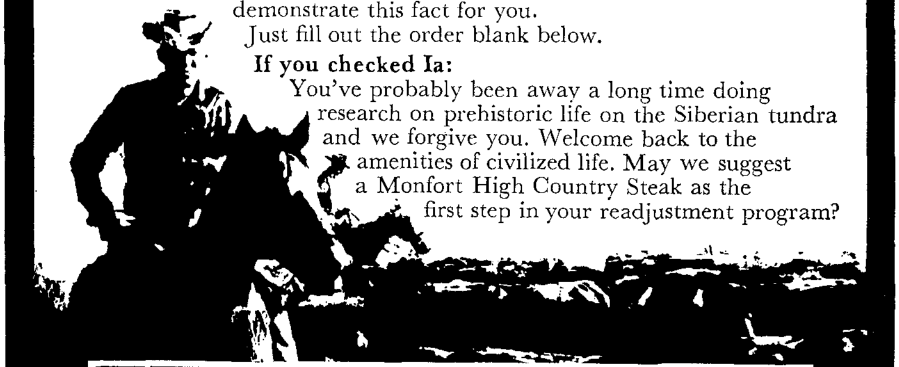
II. MONFORT OF COLORADO steers produce steaks of extraordinary tenderness and flavor because:
☐ **a. They're boy cows and boy cows make better steaks than girl cows.**
☐ **b. They eat hot cornflakes for breakfast.**
☐ **c. They enjoy a superb view of the snow-covered Rockies.**

If you checked Ib and IIa and IIb:
Congratulations. You're obviously a Real Steak Expert. You may even be one of those world travelers and *bon vivants* who's been pleading with the Chef at the Paris Hilton to tell from whence he imports his glorious steaks. (Please stop pestering him. The answer is Monfort of Colorado.) Because of demand from people like you, Monfort is offering its prime selection of High Country steaks for general sale for the first time. The order blank below is your passport to that incomparable flavor and tenderness you've enjoyed in steaks at leading gourmet restaurants around the world.

If you checked IIc, too:
You're close enough for us to be friends. But our steers are too busy lapping up their special diet of hot cornflakes (morning, noon, and night) to care about the view. The high, dry Colorado climate *is* a critical factor in producing tenderer, better flavored beef, however; one bite of a Monfort High Country Steak will demonstrate this fact for you. Just fill out the order blank below.

If you checked Ia:
You've probably been away a long time doing research on prehistoric life on the Siberian tundra and we forgive you. Welcome back to the amenities of civilized life. May we suggest a Monfort High Country Steak as the first step in your readjustment program?



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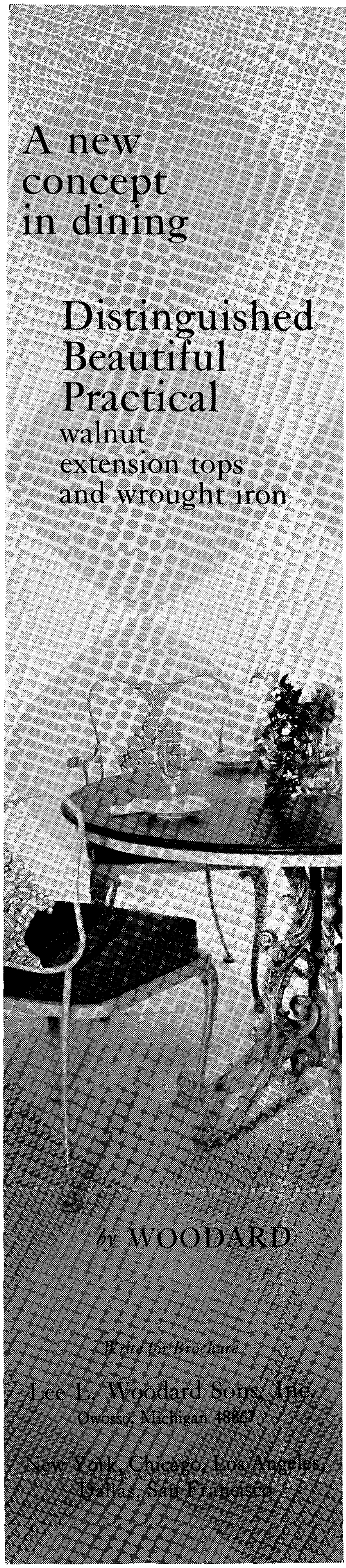
Supt. James T. McGuire. "I've never seen anything like the intensity of the current investigations in all my years in law enforcement," McGuire said.

The shift in emphasis was evidenced this week when dozens of undercover agents "monitored" the seventh annual convention here of the leftist Students for a Democratic Society. Deputy Chicago Police Supt. John Mulchrone, the department's resident expert in intelligence matters, said he had "upwards of 500 men "doing undercover work."

Mayor Richard J. Daley was apparently prepared to prove that his panic during the Democratic Convention had been justified even if he had to invade the privacy of every citizen in Chicago and loose an uncontrollable witch hunt to do it. Before Clark left office, he expressed his concern that the federal grand jury then investigating what a report prepared for the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence called the "police riots" in Chicago might fail to produce indictments of even the policemen who had been most flagrantly brutal. The United States Attorney there owed his job to Mayor Daley and not to the Attorney General, and the federal judge in charge of the grand jury, who was a friend of Daley's, appeared to be guiding "my jury," as the judge called it, toward a finding that was expected to please the Mayor. There was also some concern in the Department that if the police *were* indicted some of their victims would be, too. "Chicago authorities have arrested and charged every leader of the demonstrations there," Vinson said shortly before leaving office. "There has been enormous pressure on the federal government to step in and prosecute them, too. The basic question is: Should the federal government preëmpt what has always been a local responsibility?" Clark was asked if he would succumb to this pressure, and he answered firmly, "No." When he was asked what it would mean if the new Administration did, he answered, "That would be a clear sign of a hard-line crackdown."

Another question about the new Administration's policies concerned the use it would make of the Office of Criminal Justice. This operation, which had been started by Attorney General Kennedy as his last major action before leaving the Department to run for the Senate, was designed to suggest legislative and procedural changes to guarantee defendants in federal criminal cases the full measure of justice that had often been denied to them in the past. Although the office had a small budget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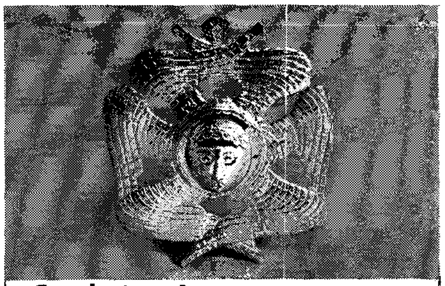
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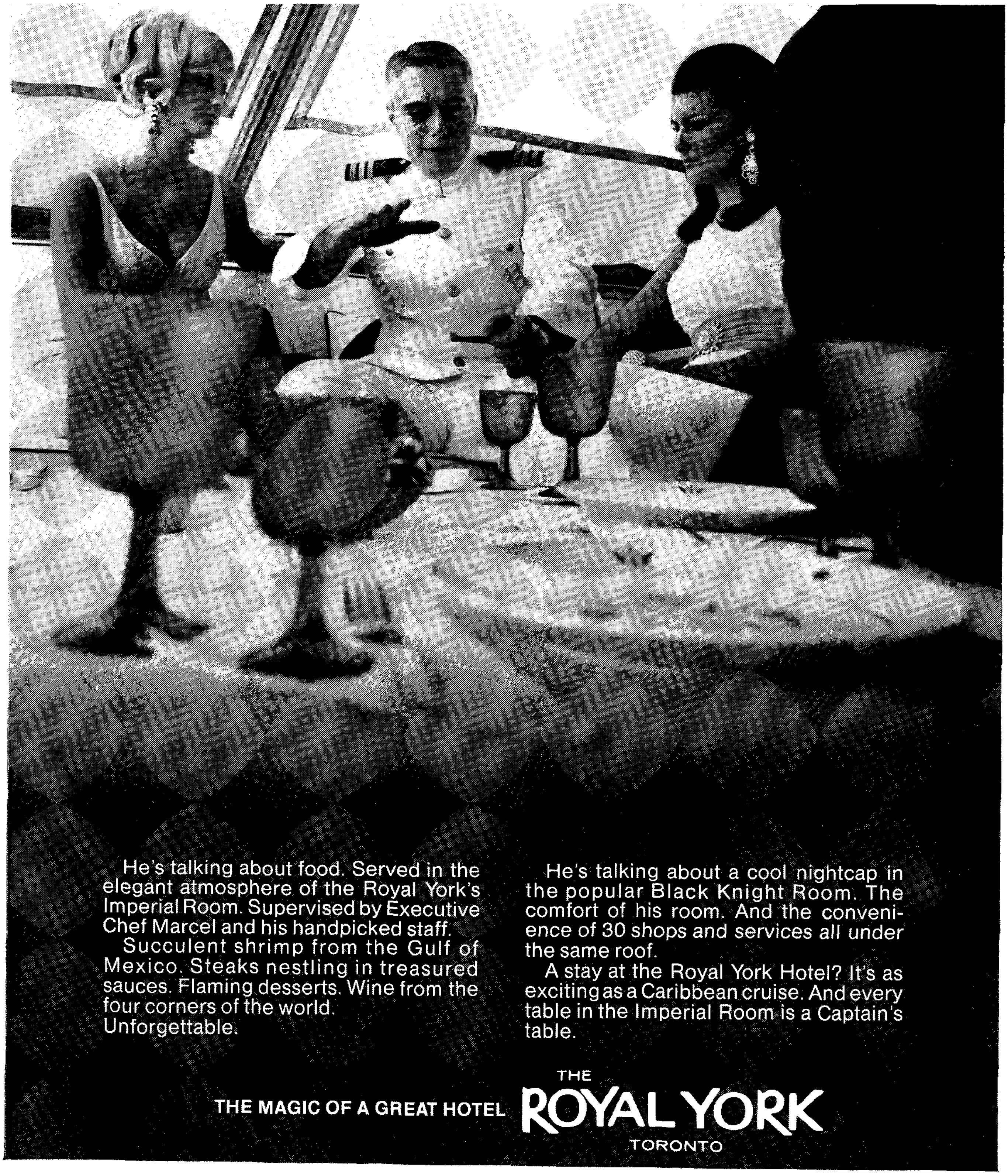

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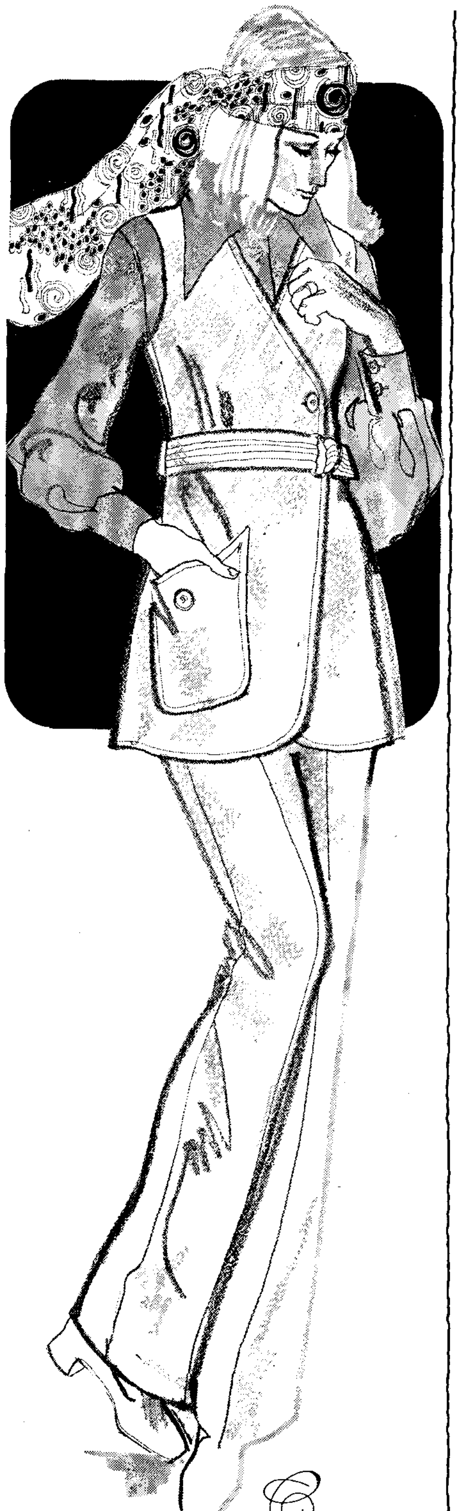

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and a small staff, its director, Daniel J. Freed, feared that Mitchell might consider it an idealistic waste of money and close it down. Others feared that, if it wasn't closed down, its aim might be changed to such an extent that it would end up guaranteeing less justice rather than more—particularly if it was used, as many people expected, to devise a system of "preventive detention," to keep criminal defendants locked up before they were tried. In Freed's view, preventive detention probably violated the Constitution, because it would amount to punishment before guilt was proved. "Still, there's a lot of political appeal in the idea," he went on. "Nearly everybody in Washington is scared to death that they're going to be mugged or worse, and, of course, such a law would keep a lot of hoodlums off the streets."

Over in the Community Relations Service, Wilkins was also worried about what would become of his operation when he left. "To do this job right, you have to deal with a lot of really tough, hostile people," he said. "The new Administration may not want to do that. They may decide to spend less time in the heart of the black communities, where the heart of the problem lies, and to deal instead with the middle-class blacks on the fringes, because they seem more constructive and are certainly more mannerly. Also, the new people may decide to face these problems only when strife is imminent or actual. We believe that's too late, that you have to solve the hottest problems before they ignite and set a host of other problems afire. We also believe that to accomplish this you have to constantly make large, visible changes, so that black people will see them being made and realize that things are getting better. But the new Administration may say, 'Hell, that's not our job. Our job is to run when the fire bell rings.' If that happens, one of these days several thousand fire bells will go off at once." Clark shared this concern, but, above all, he was deeply afraid that President Nixon, under pressure from the military, the police, and most of the nation's governors and mayors, as well as many leading members of Congress, would give in to their pleas that he garrison troops around the country's major cities, so that they would be ready to move in at the first sign of disorder. Besides the danger that the military would thereby become a national police force of the kind that has always been resisted in this country, there was the equally great danger that a move of

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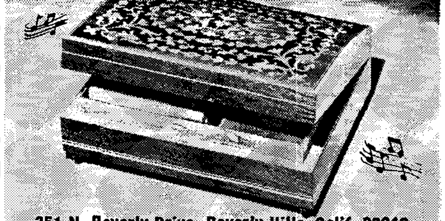

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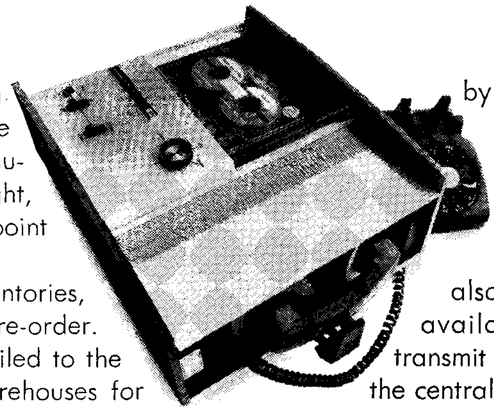

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this kind would draw the final battle lines between the races.

ATTORNEY GENERAL CLARK's final responsibility before leaving office was to oversee the protection of the inauguration. "It's a nervous one to go out on," he said a few days before the ceremony. "There have been a lot of situations here that have been hard to judge, but they would have been a lot easier to live with if I'd been wrong." Inauguration Day presented two principal dangers, he went on, the first being a capricious psychotic and the second being an outburst like the one at the Chicago Convention. While extra precautions were to be taken against the former—such as stationing armed troops and police officers on all rooftops along the route of the inaugural parade and checking the identity of everyone who lived or worked in rooms with windows facing that route—little more could be done to stop an assassin who was willing to lose his own life in taking the President's. As for controlling a riot, Clark was confident that the Department and the other government agencies coöperating with it had that eventuality well in hand. His preparations followed the methods he had found successful in earlier confrontations between protesters and the government—chiefly, negotiations with the demonstrators to find out what their plans were and then further negotiations over suitable outlets for their dissent that would be both peaceful and legal. The task of conducting these negotiations fell, as it often had in recent years, to Deputy Attorney General Christopher and his staff, who met repeatedly with demonstration leaders during the weeks before Inauguration Day. "There's a real technique to this kind of negotiating," Christopher said at the time. "We start from a strong bias that there are Constitutional rights to be exercised, and we're confident that we can provide a safe and legal way for these dissenters to express themselves. Consequently, we don't expect much trouble."

On the morning of January 16th, Christopher met for two hours with the chief of the Metropolitan Police Department, his deputy, the deputy mayor of the District of Columbia, the head of the Parks Service police, a representative from the Inaugural Committee, a man from the Secret Service, the local commander of the National Guard, a Marine Corps officer, and Kleindienst. Early in the meeting, Christopher brought up the subject of permits for the demonstrators, but be-

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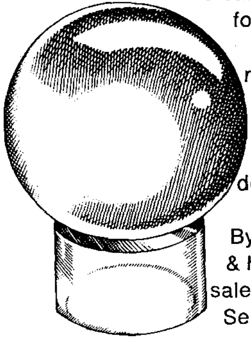

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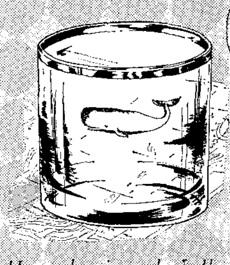

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fore he could explain the elaborate groundwork he had laid, the agreement reached with the leaders of the planned demonstrations, or his past experiences under similar circumstances, Kleindienst broke in and shouted, "No permits! Don't give *any* permits!" Once he subsided, Christopher began patiently explaining the preparations that had been made and the reasons for them. "He had been an observer in almost every major riot since Watts, and he knew what he was talking about," a participant in the meeting said later that day. "But Kleindienst wouldn't listen. He just kept pounding on the table and saying, 'No permits!' It was very much touch and go there for a while. Finally, the Republican from the Inaugural Committee managed to quiet Kleindienst down. But I'm afraid he didn't change his mind. He wanted to pre-position troops all over the city. That meant he could crack down at the slightest provocation. Of course, that would have been the best way to turn a small incident into a disaster like Chicago."

Since Clark and Christopher would officially relinquish office at the moment that Nixon was sworn in by the Chief Justice, the power of the Attorney General would then fall to the third-highest-ranking man in the Department, the Solicitor General, who had been asked to stay on. Until Mitchell was confirmed by the Senate and sworn in by the President the day after the inauguration, he was legally without power. In effect, this left the new President without the legal right to provide protection for the inaugural party even after he was in office. To remedy this situation, Clark took the precaution of appointing Mitchell and Kleindienst special assistants to the Attorney General, so that between the time that he departed and Mitchell was sworn in they would have the legal right to issue orders to members of the Department. Then, at ten minutes after eleven on the morning of January 20th, Clark rode down in his private elevator for the last time—fifty minutes before his term expired, because he had to get ready for the inaugural ceremony, which he felt he should attend to demonstrate, however modestly, the continuity of the government.

At the same time, Kleindienst was in the Department's "situation room" on the fifth floor, overseeing the protection of the inauguration. By means of a walkie-talkie, he kept in constant touch with those guarding the site of the inaugural ceremony, on the steps

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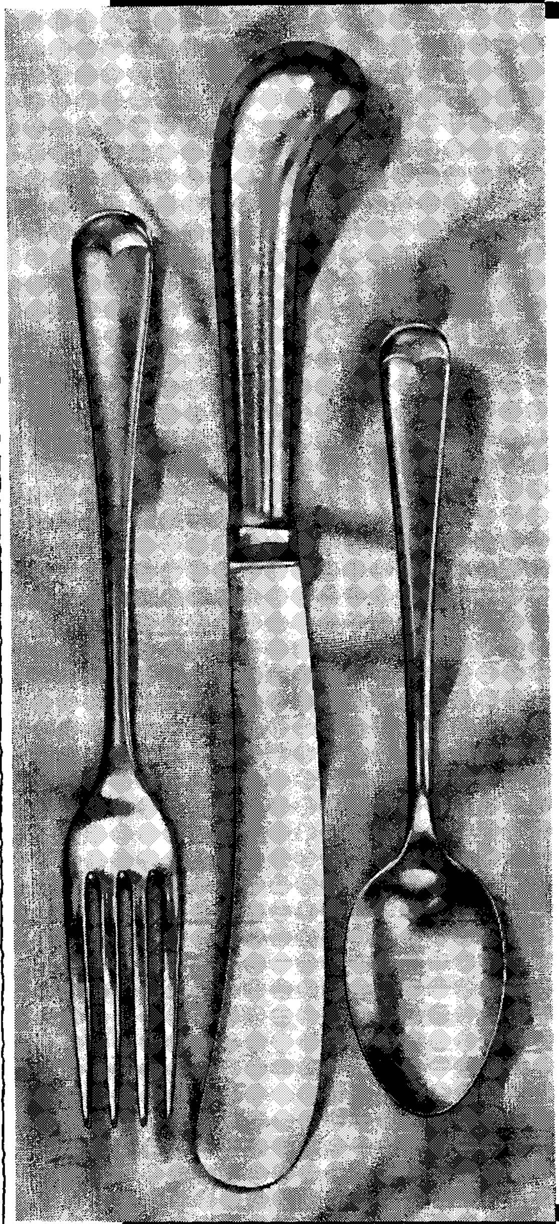

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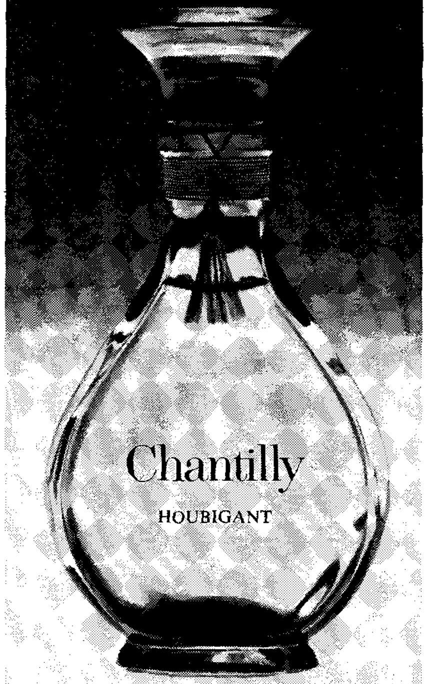

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of the Capitol, and with those guarding the route that the President and his party would later follow to the reviewing stand in front of the White House. Throughout the ceremony and parade, Mitchell was followed around by a Navy commander who had a walkie-talkie tuned in to the same frequency as Kleindienst's. "I kept in touch with Mr. Mitchell minute by minute," Kleindienst said later. "The first trouble was the knots of kids at 12th and 14th Streets on Pennsylvania Avenue. They started throwing things at the President's car, so I ordered more troops into those areas and then let Mr. Mitchell know what I had done. We had security people ready to move in from three blocks away from the parade route. Clark hadn't wanted them that close, but I insisted. I think things went pretty well."

President Nixon did not think that things had gone at all well. In fact, he was said to have been bitterly offended by the demonstrations against him—which, indeed, were as ugly as they were futile—and to be determined not to allow anything that insulting to his office or to himself to occur again during his Presidency. One of Attorney General Mitchell's first official acts after being sworn in the following day was to announce that in the future he would deny permits to "activists" like those who had pelted the motorcade. Since a denial of the right to express dissent on the grounds that the applicant has previously broken a law or might simply be considered apt to break a law is forbidden under the First Amendment, it appeared that the new Attorney General either was unfamiliar with the Constitution or was prepared to ignore it.

—Richard Harris

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

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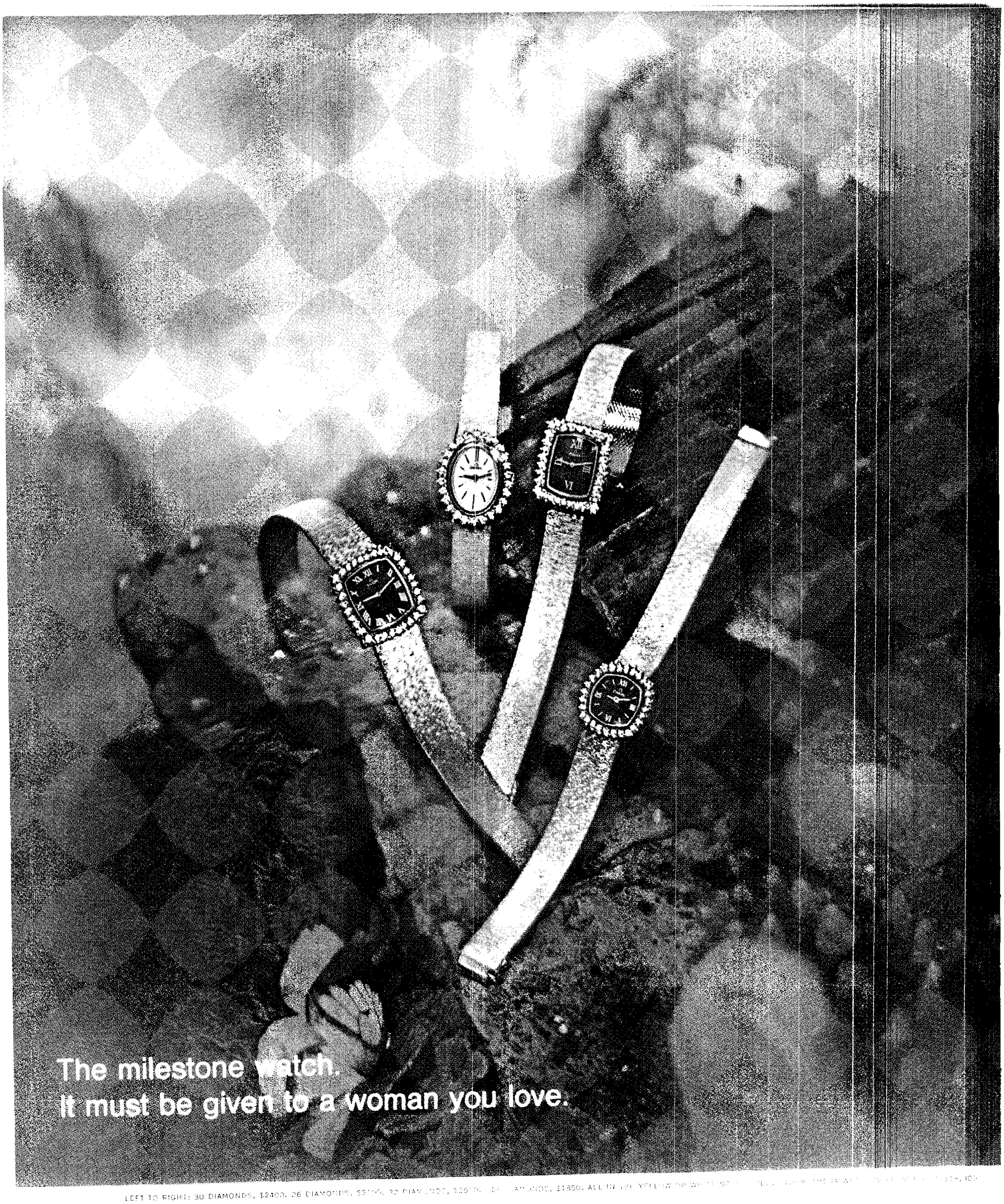

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THE THEATRE

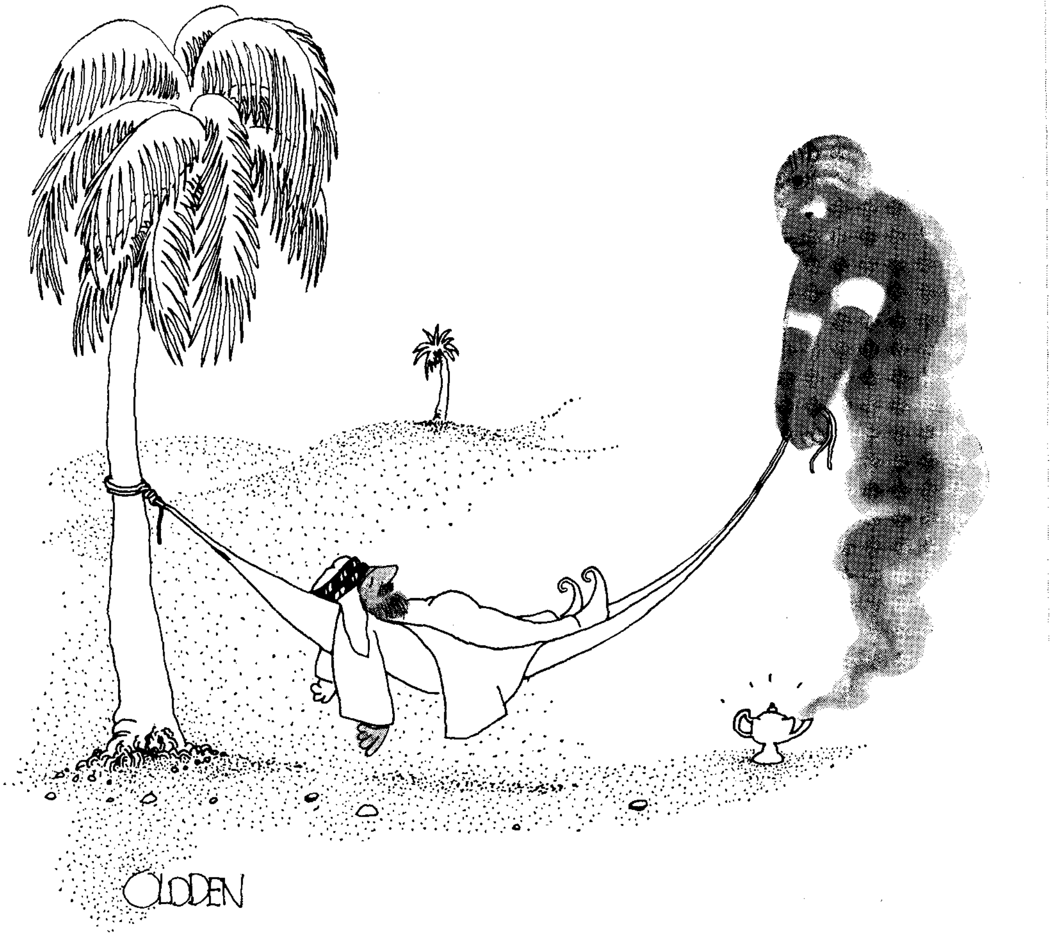
PRECOCIOUS OLD AGE

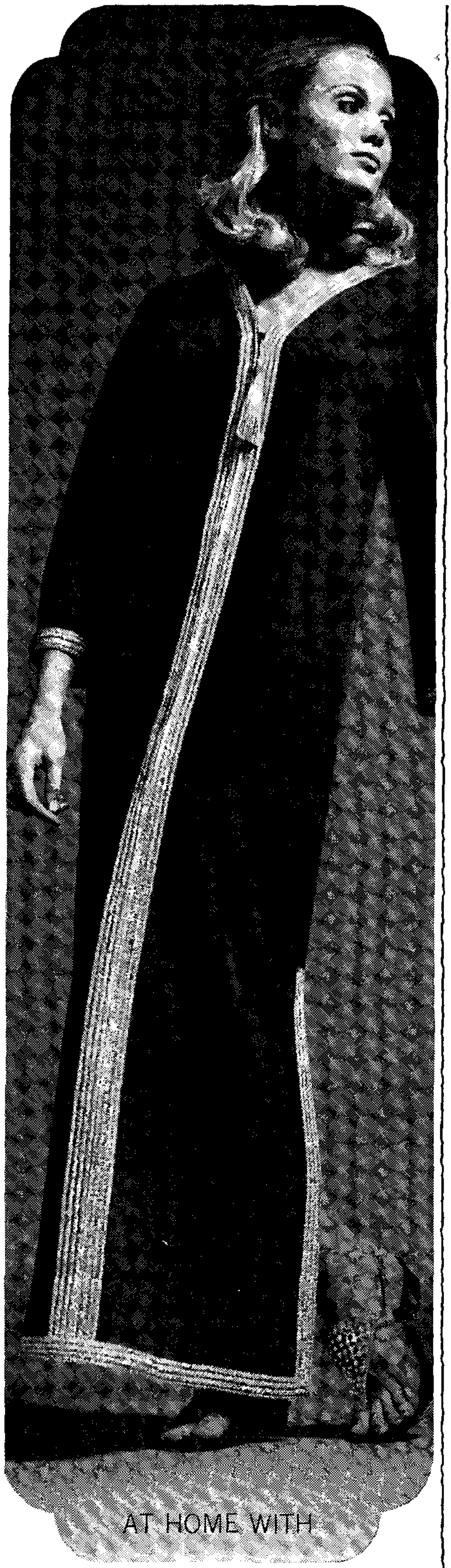
INSPIRED, I suspect, by the successful revival of plays like "You Can't Take It with You," "Our Town," and "The Front Page," the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is bringing back three ripe old American comedies this season, starting with William Saroyan's *very* ripe old comedy "The Time of Your Life." In fairness to Jules Irving, the director of the Repertory Theatre, I should note that he explains his raid on the files by the fact that we are just about to enter a new decade—"the appropriate time, both for us as theatre practitioners and for our audiences, to re-examine through our own American repertoire the fabric of our common past and to seek a vision of our future," he writes in a program note. "Who are we as a nation? As individuals? Why do we become polarized by fear and rage? Have we been duped by the American dream?" I feel that Mr. Irving is unduly exercised by the mere dull, clumping tread of Father Time. Surely it is grotesque to pose such great big bow-wow questions whenever we slip into another decade. "Duped by the American dream"? Why, bless my soul, I've never even *met* the American dream, much less been duped by it, and if murky balloons of thought on this scale float up out of Mr. Irving's mind at the mention of 1970, I dread his response to 1980 and 1990. As for the year 2000, perhaps by then we will have become so polarized that the temperate zones will be occupied solely by insects, with Mr. Irving and the rest of us reduced to making silent *moues* in igloos.

The Irving rhetoric, formidable as it is, can't hold a candle to that of John Lahr, the official literary adviser to the Repertory Theatre, who, in another program note, offers the following summary of the importance of Mr. Saroyan's play to our day: "A technological society has no place for inefficient and sometimes irresponsible emotion. Stalking its innocence like a pathfinder, the nation has redefined its sentiment in protest marches, folk songs, the mystical and psychedelic trips of its young. Joe's yearning in 'The Time of Your Life' parallels these modern commitments, odysseys to return courage to innocence and a life force to a society whose institutions are a psychic death." This nearly mindless marshmallow of a pronunciamento does no service to the play, which, in spite of an admirable production, turns out to be in desperate need of all the help it can get. When it opened, exactly thirty years ago last month, Wolcott Gibbs summed up the occasion—and the author—in this magazine by saying, "An evening in the theatre with William Saroyan is rather like spending an evening with a drunkard—a talented, sentimental, and witty man, but tight as a mink. There are times when he is very funny, with a wild, rich invention that no sober man can equal, and there are times when he is eloquent. Unfortunately, there are also times when he gets to talking about his girl, and this is when you wish he would just put his head down on the table and go to sleep. Mr. Saroyan's girl is the human race. Speaking with the assorted voices of bartenders, bums, policemen, hoofers, and prostitutes, Mr. Saroyan interrupts his play again and again to explain that he and Life are sweethearts."

That opinion was sound, and it remains sound. "The Time of Your Life" is a ramshackle affair, mildly amusing when it is content to be a vaudeville; as a play, it has no center, and its surface is fatally smeared over with a sticky sweetness that the young Saroyan had what amounted to a patent on. He was a man who, without a blush, could speak of "little" people, meaning not leprechauns but human beings. Now, *pace* Mr. Lahr, even in the thirties there were any number of young people who, stalking their innocence like pathfinders—or maybe finding the path of their innocence like stalkers—had their doubts about Dr. Saroyan's magic cure-all; they might have been able to swallow the syrup, but they couldn't keep it down.

The most notable single aspect of the present production is a marvellous barroom set by Douglas W. Schmidt. It strikes just the right note of nostalgia to make us forgive much of the false pathos that we are doomed to endure throughout the evening. Romping about inside the set is a large and splendid cast, which includes James Broderick as Joe, "an easy-going loafer with money and a good heart;" Philip Bosco as the owner of the bar; Leonard Frey





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as a hoofer; Matthew Cowles as a young man in love; Susan Tyrrell in the well-nigh impossible role of sensitive prostitute; Lorenzo Fuller as a bum who happens (the Saroyan touch) to be an excellent pianist; and Robert Symonds as an old Indian fighter named Kit Carson. It is Mr. Symonds who has the funniest lines, many of them directly descended from Mark Twain, and he squeezes the last drop of good from them, as Twain himself on the lecture platform used to do. The director, John Hirsch, has wisely kept the play moving at a pace that back in the thirties would have been called snappy. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Meanwhile, Back at the Lab

"ACROPOLIS," the second of Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre productions, which opened last week at the Washington Square Methodist Church, is an adaptation (there must be a stronger word) of a play by Stanislaw Wyspianski, written in 1904. The action of the original (according to an extremely helpful synopsis in the program) "takes place on the eve of the Day of Resurrection in the Royal Castle of Cracow, which is the true Polish Acropolis." The characters are figures from a tapestry in the adjacent cathedral, who act out scenes from Homer's epics and from the Bible. "The play is conceived as a total vision of the Mediterranean culture. The basic archaic themes of this culture . . . are being submitted by the poet to a test of their moral vitality as he ponders on the relics of the past in this greatest of Polish museums, which he describes as the 'Necropolis of tribes.' " To find a modern parallel for the Necropolis of tribes, Mr. Grotowski has moved the action to the extermination camp at Auschwitz, where the doomed inmates act out distortions of scenes from the Old Testament and from classical mythology. The audience is seated in small groups around an open area, and the action takes place all about us. On a platform in the center of the floor is a pile of metal junk—pipes and tubs and a wheelbarrow—which is used in the small scenes and in the stretches between them, when the prisoners go back to their degrading work of hammering and pounding. As was true of "The Constant Prince," the Polish Laboratory Theatre's opening production, most of the acting is a matter of bodily movement—the stunned, agonized,

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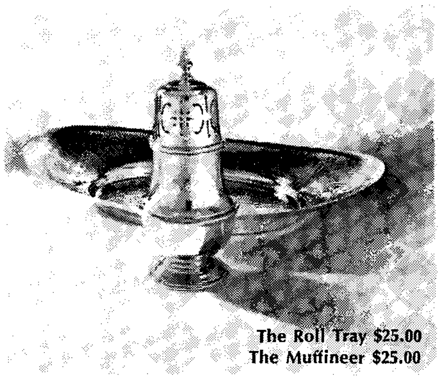
masklike expressions on the actors' faces rarely change—and while the language barrier is not as great as one might expect, it is there all the same. In "The Constant Prince," words were used almost as abstract sound; here speeches are actually recited and lines are spoken. Nevertheless—and again—it is the movements and the physical control of the performers that are astonishing, if often baffling. The production is an engrossing technical display, and you've never seen anything like it. And yet . . . Is it possible to see a play about Auschwitz without being moved? It now is possible. "The image of mankind projected on the background of the monstrous and perverted civilization of the extermination camp is meant to set in motion the poetic process of pity and horror." It does not. Fascination, yes, and a tension that responds to the almost incredible tension of the actors, and admiration for some of the most effective and powerful scenes. (At the end, the players descend into what are presumably the furnaces in a writhing group that could have been imagined by Bosch.) But catharsis, no.

"THE LOCAL STIGMATIC," at the Actors Playhouse, is a first play by a young Englishman named Heathcote Williams. It is a hateful play but one that seems to me to show considerable promise, telling, with more fuss than is necessary, the story of a pair of vicious Cockney homosexuals, on the loose in London's West End, who wander into a pub, spot a movie actor having a drink by himself, and strike up an acquaintance with him. After baiting him with their knowledge of the roles he has played and with their terribly inside questions about his work, the loathsome pair walk out with him and then mug him, stomp him, and disfigure him with a knife. The more menacing of the Cockneys is played by Al Pacino, formerly the menacing hoodlum of "The Indian Wants the Bronx" and the menacing young drug addict of "Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?," and his subtly quiet and then suddenly explosive performance is as frightening as ever. He ought to try something else, I suppose, or he may wind up a star. Joseph Maher, who is a very valuable man to have in a company, caricatures the actor effectively—all gush at the compliments and ever bursting with intimate, knowledgeable chatter about his trade. It must be said that Mr. Williams does not show much sense of character, but he has a razor-sharp ear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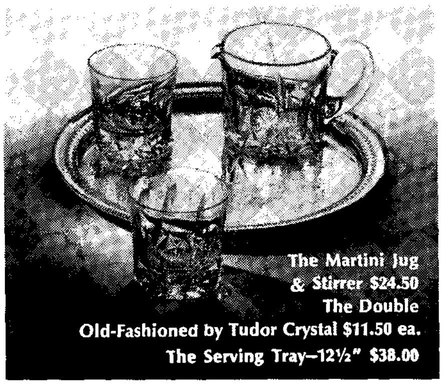
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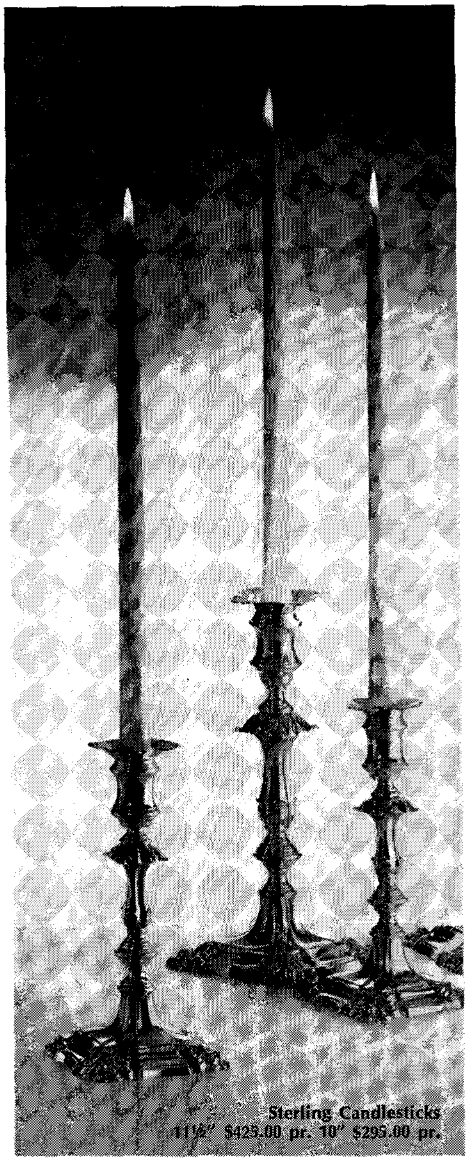
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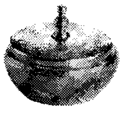
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for vernacular speech, and, protégé of Harold Pinter's that he is, he has provided some amusing monologues on such subjects as whippet racing, society gossip columns, and how to handle a really difficult director.

"The Local Stigmatic" is preceded by a number of short sketches by Pinter himself—splintered Pinter. Brief encounters, all of them funny and mysterious, and each of them with a buried explosive—dramatic or comic or painful—they at times sound, with their inexplicable pauses and daily banalities and absurd emphases, like pieces of a telephone conversation overheard on a crossed wire, yet they are anything but pointless. We are, in every instance, left on the brink of something. The funniest of them is a television interview with a dealer in pornographic books. ("What I mean to say—the people in our trade don't derive much benefit from Christmas.") Mr. Maher and Paul Benedict split the men's roles between them, and both are very good. Sudie Bond, who has brightened up countless evenings for all of us, is only pretty good, and her English accent is pretty bad. There are seven sketches in all, and I wish there were seventy.

"RONDELAY," a musical at the Hudson West, attempts to make a mockery of Arthur Schnitzler's "La Ronde," that soft-cynical comedy about sex in old Vienna, and a self-mocker if ever there was one. The result is a witless, elaborate mess with, as is so often the case, vestiges of everything that must have given those concerned with the show some hope of success—a tuneful snatch of song, the look of a costume, the right kind of performance (amid a lot of bad performances), an amusing idea in a lyric. Not a chance. The theatre, a new one, is pleasant, and it deserved a better launching.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Talking on a need for "human areas" in the city, Dean O'Driscoll said the plan would create a public area from the knave of the cathedral to the street.—*Vancouver (B.C.) Province.*

It's impractical. That knave doesn't stay still a minute.

•

Senator Javits deplored "the underground" that enables U.S. deserters to escape into Canada (while having dinner at Pearl's).—*Earl Wilson in the Post.*

Sounds more ingenious than deplorable.

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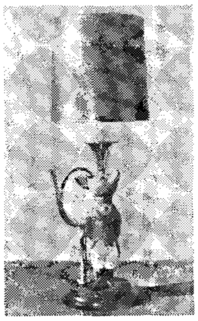

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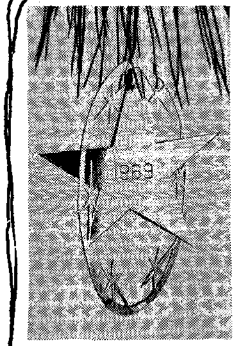

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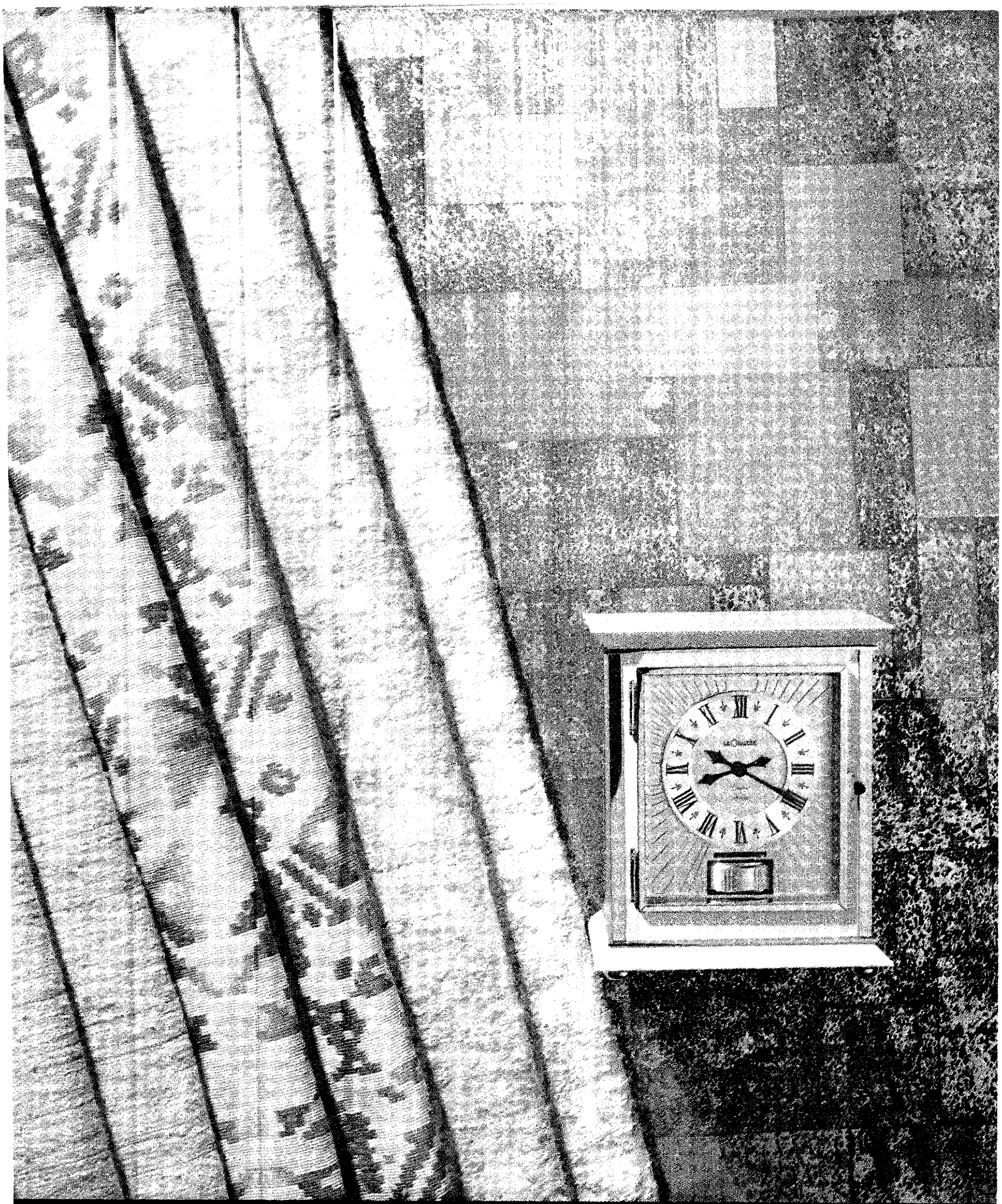

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U.S. JOURNAL: LOWER BUCKS COUNTY, PA.

BUYING AND SELLING ALONG ROUTE 1

I Was a Pig at Greenwood Dairies

AN ice-cream cone at the Greenwood Dairies has half a pound of ice cream on it—making it so top-heavy that it is ordinarily presented to the customer upside down, resting on a piece of waxed paper. That's the single-dip cone. The double-dip cone has an even pound, or about a quart of ice cream—the same amount that Greenwood serves in a locally famous sundae called a Pig's Dinner. A Pig's Dinner has four scoops of ice cream resting on a bed of sliced bananas, covered with a choice of topping, and served in an eight-inch plastic trough. The customer also gets a yellow button that says "I Was a Pig at Greenwood Dairies." The buttons are a particularly popular item.

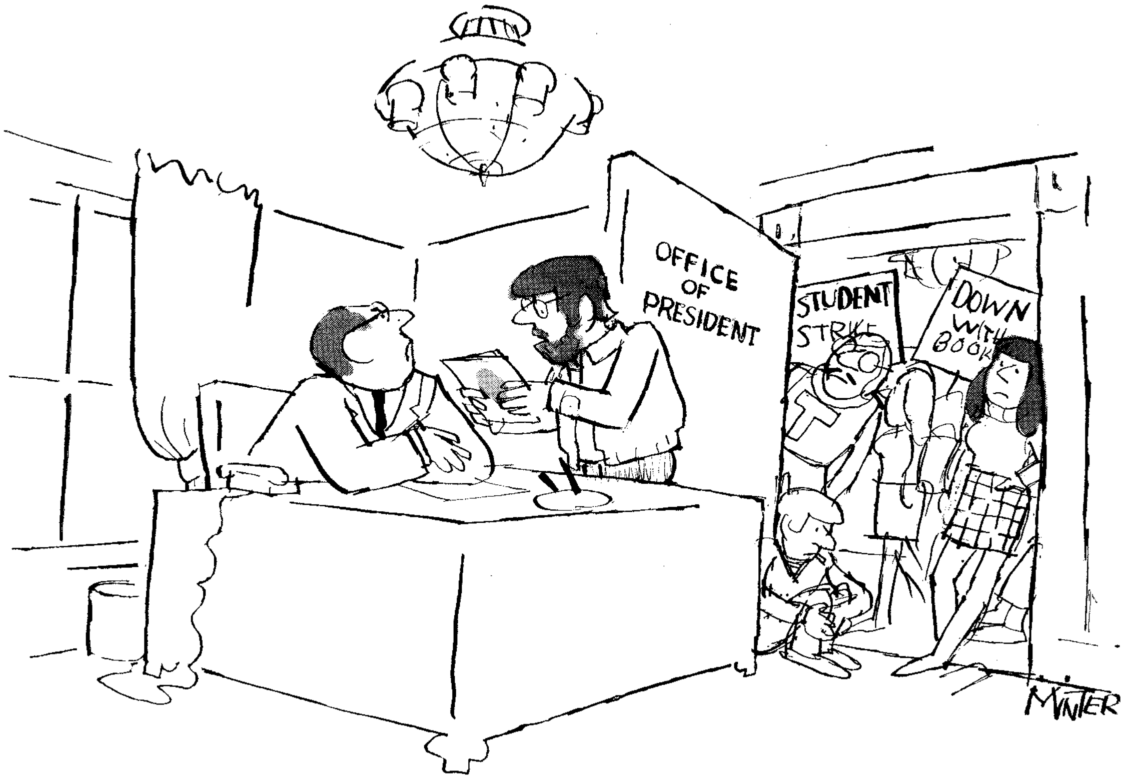
In the thirties, when Paul Sauerbry, a former 4-H champion from Oelwein, Iowa, came to Lower Bucks County, the area between Philadelphia and Trenton, it was almost as rural as Iowa—despite the impression Sauerbry had received at a Washington 4-H convention that "lots more was going on in the East than in Iowa, and where things are going on there must be money." Sauerbry bought Greenwood Dairies, a small, two-route milk business, and moved it to Route 1, then the main route up the East Coast and the only direct road between Philadelphia and New York. There was plenty of milk available from farmers right across the highway—at least until the early fifties, when all of that farmland became Levittown, Pennsylvania, a community of seventeen thousand houses. Even before Levittown, Sauerbry had steadily expanded his operation. He now has a fleet of green-and-white trucks that deliver ten to twelve thousand quarts of milk a day. The store that he began in the early forties to sell his own ice cream now looks more like a restaurant than a store and does a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of business a year in bulk ice cream, ice-cream cones, Pig's Dinners, light lunches, a small line of groceries, souvenirs, and stuffed animals.

Sauerbry still thinks of himself as a dairyman. The store has a modest sign, decorated with a sundae not much larger than the ones served inside. The store accounts for less than a third of Greenwood's annual sales—although, as the *Milk Plant Monthly* has pointed out in an admiring article on Sauerbry, it brings in not only money but prospective customers for milk delivery. Sauerbry and his son, who also works in the business, are proud that their ice cream is made of freshly condensed milk rather than dried milk, that the mint chocolate chip has the same kind of authentic chocolate found in a chocolate bar, and that the vanilla is made with real vanilla beans. But they realize that the size of the portions is what brings many people into the store.

Sauerbry is also aware that a lot of people can't finish the portions, causing a certain amount of waste. The trash bin in front of the dairy always contains a number of half-eaten half-pound ice-cream cones. Sauerbry has thought of cutting down portions rather than steadily raising prices; in fact, the Pig's Dinner used to have five scoops of ice cream rather than four. But he doesn't think his customers will stand for further reductions. The most common complaint at Greenwood is not that helpings are too big but that the customer did not receive his fair share. Sometimes people return a sundae complaining of niggardliness, and the Sauerbrys have to put the sundae on the scale to demonstrate that it does indeed weigh a pound. The Sauerbrys do not seem to be the kind of people who might spend a lot of time musing on why a dairy that makes its vanilla from real vanilla beans finds it necessary to sell it by serving more than most people can eat—and throwing in a pig button. "When we started dipping cones, in them days there were quite a few dairy stores," Sauerbry says. "We all gave big portions." If the younger Sauerbry is asked why Greenwood Dairies customers are so fond of large portions, he just shrugs and says, "Everybody wants quantity."

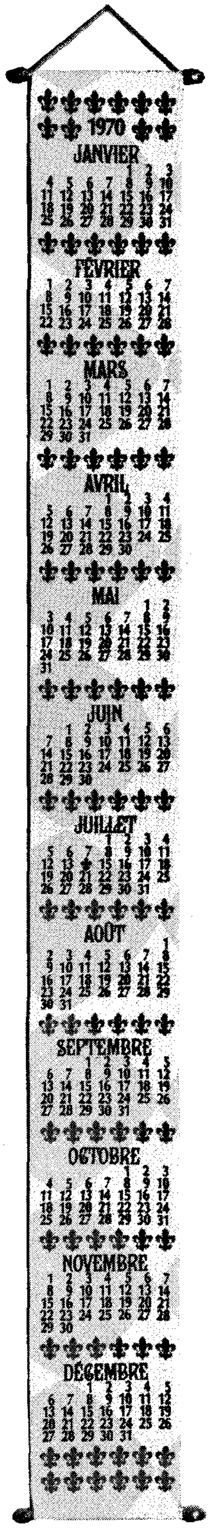
Working Out a Deal

THE merchandising method of Reedman's, the world's largest car dealer, seems to be based on the theory that a lot of Americans have bought so many new cars that they consider themselves experts at the art. Respecting the fact that a man of ex-



"These are our three-point non-negotiable demands: No more pencils, no more books, no more teachers' dirty looks."

How long is a year...?



This one, a vertical hanging calendar hand-screened on felt, is 5½ feet from top to bottom, and 7 inches wide. Months in French, blue numerals with red fleur-de-lis border; gold silk cord, brass nobs. Available either on dark gold or white background (please specify). A delight to look at all year long. Gift-boxed. **$5.50, postpaid**
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perience will have gone beyond loyalty to any one make of car, Reedman salesmen are equally helpful about selling him a new Chevrolet or a new Plymouth or a new almost anything else; Reedman's has fourteen new-car franchises. Reedman salesmen will reassure a customer that the small Plymouth station wagon and the small Dodge station wagon, both of which Reedman's handles, are virtually the same car—the slight difference in headlights and the different names being merely a way to make one car do for two different dealers. Good hard shoptalk is expected among experts. Included in the Reedman display of the Plymouth Duster and the American Motors' Hornet is the competing car not handled by Reedman's, the Ford Maverick—its roof decorated with a sign drawing attention to the relative puniness of its wheelbase, its trunk open to reveal a sign that says "The Exposed Gas Tank Is in the Trunk Floor." Since the customer will be sophisticated enough to know precisely what he wants in a car—whether, for example, he can do without air-conditioning but must have vinyl bucket seats—Reedman's has an inventory of some five thousand cars, and a computer that will instantly find out if a particular model is available and will then type out a precise description of it before the customer's eyes. An enormous selection being a great advantage in dealing with expert car purchasers, some people in the trade say that Reedman's sells so many cars because it has so many to sell—a merchandising adaptation of Mies van der Rohe's "Less is More" dictum that comes out "More is More."

The Reedman newspaper advertisement invites customers to a hundred-and-fifty-acre, one-stop car center that has a ten-million-dollar selection of cars—and then, adding the note of exclusivity that is considered necessary in advertising even the world's largest, it says, "Private Sale Now Going On." The premises on which the private sale is held look like the average citizen's vision of the supply depot at Cam Ranh Bay. Behind a series of showrooms on Route 1, just down the road from the Greenwood Dairies, the five thousand cars are lined up on acres and acres of asphalt—the neat rows interrupted by occasional watchtowers and the entire area surrounded by a heavy, iron, electronically monitored fence. On a busy Saturday, attendants direct streams of traffic in and out of the customers' parking lot. Hostesses with the dress and manner of airline steward-

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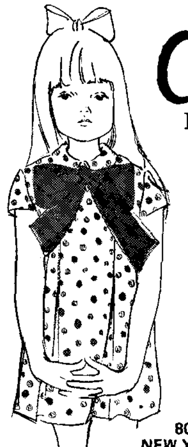

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Children's Christmas Catalog on request.

esses circulate in the showrooms offering to call a salesman for anybody who feels the need of one. Muzak, which reaches the most remote line of hardtops, is interrupted every two or three bars by calls for salesmen.

The opportunity to perfect a veteran car buyer's style is so great at Reedman's—the opportunity to shrug off a computer's offer of a Dodge Coronet with fourteen extras, to exchange jargon about engines and wheelbases, to take a new model for a few spins around the Reedman test track and make some observations to the family about how she handles on the curves—that some people seem to make Saturday at Reedman's a kind of outing. A lot of them, of course, find themselves buying a car, with vinyl bucket seats *and* air-conditioning. The route back to the customers' parking lot leads through a small building where the customer is greeted by a man even more helpful than the hostesses. "How'd you make out, sir?" the man asks. "What kind of car were you looking at? What was your trade-in? Who was your salesman? Of course you want to think about it, but why wait?" There is no reason for an experienced car buyer to concern himself with the fact that his most recent experience was so recent that he has yet to pay for the car he has; the first sign on the Reedman lot begins, "If you still have payments on your present car, truck, etc., we will pay off the balance and work out a deal."

Although selling at Reedman's is based on working out a deal rather than on glamour or showmanship, a car dealer cannot afford to create an atmosphere of pure, unglamorous functionalism. If anyone is going to be totally practical, why should he spend his money on an overlarge, gas-eating, non-functional, instantly depreciating new car? Although the Chevrolet section of the Reedman showrooms is crowded with as many models as can be crammed in, the décor includes huge crystal chandeliers and wallpaper of raised-velvet fleur-de-lis patterns on ersatz gold leaf. On one wall of the showroom, a picture display of Reedman service facilities describes one of the three waiting rooms available for service customers as having "fifteen stereophonic speakers mounted in the acoustical ceiling," as well as "embossed vinyl covered walls, plus carpeting, velvet draperies, a crystal chandelier and living-room type furniture." Any car buyer of experience recognizes that as a description of something that, with the addition of some heavy-duty whitewall

Kim will never be
a Foster Child the way
her mother was.

In 1951, when Kim's mother, Chung Hae Ja, was an eight-year-old North Korean fatherless refugee, life was bleak. When her mother died, Hae Ja was cared for by cousins. And Foster Parents Plan.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Stephen Kaufman saw an ad like this and wrote for a Foster Child. Through Mrs. Kaufman's regular monthly donations, Hae Ja had the opportunity to get an education. She had medical attention when she needed it. And shoes and pencils and a warm coat.

Hae Ja also had a love of music, and because she was a Foster Child she was able to pursue that interest. Today, as Mrs. Kim Hae Ja, she earns $148 a month as a piano teacher and is buying her own piano on installments.

At Foster Parents Plan we like to tell stories like these to people who say "Sure, I'll become a Foster Parent. But what good will it really do?"

Take a close look at little Kim, and you'll see what good Foster Parents Plan can do.

If you want to build a better world, do you know a better way than by sending in this coupon today?

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tires, could provide great transportation until next year's models come out.

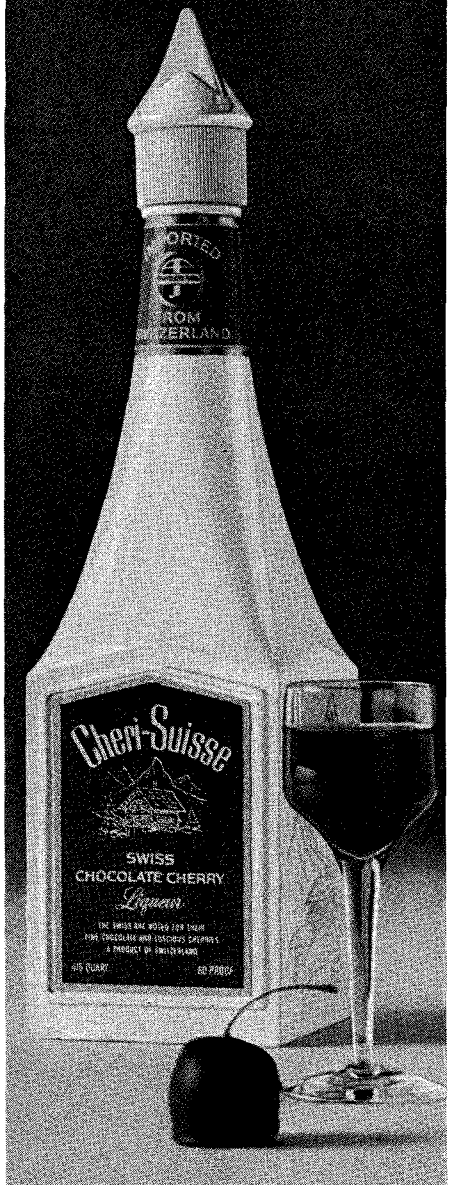
DON'T SIT DOWN

ONLY a few small, arrow-shaped signs lead customers a mile or so off Route 1, near Reedman's, to the farm outlet of Styer's Orchards. Styer's advertises in a local shopping paper, but Walter Styer believes that, basically, satisfied customers bring business and dissatisfied customers keep it away. "It's important never to have anybody griping on you," he says. Styer's will usually replace a jug of spoiled apple cider even if the customer himself let it spoil by leaving it unrefrigerated—as if it contained preservatives, like the processed cider that Styer cannot mention without a slight grimace. Walter Styer is a small, almost bald man in his seventies. His family came to Lower Bucks County in 1910 to start a tree-nursery business, which gradually changed into a fruit business. In the forties, people in the area used to come down the narrow lane to the Styers' farmhouse to buy apples, and eventually the Styers started using the barn as a store and the neighbors started coming in to help with the selling. After the building of Levittown and the opening of a United States Steel plant in Fairless Hills, the Styers finally opened a store out on the road. Styer says the business has now grown to the point of having an overhead of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Styer believes in salesmanship. "I used to sell at the Farmer's Market in Trenton, and we almost took over that market," he has said. "It got so the other farmers didn't like us. For one thing, I never sat down. I was always ready to help the customer. Some of the farmers would turn over a box and sit down and just stare at people, but I would always get people talking—ask them what kind of apples they liked, or something like that. Once, I was selling strawberries at fifteen cents a box, and next to me a fellow was selling the identical strawberries at two boxes for a quarter. Pretty soon, I sold all my strawberries, and he hadn't sold any. And he asked me why. I looked at his strawberries and I said, 'First of all, look how you've got them arranged. The stems are sticking up. People don't eat stems. Rearrange them with the stems down. Then you ought to get paid for your time for doing that, so charge fifteen cents a box like I did.' Then I stayed to watch, and I told him, 'Don't sit down.' Pretty soon, he sold all his strawberries."

The Styers are not in the position of

If you've ever tasted a chocolate covered cherry you've almost tasted Cheri-Suisse.



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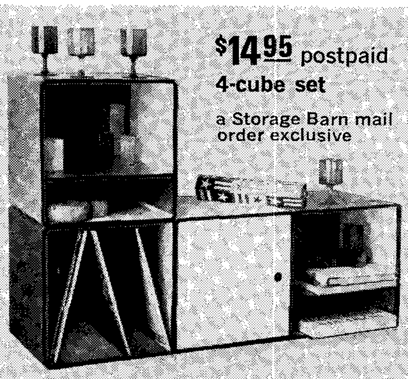

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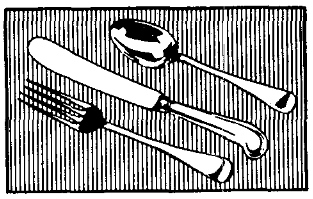

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having to think up sales pitches to justify changes made in this year's model by somebody they don't even know. Almost everything sold at the farm outlet is from their own farm. A lot of the salesmanship is merely a matter of presenting well what they are confident is good merchandise. The store is immaculate. All of the apples are washed and displayed in neat rows of clean half-bushel baskets. There is always a bin of free apples near the door. The apple pies and pumpkin pies are baked in stainless-steel ovens before the customers' eyes. The walls are decorated with Indian corn. There are a few standard signs for Pennsylvania apples ("Nature's Toothbrush"), but most of the signs are done in crayon—giving them a nice, neat homemade look, as if they had been commissioned to the best drawer in the sixth grade.

Styer is proud of the store, although he laments the failure of most of the clerks to lead customers into conversation. "You *got* to be a salesman," he says. When Styer greeted an out-of-town visitor at the farmhouse recently, he had just returned from a business meeting (the family has other interests in Lower Bucks County, including some of the real estate on Route 1), and he looked like a banker who had been home only long enough to take his jacket off. Before taking his visitor to see the store, he excused himself for a few minutes and returned wearing an old pair of corduroy pants and a dark cardigan sweater very much like one Paul Sauerbry wears around the dairy. "That's a farm outlet, and people don't want to see a business executive out there," he said. "You got to look the part."

MOSTLY SELL

THE Two Guys Discount Department Store in the Levittown Country Club Shopping Center, across Route 1 from Reedman's, is small by the standards of Two Guys stores but large by the standards of, say, football fields. It is a hundred and five thousand square feet, and, like all Two Guys stores, it is what people in the Two Guys chain call "mostly sell"—that is, most of its space is space in which customers actually buy merchandise. In a Two Guys store, the stockrooms and the sales space are virtually identical; one step in the supply process is saved by having customers help themselves from merchandise that is brought in by Two Guys trucks from a central warehouse and stored right on the selling floor. The Two Guys store in Levittown has a kind of warehouse look—one

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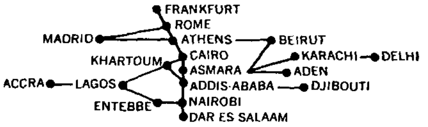

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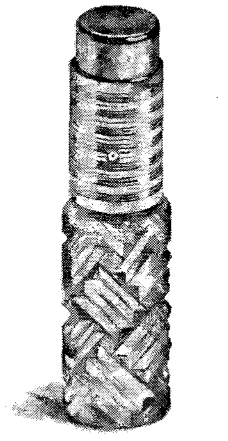
huge room containing massive stacks of every type of merchandise, with the merchandise on the lower part of some stacks still in packing cartons. In the toy department, the customer sees not just one or two Talk 'n' Do Choo-Choos but twenty Talk 'n' Do Choo-Choos. In the hardware department, a dozen or so examples of each type of hammer extend from racks on the wall. The art department has three-dimensional "Last Supper"s fifteen deep. In Boutique Shoes, one shelf includes thirty-five identical pairs of black pumps.

Displaying merchandise in mass contributes to the efficiency of the Two Guys central-warehouse operation, and it also makes people buy more. Since the advent of the supermarket, retailers have known that seeing, say, twenty cartons of avocado-colored Tahiti tumblers in a mass creates an impulse to buy some avocado-colored Tahiti tumblers. A lot of shoppers who might pass up a display demonstrating the virtues of a hair dryer find a six-foot stack of hair dryers irresistible. Two Guys has even discovered that if all the red coats are hung together rather than scattered among the other coats on the rack, they sell faster. More is More.

COME FLY WITH US

JIM FLANNERY'S Constellation Lounge is a Constellation. It originally belonged to Cubana Airlines. Flannery bought it two years ago from an airline based in Delaware and had it placed over his restaurant, on Route 1, not far down the road from Two Guys. Motorists approaching from the south come around a curve just before Flannery's and find the Constellation suddenly in front of them—coming in low over the Esso station, as if some desperate T.W.A. pilot who had been on a holding pattern over LaGuardia since before the jets came in finally decided to land on Route 1.

Except for having a Constellation on top of it, Jim Flannery's looks like a lot of suburban restaurants—a windowless building with the owner's name written on the side in plastic script. It has leatherette booths as well as tables, a menu specializing in steaks and seafood, a bar, and a piano player who was once with Arthur Godfrey. The walls are lined with the paintings of local artists—many of the local artists in this case being Levittown housewives who specialize in still-lifes and matadors and sad-faced clowns. The Constellation provides a second bar, entered from the main restaurant by a



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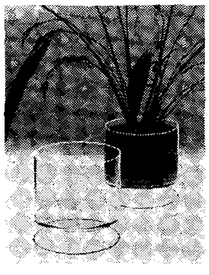

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stairway decorated with a mural called "A History of Flight."

Flannery says that a lot of men whose wives have been reluctant to take their first flight bring them to the Constellation Lounge as a kind of transition step. The waitresses have found that the reaction of most people to being in a lounge that is also an airplane is to make a joke about hijacking. As part of his effort to give a feeling of actual flight, Flannery covered the windows with color transparencies of aerial views of places like Miami and New York, and some customers complain about not being able to see the actual view out the window—although the actual view happens to be a section of Route 1 lined with four or five filling stations, a furniture store, a Kiddie City discount toy store, a used-car lot, and an enterprise called the Skyline Diner and Carwash. Flannery, who considers the Constellation a "functional sign," serves drinks in the kind of throwaway glasses used in airplanes and uses "Come Fly with Us" as his motto for billboards and radio ads and napkins. He gives away souvenir pins and tie clasps that are in the shape of Constellations but do not mention the name of the restaurant. "It's subtle," he says. "Very subtle."

On a week night recently, the downstairs bar was crowded—a jolly group was singing "Happy Birthday" to somebody named Arthur—but there were few diners, and the Constellation Lounge looked like a ghost ship. Flannery said business had been slow all week. He thought it might have had something to do with the President's asking people not to spend so much. "Have you seen those TV ads they're running where the guy keeps buying things and pretty soon he turns into a pig?" he asked a guest. Flannery shook his head in wonderment over the ways of government, and said, "A few years ago they were encouraging people to buy."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

●

> The commutative principle for addition (or CPA) is a fancy name for a fact everyone knows: 3 plus 4 equals 4 plus 3. As you can see, this principle simply states that if you add any two numbers, the answer is not affected by the order in which you add them.
>
> The commutative principle for multiplication (CPM) is based on the same idea: 3 times 4 equals (19 plus 11) plus 37.
>
> The associative principles are similar.
>
> —*Dallas Times Herald.*

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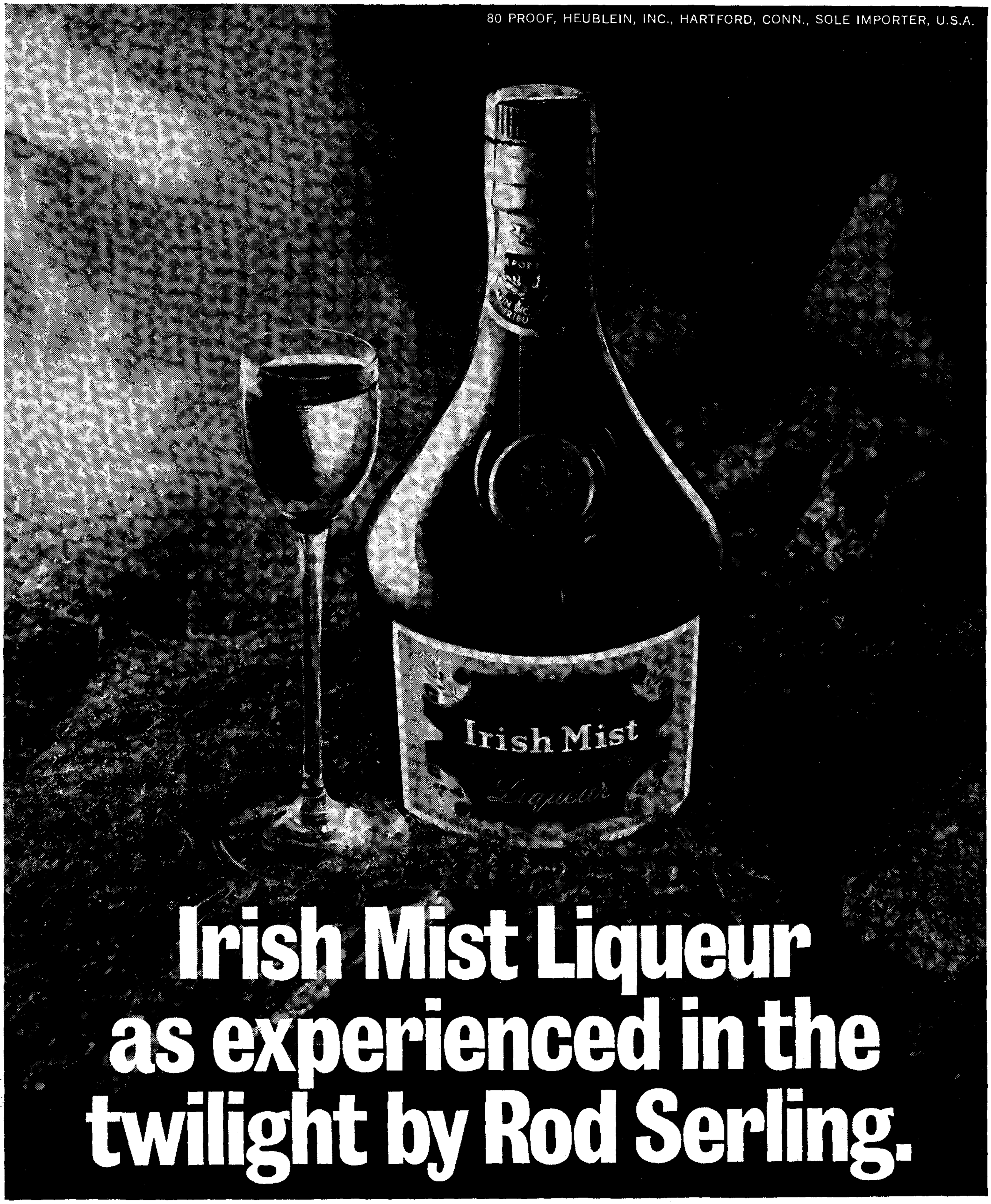
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Some say Irish Mist Liqueur was first distilled by the "little people."

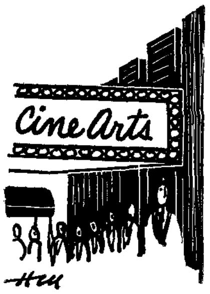
But we are too rational to believe that.

Or are we?

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Blood and Snow

"In the Year of the Pig" is an assemblage of news footage and interviews that presents an overview of the Vietnam war; Ho Chi Minh is the hero, and the theme is not, as might be expected, the tragic destruction of Vietnam but the triumph of Vietnam over the American colossus. The movie is not a piece of reporting: Emile de Antonio, who gathered the material, has never been to Vietnam; his footage comes from a variety of sources, not specified on the screen but elsewhere acknowledged to include East Germany, Hanoi, the National Liberation Front offices in Prague, Britain, and some American companies (A.B.C., Paramount News, U.P.I., Pathé News, Fox Movietone News), and there is a Russian-staged reënactment of the battle of Dien Bien Phu. But, taking this footage from all over, he has made a strong film that does what American television has failed to do. It provides a historical background and puts the events of the last few years into an intelligible framework. Though the television coverage has often been covertly anti-war, and though watching the Americans behave like the bad guys in Hollywood war movies has undoubtedly helped turn the country against the war, the general effect of years of this has been a numbing one—constant horror but no clear idea of how each day's events fitted in, and growing uncertainty about the meaning of victories and defeats beyond the day's events. We now feel helpless to understand the war; we want to end it, and the fact that we can't demoralizes us. We seem to be powerless. Because this film makes sense out of what's been going on, even if this sense isn't the only sense to be made of it, de Antonio's historical interpretation becomes remarkably persuasive.



The movie does not claim to be "objective" (except in the way that every documentary implicitly claims to be, because it uses photographic records and, despite talk of media sophistication, "seeing is believing"). One could certainly argue that "In the Year of the Pig" (the title, I assume, does not refer only to the Chinese calendar) is merely restoring the balance by showing "the other side"—that if it attempted to be "objective" it would turn into another of those essays in confusion, like the network specials, that balance everything out until they get a collection of the disparate facts and platitudes that are considered "responsible" journalism. However, while the commentators' face-saving gestures and revelations have made us aware of the tacit commitment in that kind of coverage, we may be less conscious of the games being played with this footage. Some of them are obvious, loaded little tricks, like the film's crude beginning (a body in flames, still moving, followed by satiric glimpses of Hubert H. Humphrey, John Foster Dulles, President Johnson), and there are pranks (the insertion of a closeup of a toothy photo of Joseph P. Kennedy, and one of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., looking like a lewd Dracula). This is schoolboy stuff: de Antonio's judgment is erratic. But in the main line of the narrative he plays a highly sophisticated game, using the pick of the archives and recent interviews, expertly (and often very sensitively) edited, and with unusually good sound-editing.

What de Antonio has done is to present the issues of the war and American policy and the American leaders as Hanoi might see them, and he has done it out of our own mouths. He has gone to what must have been enormous effort to put the film together so that the words of men like Dulles, Dean Rusk, Joe McCarthy, and Wayne Morse and of experts and journalists like Roger Hilsman, Paul Mus, Harrison Salisbury, Jean Lacouture, and David Halberstam tell the story. They provide his polemic, without any additional narration. This makes it more credible—and more of a feat. De Antonio calls the film "political theatre," and the counterpoint of words and actions involves so many heavy ironies it becomes too much of a feat. He's almost too clever, and his cleverness debases the subject; the method is a little obscene. But one tends to accept the line of argument, not just because it's a coherent historical view but because emotionally it feeds our current self-hatred.

The Americans make it so easy for de Antonio to build his case. When you listen to Mark Clark and Curtis LeMay, the war really sounds like a racist war. They're war boosters out of the political cartoons of an earlier era; their dialogue would make us laugh at

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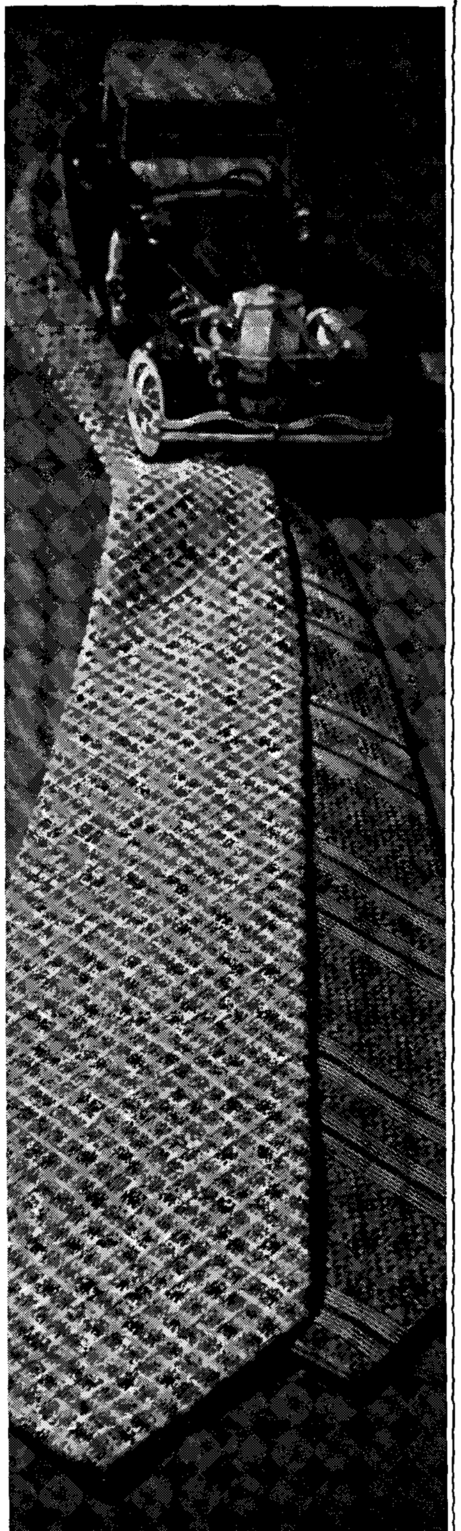

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how old-fashioned the satire was if we read it in a Sinclair Lewis novel. When one hears LeMay's vindictive tone as he talks about how every work of man in North Vietnam should be destroyed if that is what it takes to win, and when one hears Mark Clark say of the Vietnamese, "They're willing to die readily, like all Orientals are," it's hard to believe that the war they're engaged in is the same war that's still going on. I saw this film on the afternoon of Monday, November 3rd, and after sitting there and thinking how far away much of it seemed—Eisenhower with President Diem, the dragon lady Mme. Nhu, Dulles and the domino theory, the American leaders explaining how we were going to help the Vietnamese help themselves—I came home to hear President Nixon's speech, which seemed to belong to the same past as the speeches in the movie, though the new rhetoric is smoother and more refined. The continuity of the war that evoked the earlier crude justifications with the war that's still going on, even though hardly anybody believes in the justifications anymore, makes one susceptible to de Antonio's argument. In the context of the movie, even the casual stupidities of American soldiers sound meaningfully racist. When some American soldiers relaxing on a beach say that they miss girls, they're asked what's the matter with the Vietnamese girls, and a silly, grinning boy replies, "They're gooks. You know, slant-eyes. They're no good," and we're revved up to think, "The pig! And our leaders are trying to tell us he's there to keep the Vietnamese free!" In another context, we might simply think that this silly, lonely soldier was trying to find acceptable male slang for not being interested in girls he can't talk to. It might even mean that he wanted *more* than sex. In this context, America is represented by clips of our leaders at their most repellent, of an American soldier who stands by smiling as a helpless, bound prisoner is kicked in the groin, of Mark Clark and Curtis LeMay, and of young George S. Patton III saying of his buddies, "They're a bloody good bunch of killers" (also a line that would sound very different in the context of, say, a Second World War movie). De Antonio finds a soldier who likes defoliation work, because it seems a step toward ending the war; Morley Safer, it may be remembered, interviewed a G.I. who said that he didn't like "riding the people's gardens down." No doubt there are both kinds, and certainly they're both destructive, whether they like the work or not. But

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by selecting Americans who do like it, by selecting Curtis LeMay and the others, de Antonio obviously means to suggest a basic rottenness in Americans, and an America that is anti-life. After one watches the movie for a while, the Americans in it begin to look monstrously callow, like clumsy, oversized puppets.

De Antonio has not merely made a protest film documenting the "downward spiral" (as the North Vietnamese Pham Van Dong described it) of American policy, though that is the film's most valuable aspect. He has attempted to foreshadow the fall of the West—and not just in Vietnam—by presenting the Vietnamese as a people solidly behind Ho Chi Minh, who represents their goals and ideals, and as a people who have been ennobled by war and who must win. In his own way, de Antonio seems to support Mark Clark's view of Orientals; the movie suggests that the Vietnamese are willing to die because they are united in a common purpose, and that if they die, their dying still somehow stands for life, while we are dying though we live. The tone of the latter part of the film is almost mystical; the ability of the tiny country to go on fighting against a great power is not presented in practical terms of how much more difficult it is for a super-nation to fight in a divided, decentralized country than to incapacitate a modern, powerful, centralized state but, rather, in terms of our inability to defeat the mystical spirit, the will (and perhaps the destiny?) of Ho Chi Minh's people. It is, in other words, as patriotic and jingoistic and, in its way, as pro-war as American wartime movies used to be about *our* mission and destiny, and in this reversal it is the Americans who have become dehumanized.

"DOWNHILL RACER" is about a poor American boy (Robert Redford) trying to become an Olympic skiing champion and succumbing to a sex parasite (Camilla Sparv), who deserts him when he loses a race. In other words, it's "Blood and Sand" on the ski slopes, with the addition of the team coach (right out of an old Pat O'Brien movie) who shakes his head over the boy's arrogance but trains him to become a true winner—which, as in old movies, still means a change of heart before the big match. The older versions' virtuous girl back home who really loved the boy is now the hometown girl who's good in the back seat of a Chevrolet. She doesn't make any demands, though she queries the hero on whether she should go away to become a dental technician or a wait-

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ress—a question the movie doesn't answer, though it's just about the only human question the movie raises. Nevertheless, "Downhill Racer" is a new movie in feeling and tempo, and it's not too bad. There's a sense of freedom in the way it's made (mixing 16-mm. with 35-mm. and moving *fast*), so even when it isn't good it isn't depressing the way a big, heavy, expensive movie is. There's no hemming and hawing; it isn't a drag. It's transient, which is right for the ski-race subject; it isn't meant to be art for the ages. Michael Ritchie, making his début as a movie director, uses too many *cinéma-vérité* clichés (especially at the beginning, one keeps backing away from the screen as the closeups keep hitting one like the yo-yos in 3-D movies), but he shows talent, and some wit, in handling the actors in the semi-documentary situations. He has a good feeling for short scenes and modern detail, and for movement, and his work is strengthened by the speed and shorthand style of the editing.

Just as the big companies have over-exploited optimism, the younger film-makers have been exploiting hopelessness and despair. It's a relief to see the new, loose moviemaking techniques freed from the shallow miseries. But the techniques of "Downhill Racer" deserve a better script. The scenarist, James Salter, tries for the spare, taut, "masculine" style of Ernest Hemingway. Maybe the script had to be tacked together to fit the ski footage, which is the true excitement of the film; still, crucial scenes are so laconic they sound as if they'd been written by Calvin Coolidge, and they get unintended laughs. When the hero goes home to visit his farmer father, the old man (who, like fathers in the days of silent pictures, seems to be a half century older than his son) greets him with "Hello. I got your postcard. Your cousin said to thank you for the stamps." The movie fails to affect us because the son is just as tongue-tied. Not being able to express himself to his father could mean something, and not being able to express himself to anyone could also mean something, if the movie told us *what* it meant. But the movie has no center; it doesn't come into focus on what the meaning of a champion is. It is no more expressive than "Hello. I got your postcard." We never find out what it means to this boy to become a champion, or what is in him that makes him one, so we don't much care whether he gets broken up on the slopes or wins. This kind of thing doesn't require lots of exposition; Paul Newman did it mainly in one short

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speech in "The Hustler," and it can be done non-verbally, too. The best dramatic moments in "Downhill Racer" *are* non-verbal (when Redford, sitting in a car—the front seat this time—with Camilla Sparv, drowns out her chatter about why she has been too busy for him by pressing his hand on the car horn; the smile of relief on Redford's face when his teammate gets up from a fall—a smile signalling us that he's good at heart and will be the winner). One gets the impression that the moviemakers are afraid to let the hero be "cocky," because that might be old hat, so he's nothing special—a little spoiled, maybe, and a little uncertain, and ludicrously terse, as if speech were what athletes are supposed to sublimate. The blankness and absence of consciousness in Redford's role suggest a misunderstanding of his appeal, and that is especially odd in a project he is said to have initiated. We like to see Redford because he doesn't make false, actorish moves; his humor and energy go beyond his roles and comment on them, indicating a stronger character—a man hiding as a juvenile. Redford has to go blank as an actor *not* to have that awareness that so many actors have to struggle to show. In a role in which we expect to see the intensifications of instinct and intelligence that set a champion off from his competition—and which indeed set Redford off from other, cloddish juveniles—he seems to be trying to turn himself into a young Robert Wagner or Rock Hudson. It appears that those who made this movie don't know the difference between a champion and a non-champion, in sports or in acting.

Ritchie has brought off one thing that takes skill, even though it isn't worth doing: he's kept the audience from howling at the coach's speeches. The coach, Gene Hackman, is such a sane, unassuming actor that he somehow makes it a pleasure to watch him as he delivers his ritual (though now quickie) sermons on moral fibre and sportsmanship; he does them with an earnestness befitting a saint. Ritchie also racks up some failures. The single worst sequence involves a woman journalist, who understands nothing of sports; it is condescendingly written and so excruciatingly directed that it stops the show cold—which serves the moviemakers right. Now that they're "sensitive" about Negroes, they're making women subhuman. Camilla Sparv, one of those girls who look better in stills than on the screen, plays her inscrutable-bitch role in the smiling, highborn, dragon-lady style of yesteryear. —PAULINE KAEL

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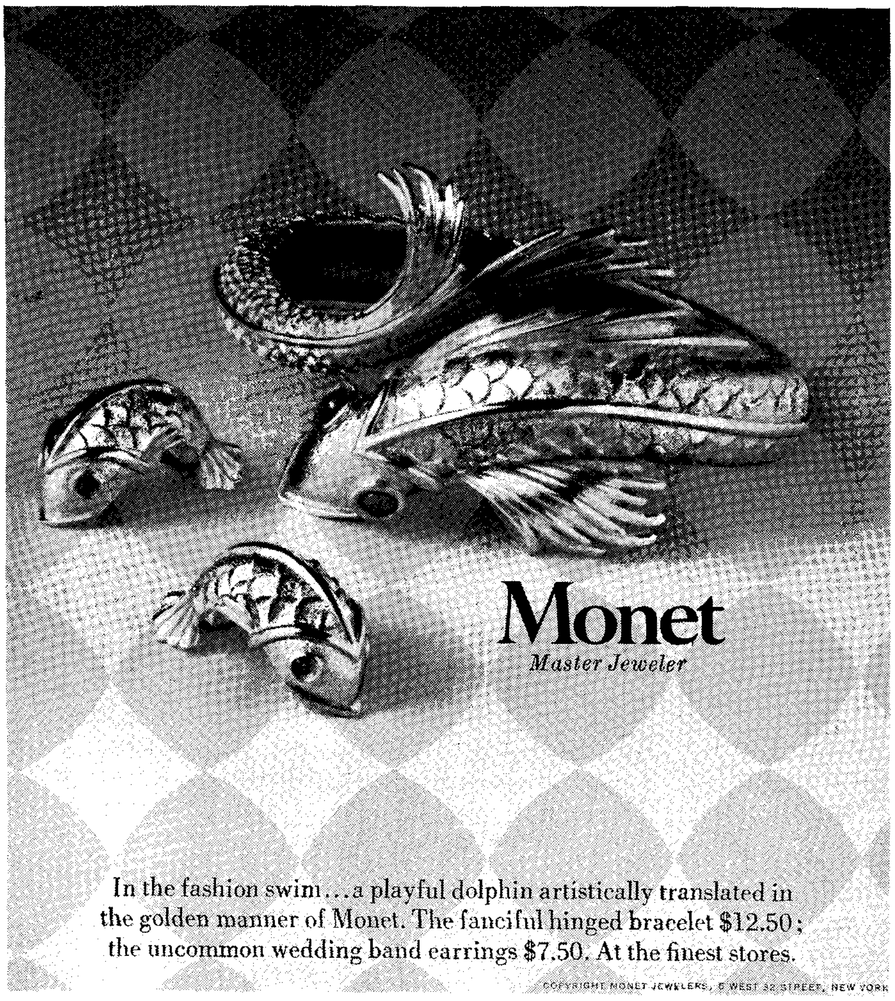

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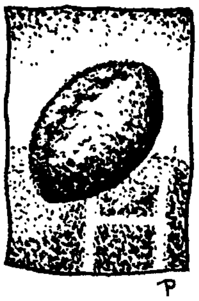

NOT a great deal was to be seen in these parts this past weekend. Army had taken its aches and pains out to Oregon (it managed a 17–17 tie, which is fair enough), and Navy had taken its same commodities to Florida. (If one can believe over-the-wire accounts, Navy had its finest hour of the year against Miami—its finest *quarter* hour, really—racking up a touchdown and a field goal in the first fifteen minutes before subsiding and watching the Miami touchdowns go by: Miami 30, Navy 10.) There *was* to be seen, it is true, the mud bath up at Baker Field, in which Dartmouth, one eye on the dubious turf and another on the season's forthcoming finale against Princeton, kept its footing long enough to beat Columbia, 37–7. And there was a mud bath in Yale Bowl, in which Yale, one eye on the dubious turf and one (a good trick) on both forthcoming Princeton and forthcoming Harvard, kept its footing long enough to beat Pennsylvania, 21–3. Aside from that, there were only the in-and-out Jets to watch; they spent the weekend beating Buffalo, 16–6.

But, ah! New England was enjoying one of its periodic reflowerings. Friday afternoon: Bridgton Academy, an entry from Maine, coming from behind to overtake the Boston University freshmen, 28–18. (In the rousing fourth quarter, each outfit put across two touchdowns.) Bridgton, finishing up its season unbeaten for the second time in three years, could be the making of more than one varsity that comes to mind—and probably will, tomorrow or the next day. As any good football match should, this one offered some classic sprinting. Coppock, the Boston quarterback, ran back a punt seventy-nine yards for what, until the half, was the winning touchdown; Hudson, the Bridgton quarterback, turned in a gallop of seventy-three yards (touchdown!), and a teammate, Collins, ran forty-five yards for another. Saturday morning: Princeton's tied but unbeaten freshmen vs. Harvard's freshmen, who offered the most submerged (a week's rain) playing field I have ever seen, and, more to the point, Rich Gatto, Vic's younger brother, wearing Vic's varsity number,

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40, and running and catching very much like his illustrious predecessor. Nevertheless, Princeton 23, Harvard 12. (Princeton freshmen now play as-you-were football, since they must no longer unlearn T football in favor of single-wing, and the effects are beginning to be noticeable.) Saturday afternoon, more prep-school notables: Puissant Andover beat Exeter, 27–0, and mighty Groton put away St. Mark's, 22–0, but Vic Gatto's Middlesex was overcome by St. George's, 20–14. We'll see a lot of the young men involved in all this a couple of years from now in what are known as "bigger games."

Any of these would have made for worthy watching last Saturday, but the temptation was at Harvard, where Princeton would be required to demonstrate whether it—all other Ivy Leaguers having failed to qualify in the semifinals—would be good enough to face up to Dartmouth, unbeaten by anybody, in or out of the League. All hands knew that Harvard would be operating without benefit of Ballantyne and Crim, and that Harvard, not at its best in the air, would be throwing more than it wanted to, but no one knew whether Princeton, for all its skill at everything, would be able to sustain the momentum it had acquired in the past few weeks. Let us resort to figures: The first time Princeton had the ball, it went eighty yards for a touchdown; the second time, it went sixty-five yards for a touchdown; the third time, it went seventy yards for a field goal; the fourth time, after capturing a Harvard fumble, it went sixteen yards for a touchdown; the fifth time, snaring a Harvard pass, it went ninety-five yards for a touchdown. Before the end of this, Princetonians on the order of Moore and McCullough were being retired for the afternoon, to be succeeded by players who hope to be leading lights another year. Princeton 51, Harvard 20—it had taken precisely two years, since the day Moore and friends ran in the same manner over another Harvard, for Princeton to come full circle. What it exhibited in force, skill, and judgment last Saturday was a perfect riposte to last year's Yale and—it is at least possible—to this year's Dartmouth. —J. W. L.

•

She is, of course, still fishing in troubled waters, but then all writers worth their salt dive into a self-provoked storm of complexities.—*From a review in the New Republic.*

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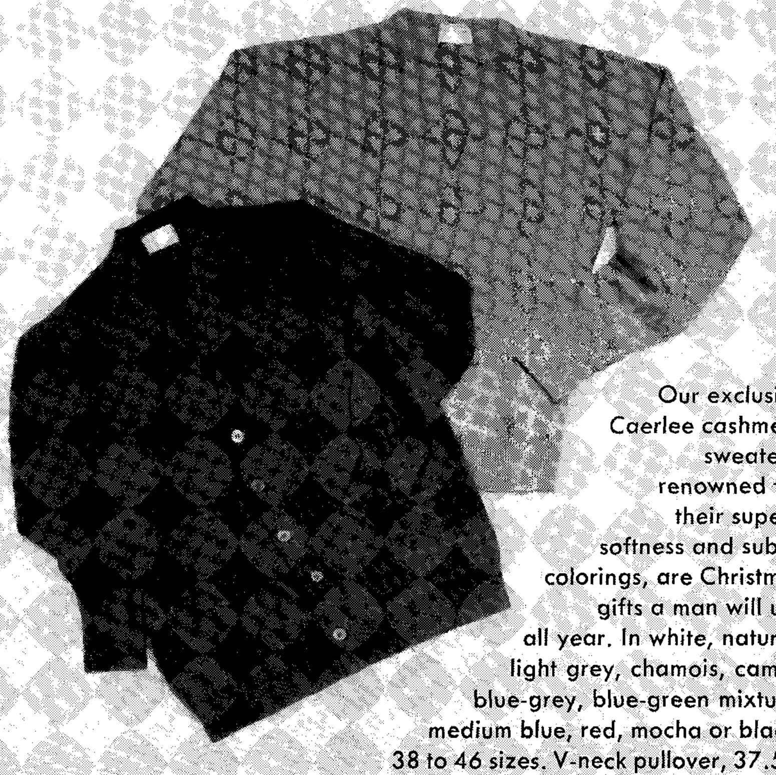

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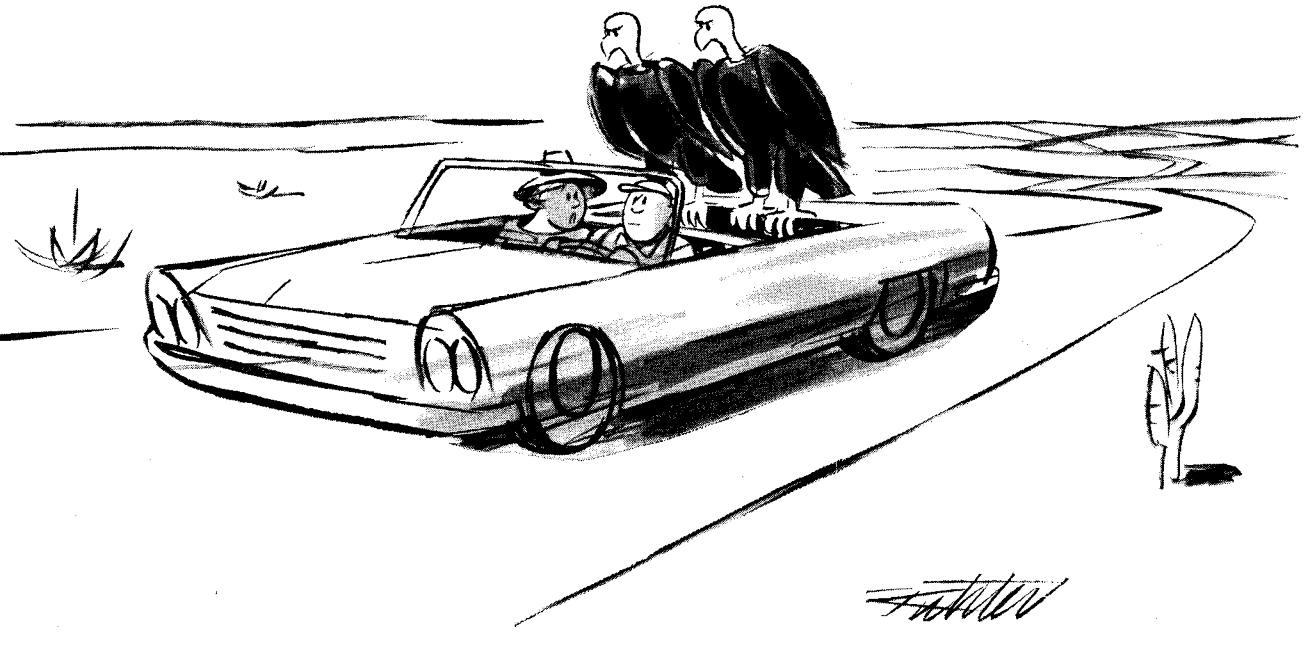
NOVEMBER 7

IT was an Italian, of course, who discovered America, and an Italian who gave this country its name, and although for generations schoolchildren were taught that the first European to explore New York Bay was Henry Hudson, an Englishman sailing under the Dutch flag, that feat, too, is now claimed for a onetime citizen of Italy. This August, when members of the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce scheduled an elaborate celebration of the three-hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of Hudson's stopover at the southern tip of Brooklyn (costumed dignitaries were to wade ashore at Brooklyn's Sixteenth Street pier, waving blunderbusses), John La Corte, the president of the Italian Historical Society, informed the Chamber's officers at an emergency meeting that the man they really should be honoring was Giovanni da Verrazano. Although many less single-minded scholars believe that Verrazano may not have come near New York Bay on his 1524 voyage to the New World, La Corte is sure that he did—that Hudson just "used Verrazano's maps." Unlike Verrazano's countrymen, who make up about a sixth of New York's population, constituents of Dutch heritage are not numerous in this city, and the Coney Island party in honor of Hudson was called off. Late this summer, 1969 appeared to be a particularly inauspicious year to offend local Italians. Comptroller Mario Procaccino, who in the June primary had won the Democratic nomination for mayor over four other contenders, including former Mayor Wagner, was still a nine-to-five favorite in the betting; an early poll taken by Lindsay forces had given Procaccino a fourteen-percentage-point lead over the incumbent mayor. And John Marchi, who had beaten Lindsay for the Republican nomination in the primary, had in June announced that Lindsay, running against the two major-party candidates on an Independent-Liberal ticket, should be considered out of the picture entirely—that the race from then on was between Marchi and Procaccino. Many New Yorkers of Italian descent were planning *giubilei* of their own in November, when—in view of the notorious unpopularity of John Lindsay, who was rejected even by his own party—one of their number would surely be elected the hundred-and-fourth mayor of New York. These celebrations, of course, have now been cancelled also. Others will be held elsewhere in honor of the current and future mayor, who, as it happens, is of combined British and Dutch descent. Besides Lindsay, last week's winners of the top posts in the New York City government were two Jews: Sanford Garelik, elected president of the City Council, and Abraham Beame, elected comptroller. This is the first time in sixty-six years that none of the city's three leading offices has gone to either an Irishman or an Italian.

THE campaign that ended with the city's second great upset victory in three weeks began on December 3, 1968, when Representative James H. Scheuer, Democrat of the Bronx, became the first of a dozen contenders to announce his candidacy for nomination for mayor. After the June primary limited the mayoral race to Procaccino, Marchi, and Lindsay, the survivors and their running mates, scarcely pausing for a glass of water from the nearest lectern, were off again on their heavily publicized pursuit of the voters, with Lindsay, apparently on his political uppers, chasing the voters down with special relentlessness in the streets, churches, synagogues, and fraternal halls of the five boroughs. Network coverage and paid political announcements drummed the candidates' contradictory messages deeper into New Yorkers' consciousness, especially during the last weeks of the campaign, but in urban politics, as in war, for all the talk of big guns and ultimate weapons, it is still the foot soldiers who bear the brunt of the battle. By Election Day, when the limping candidates performed their final campaign ritual by going to the polls and voting for themselves (Lindsay, passing Carl Schurz Park on his way to the polls from Gracie Mansion, looked up and remarked with hoarse surprise that the leaves were nearly gone, that fall had come), the voters of the city had been under political siege for nearly a year.

Despite its length, the campaign, far from being tedious, was in many respects the city's most dramatic and entertaining political show since 1933, when anti-Tammany leaders of all shapes, sizes, and political colors pitched in to move Fiorello LaGuardia into



"Are you sure the gas gauge is working?"

City Hall. (The name of LaGuardia—half-Italian, a liberal, and a Republican, although he ran on a Fusion slate—was invoked so frequently by all the candidates in the finals of this year's race that an unwary outsider might have thought that LaGuardia was somehow in the running himself. When, during a debate late in the campaign, Lindsay made one more proprietary mention of the Little Flower—who was the Italian-Americans' first representative in either local or national politics—Marchi snapped at him, "You like to compare yourself to LaGuardia! You've no resemblance to LaGuardia—not even biological!") The most provocative figure in the long-running political revue that just closed was, of course, Procaccino, whose ebullient confidence that his erratic, do-it-yourself campaign would result in victory and that thereafter he could instantly solve the major problems of the city ("When I'm mayor, no more gates," he promised, shaking an iron grille in front of a jewelry store in a crime-ridden section of Brooklyn) did not appear to diminish as the race drew toward its finish; nor did his sputtering demonstrations of rage when he was challenged by his opponents, particularly John Lindsay. Lindsay, who has a reputation of his own for quick temper, this time played his role for contrast all the way—composed, farseeing, reasonable, soft-spoken, occasionally rueful over past errors. Quite a different sort of performance was turned in by John Marchi, a graceful, rather erudite man who until last spring had been virtually unknown in the city outside Staten Island, from which he has been elected a state senator for thirteen years. Marchi, who was understood from the beginning to have no chance of being elected, kept insisting (with only a gleam in his eyes occasionally betraying his self-amusement) that his grotesquely disparate opponents were actually two of a kind, a pair of identical Neanderthals, twin builders of fancy-looking houses full of nothing but false promises or, as he put it several times, "Potemkin villages"—surely the first time Potemkin had ever been cited in a New York political campaign.

Any time the cast or the dialogue palled, the turns of the plot were sure to keep everyone diverted. In a development unheard of in local politics, not a single one of the four Democrats who had been defeated in the primary endorsed the Democratic candidate. (James Scheuer and Herman Badillo endorsed Lindsay. Author Norman

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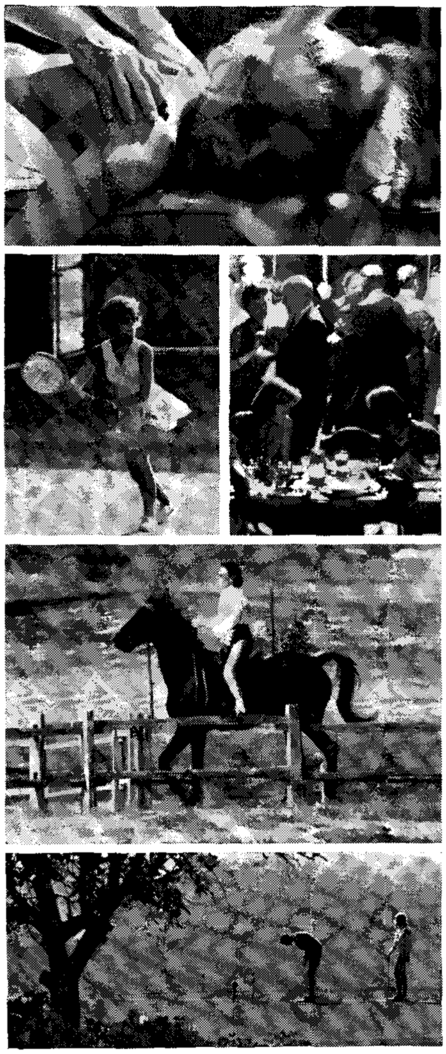

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Mailer, who had also been a Democratic candidate for the mayoral nomination, and who captured forty-one thousand votes out of nearly eight hundred thousand cast in the primary, was not once heard from again during the campaign. And Robert Wagner stayed mum almost to the end—a situation that reminded the *Times* of the answer that a former Democratic governor and senator, David B. Hill, gave in 1896 when he declined to endorse William Jennings Bryan: "I am a Democrat still—very still." At 10 A.M. on Election Day, however, Wagner announced, without much grace, that he had voted for a non-Democrat, casting his ballot for Lindsay as "the least of three evils.") Lindsay, a registered Republican, was supported by a dazzling constellation of prominent Democrats—including Arthur Goldberg, who is reported to covet the Democratic nomination for the Senate next year—but not by the Republican governor of the state, who had contributed heavily to Lindsay's primary campaign. Even the ethnic lines were occasionally blurred. When, as might be expected in a race in which two of the nominees were Italian-Americans, one candidate berated another for having some traffic with men named Albano, Scotto, Gallo, and Sinatra, implying in the case of Scotto an alleged connection with the Mafia, the speaker turned out to be Marchi attacking Lindsay. Although Marchi and Procaccino both declared that the single most important issue in the campaign was crime in the streets (and Lindsay sometimes seemed to agree with them, once mentioning six times in a single debate his institution of the Fourth Platoon to operate during the hours when the most crimes are committed in the city), Lindsay's slate was the only one that included a policeman: Garelik resigned as chief inspector of the New York Police Department to run for president of the City Council, and it will probably never be clear whether he won more votes as a Lindsay man, a Jew, or a veteran cop. (No doubt his standard campaign picture also helped; it showed LaGuardia pinning a medal on him during his early days on the force.) And, in a late development, Procaccino, having denounced student sit-ins and having refused to have anything to do with the Vietnam Moratorium beyond going to church to pray for peace, and having underscored the refusal with a sideswipe at Lindsay for dragging into the campaign a foreign-policy crisis irrelevant to city problems, announced a few days before No-

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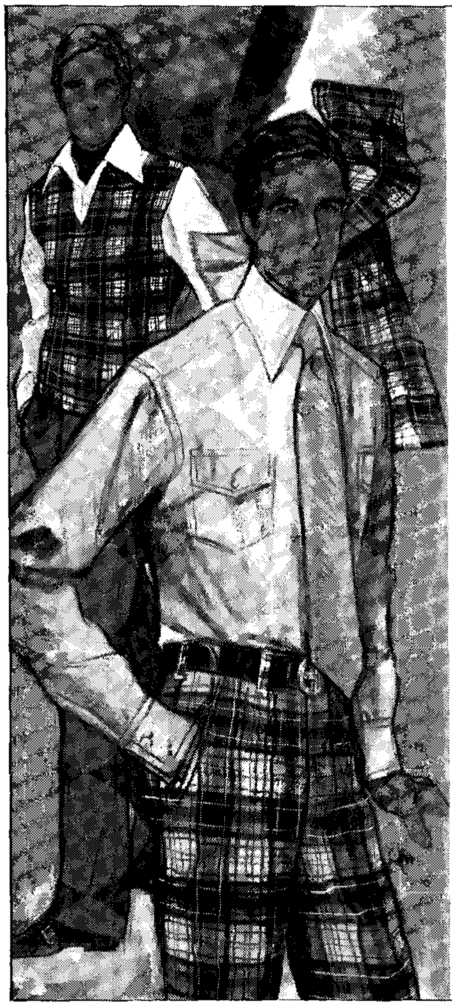
vember 4th that after he was elected mayor he would camp on the front steps of the White House to end the war.

In another turn of the campaign that it would at one time have seemed farcical to predict, Lindsay was endorsed by the Transport Workers Union, whose president he had put in jail during the transit strike that began on January 1, 1966, a few hours after he took office. He also received the formal support of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association, whose president he had also put in jail and whose members he had enraged in February, 1968, by asking the Governor to have the National Guard come in and remove the garbage that banked the city's streets during the union's nine-day strike. The latter endorsement was particularly confounding, since many observers were quite ready to agree with Stewart Alsop when he suggested early in the summer that the sanitationmen (who are largely Italian) were the archetype of the disaffected New Yorkers—"white racists," if one wanted to call them that—whose resentment over Lindsay's policy of helpfulness toward the blacks would cause them to vote overwhelmingly against Lindsay in November and would very likely insure his defeat. Whether or not the majority of the rank-and-file sanitationmen went along with their union's endorsement once the voting-booth curtain swung closed, Lindsay's victory suggests that he must have won some votes from local representatives of "the forgotten Americans" or "the troubled Americans," as they are variously called—those embattled blue-collar and lower-bracket white-collar workers whose quite explicable fears and consequent prejudices received such earnest attention after Lindsay's primary defeat by the conservative Marchi, particularly since it came on the heels of the election of a law-and-order mayor in Minneapolis and the defeat of the Negro Thomas Bradley in Los Angeles. This attention, of course, bore a remarkable resemblance to the studies that had appeared five years earlier when Goldwater backlashers, yearning, it was said, for the good old uncomplicated days when everyone knew his place, were briefly believed in some quarters to pose a serious threat to Lyndon Johnson's election. What the generally liberal commentators forgot in 1964 and again this summer was that a voter can be conservative-minded and fed to the teeth and yet not be totally lacking in good sense. Just as many such voters balked five years ago



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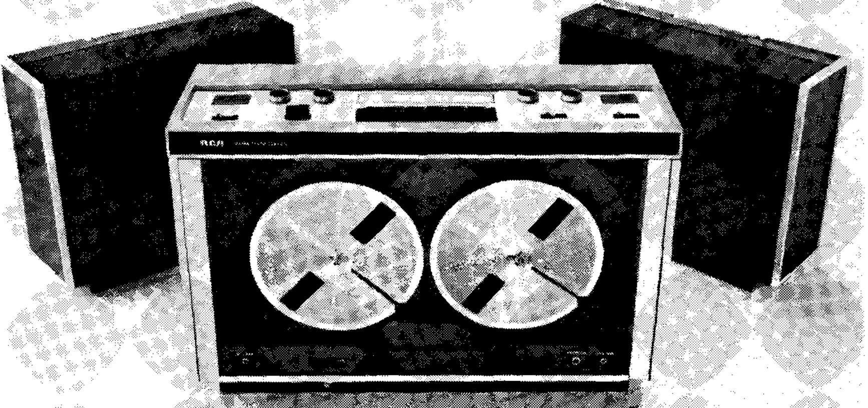

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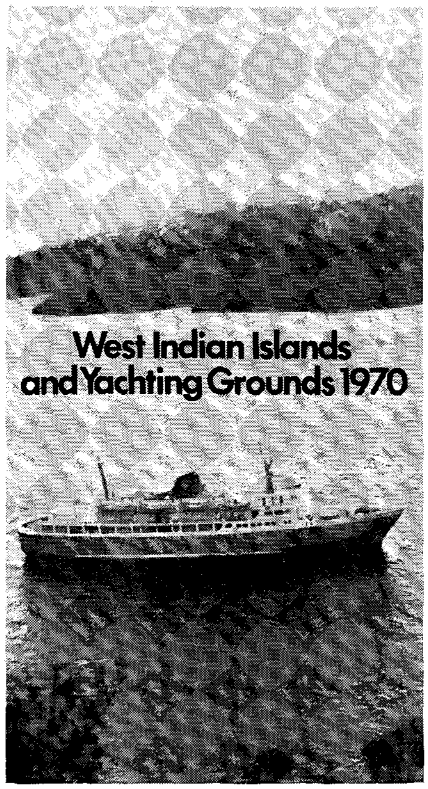

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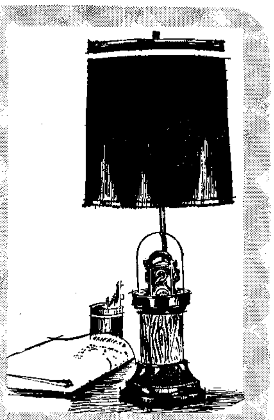
at the notion of entrusting the hot line to a charming but rather uncomprehending man who seemed to have an itchy trigger finger, quite a few anti-Lindsay New Yorkers, when they contemplated the possibilities for racial explosion in their city, apparently decided they were not ready to turn its future over to his chief opponent, the somewhat Know-Nothing and entirely excitable Procaccino. In a letter to the *Times* in October, a man who described himself as Procaccino's director of research during his first three years as Comptroller wrote that he admired the portly little Italian as "a warmly responsive human being, with a ready concern for his fellow-man," and, on the other hand, had found Lindsay to be, in effect, a liar and a rank opportunist, but that, in view of Procaccino's simplistic approach to crime and other city problems ("What simple thing will happen when a long hot summer in the ghetto meets a short hot temper in City Hall?"), he planned, not being "crazy," to vote for the man he didn't like.

In the drama of Lindsay's rise in a few short months from his low point after the primary, while Procaccino was simultaneously taking the downward plunge from almost certain victory, the biggest surprise came, of course, with the publication on October 23rd of the first results in the *News* poll, which had never been wrong in predicting the outcome of a local election for mayor—it had covered seven—and which had been taken seriously by New Yorkers who were ready to quarrel with every word that appeared in the general-news columns of that paper. By the third week in October, many of Lindsay's staff had concluded that their man had a good chance of winning but that it would be close. They reacted with open astonishment to the *News* report that Lindsay had won forty-four per cent of the straw votes to thirty-three per cent for Procaccino and twenty per cent for Marchi (whom the *News* had endorsed). If you've watched your candidate being pelted with garbage on one campaign foray and heckled as a fink and a bum all over the city (neither Procaccino nor Marchi encountered anything like the abuse Lindsay took), it is hard to get used to the idea that he is by all odds the most popular candidate in town. They also displayed something like consternation (although, naturally, nothing to match the dismay at Procaccino headquarters). Would those thousands of Lindsay supporters who were



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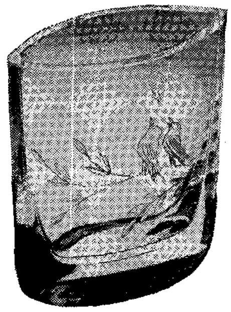

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in his corner only out of fear of a Procaccino victory now stay home on Election Day? (And, in fact—so it was decided in the post mortems—some such McLuhanesque effect may have occurred. The final *News* poll gave Lindsay a lead of twenty-one percentage points over his Democratic rival, and his actual margin was seven percentage points. Though probably nothing can be done about it, such straw votes carry the seeds of their own discreditation besides, of course, having the power—so Procaccino supporters bitterly complain—of identifying a candidate as a loser and thereby making his loss more certain.) Lindsay's staff was especially ready to discount the results of the first poll, since it had been taken during the week of citywide euphoria over the Mets' great victory, with which Lindsay had strenuously identified himself. ("One of my opponents charged me with using the Mets for political purposes," the Mayor noted. "That is categorically untrue. If you don't believe me, ask Deputy Mayor Hodges or Judge Seaver.") From Lindsay headquarters, the cry was "Wait till next week!" By the next week, however, their candidate's lead in the *News* poll had increased. Marchi was soon announcing that Procaccino was entirely out of it—that the contest was between Marchi and Lindsay. To the end, the newly cautious Lindsay refused to claim victory, while Marchi and Procaccino were both denouncing all polls and predicting victory for themselves. The name they both invoked now, of course, was that of Harry Truman.

Although Lindsay is currently proposing that the campaign be somehow shortened, so that future candidates may be spared the gruelling endurance race he and his opponents have just survived, the length of the campaign may have done as much as anything else to win him his victory this year. Not only did it give some voters time to understand Procaccino's glaring weaknesses as a possible mayor but it gave other voters time to simmer down; you can't stay mad forever. In October, Lindsay campaigned in Queens precincts where angry residents had literally shaken their fists at him on previous visits; though they had not forgotten the uncollected snows of last winter, many were now willing to shake his hand instead, especially since he had taken the precaution of bringing along some sample new snow-removal machines. (The advantage enjoyed by an incumbent is maddening to rival candidates, but it would have seemed

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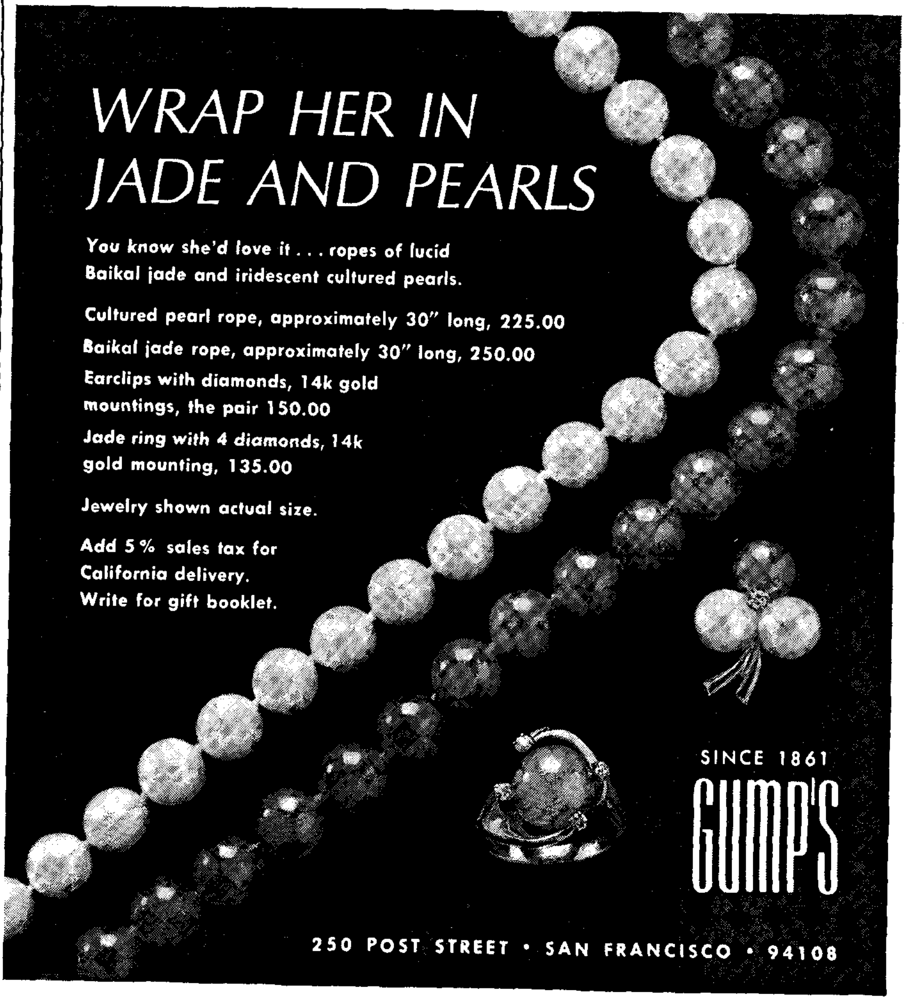
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less persuasive if on the day before election a full-scale riot had had to be dealt with in Bedford-Stuyvesant.) By Election Day, the convulsive school strike had been over for almost a year. New Yorkers seemed less receptive to the idea that their city was a disaster area, a cesspool, as the Mayor's opponents claimed. Had Lindsay really turned the city over to the blacks? ("You've sold City Hall three times over! You've sold your soul, John Lindsay!" the Comptroller kept shouting.) Was it true, as Procaccino insisted, that "never have the people of this city been at each other's throats as they are today"? In the calm fall sunshine, such a cry suddenly sounded a little historical—not "Remember the Maine!," not even "Who promoted Peress?," but somehow a little out of style. For the moment—at least, until the next neighborhood explosion—Lindsay's standard speech, promising no easy answers to New York's problems, and offering "the politics of reconciliation" instead of a hashing over of past hostilities, seemed more in keeping with the city's mood. "REMEMBER THE SCHOOL MESS?" was the plaintive heading on the *News* editorial as it tried to drum up votes for Marchi on the day before election. Many New Yorkers did, of course, but not enough to keep John Lindsay from being the man who has to find the hard answers to the numerous problems of the city in the next four years.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Atlanta Constitution*]

On Saturday, the day of the wedding, Mrs. Del Watkins of Holly Hill Plantation, Thomasville, escorted by Dr. Dobes, entertained at a picnic on the beach at the Luckie home.

A dance band played during the wedding reception, which was followed by a gourmet dinner enlivened by the music of the famed Sea Island Washboard Band.

In a wild departure from formality, Bob Clark decorated his villa at Sea Palms Golf and Country Club to resemble a hospital, donned a doctor's white jacket, hired an ambulance and entertained at a "hangover party" the morning after the wedding.

By pre-arrangement, Dr. Dobes was delivered to the party in the ambulance. Later the vehicle roared down Sea Island drive to pick up Mrs. Luckie, who dressed for the occasion in high fashion black lace evening pajamas.

Guests were summoned on a tape recorder for shots, therapy and other treatment associated with hospitals. A waiter served vitamin pills and tranquilizers on a silver platter. The bridegroom's mother was a good sport. She even tried breathing from the oxygen tank.

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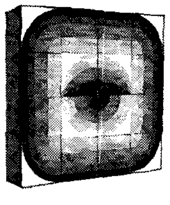

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THE RACE TRACK

Four Heads on the Post

ALWAYS at this time of year, form and racing luck take a coffee break. They did it again last weekend. Since it is a blue-ribbon event, and the richest we have for two-year-old fillies (the purse this year was $200,445), let us start with the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park in Jersey last Saturday. It was a thriller, Fast Attack, Sunny Sal, Office Queen, and Predictable finishing heads apart in the order named. It seems that none of the big races these days are complete without a claim of foul, and, of course, there was one. It was made by Baeza, who tried to send Predictable through a narrow opening on the rail and who blamed Baltazar, on Office Queen, for blocking him. “They closed up on me,” he complained. Oh, well. Baeza hasn’t the zing, or whatever it was, that Arcaro had in the old days. When Arcaro would yell “Here I come!” they’d open up for him. Anyhow, luck was out for Predictable, who was in deep going most of the way. As you know, she was originally called Unpredictable, but the Wheatley Stable changed her name early last summer. I suppose the lads and lasses who backed her down to even money are saying she’s still Unpredictable with them. On the other hand, Fast Attack had clear sailing, and, going around the leaders, caught the camera’s eye at the finish line. A bay filly by Your Alibhai out of Fusilade, she had done nothing much until last month, when she struck her stride and won three times in succession, the last time in the Gardenia Trial. After that, her owners—Paul Robinson, William Ayres, and D. W. Hickey, who are partners in the Har-Bar Ranch—made her a supplementary entry for the Gardenia. The supplementary fee was $5,000; her share of the purse was $120,267.

AT Aqueduct, in contrast to the rain and cold that made the early part of the week miserable, the weather was almost pleasant on Saturday for the Roamer Handicap. Eight three-year-olds started, and Gus Ring’s Ship Leave, an 11–1 shot (the second-longest odds of the bunch), won it by a neck from Hydrologist, with Gleaming

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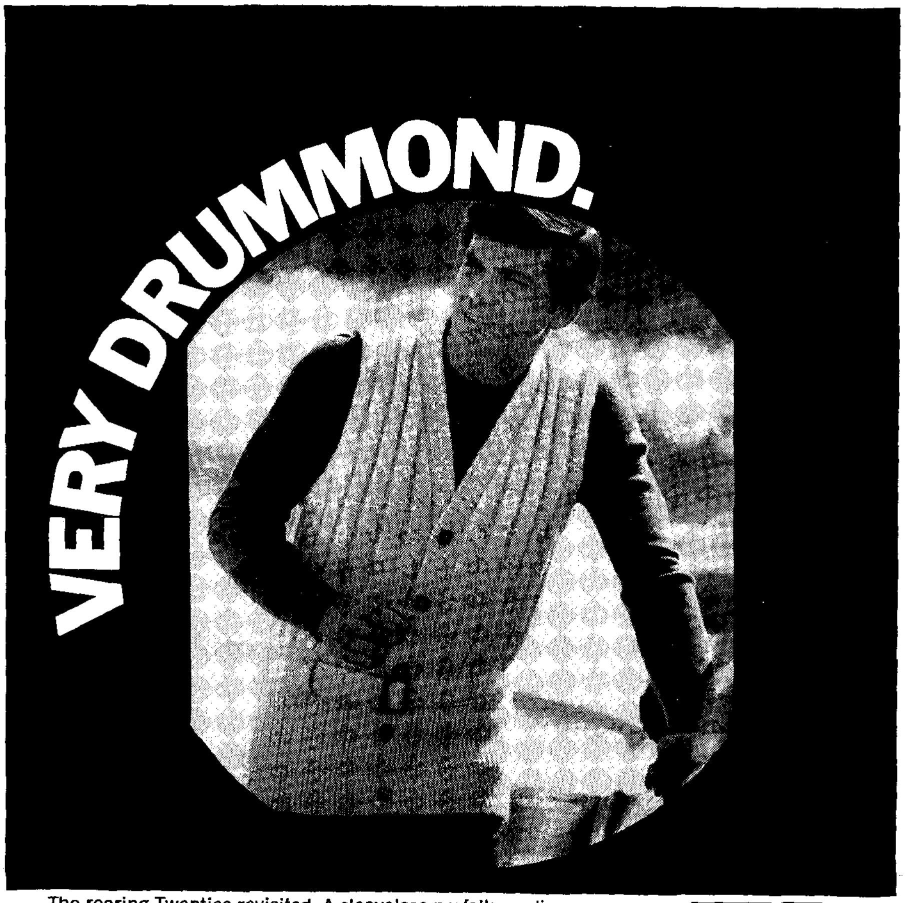

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Light third. Though the going was muddy, the mile and three-sixteenths was run in the track-record time of 1:54⅘—a fifth of a second faster than the old mark. No doubt Handsome Kid, who scooted into a long early lead—at one stage he must have been a dozen lengths in front—and stepped the first six furlongs in 1:10⅗, had much to do with that. A furlong out, Hydrologist looked the winner, but Ship Leave, who began slowly, came up fast on the rail in the last fifty yards. One of the also-rans was Guadamur, a Mexican colt who had won five of his seven starts at home and was second in the others. He went well for about six furlongs. He is owned by Raul Cano Faro, the head of the National Racing Commission of Mexico; he is trained by Laz Barrera, a Cuban; and he was ridden by Angel Cordero, a Puerto Rican. How's that for an international touch?

THOSE Turcotte boys, who are going great guns, had another big afternoon at Aqueduct on Election Day; Rudy won the first division of the Knickerbocker Handicap on Vent du Nord, and Ron won the second on Zarco. Vent du Nord led all the way over the mile and three-sixteenths of the turf course to beat Nez Perce by a length, with Beau of the West third. It was the second stakes victory in nine days for the French colt and his French-Canadian rider; they had finished a nose behind Tradesman in the Canadian International Championship at Woodbine in Toronto and had been moved into first place when Tradesman was disqualified for crowding. Brother Ron had a harder time in the second section, putting Zarco under a drive through the stretch to get him home by a neck ahead of Red Reality. Rudy, who had two other winners on Election Day, leads the list at the Big A, with twenty-two firsts at the meeting.

A memo for the Turcottes: A young man named Mike Hole rode five winners, four of them in a row, at Garden State last Saturday. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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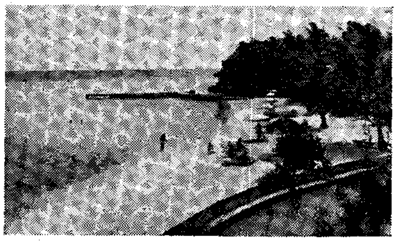

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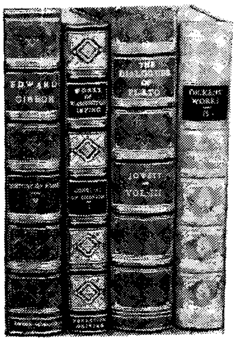

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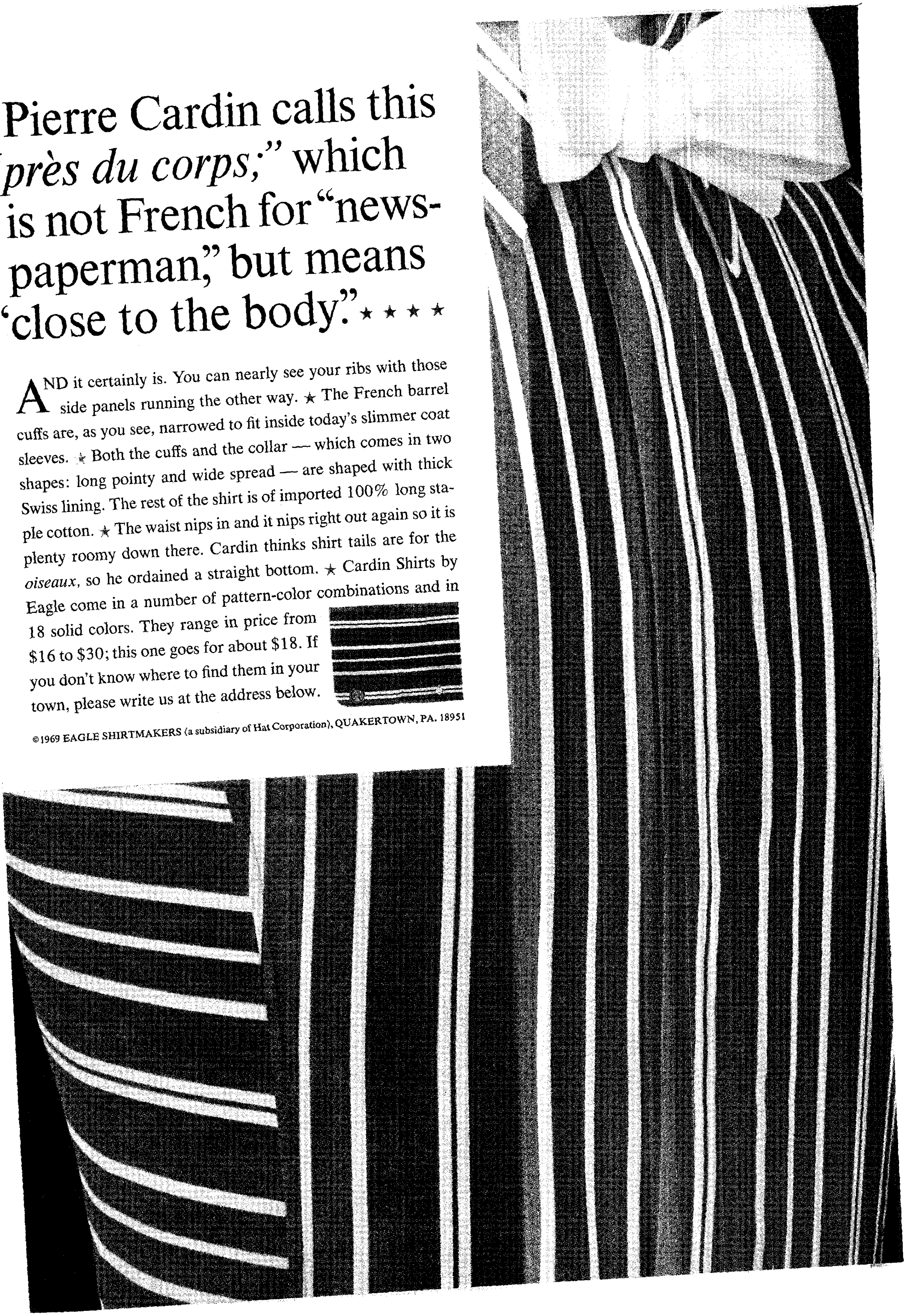
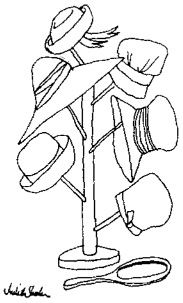


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

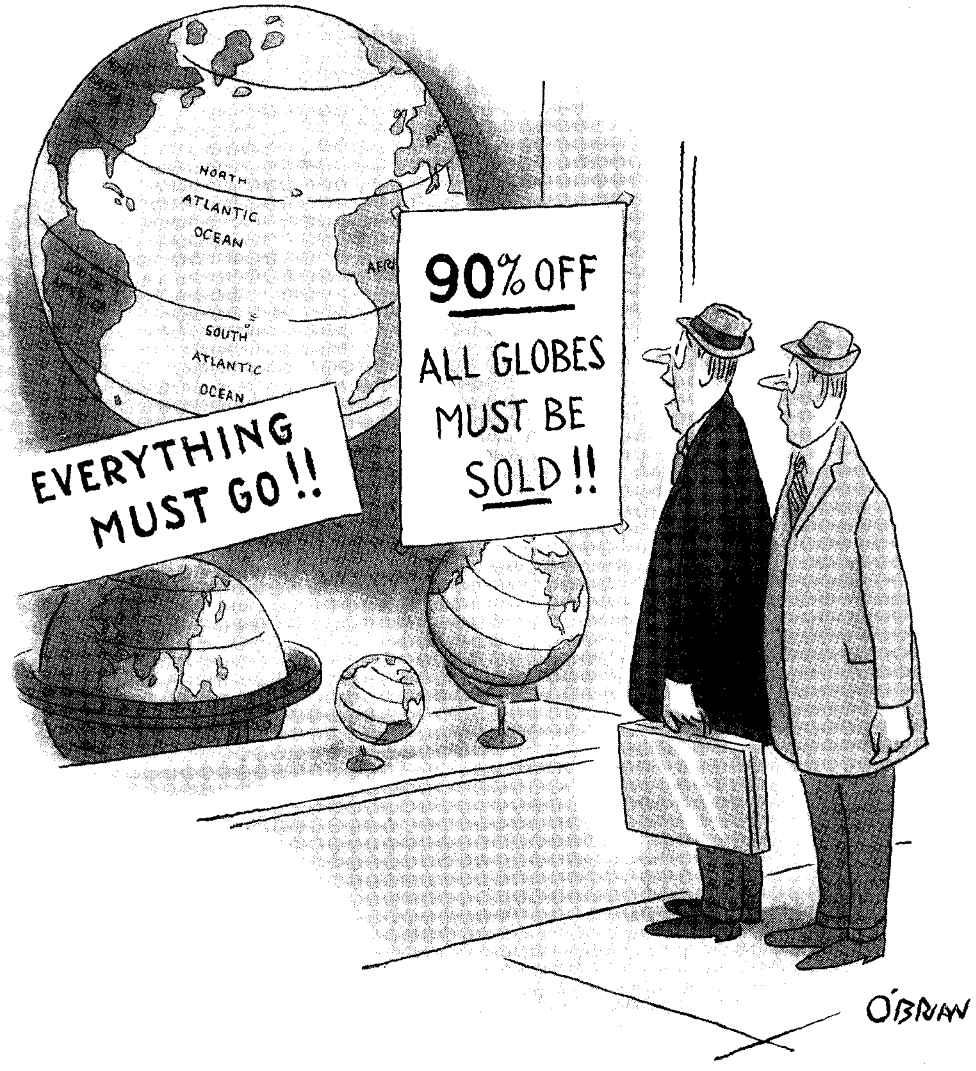


I NEVER knew either of my grandmothers, but I do know that the purchase of a fur coat in their day must have been a lifetime decision (well, good for fifteen years, anyway), and it was worn over absolutely everything. Warmly and bulkily wrapped, shawl collar and all, it defied the march of time. There is little of that attitude nowadays (except when it comes to that basic mink), because what the trade calls luxury furs have so many aspects that one coat simply can't do it all; a *wardrobe* of furs is more the ticket. So marry well is my advice to every one of you.

I have been arguing about lengths (well, everybody is arguing the subject everywhere), and I must now confront the fact that, particularly among the young, there are strenuous objections to the midi length, which, according to *me*, is mid-calf. (Myself, I am equally strenuous against the maxi except for evening, incidentally.) But the non-believers in midi cannot yet have seen what Maximilian does with this length. Maximilian's treatments are lean, graceful, hugging the body, though easily, to the hips, and flaring only a bit at the hem. They are usually shown with gaiters that just reach that hem—gaiters sometimes of the fur of the coat and sometimes of leather dyed to match exactly. I recall many examples of this, particularly a coat of black Swakara with a broad white male tie and Persian gaiters, as well as a white Swakara with a belt of dark-red leather and gaiters to match. There are also versions in parrot-green Swakara (boots of suède in the same hue) and India broadtail in pinky red or apple-green green. All superlative and (I can't help it) divine.

The innocent little shirtwaist dress is all over town (you mustn't *look* rich), and Maximilian, who is never to be outdone, has even put forth an actual (and ingénue) nightshirt of white mink, vertically worked, with white leather making a panel down the front and making the slanting-outward pockets, too. But there is nothing ingénue about Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue, except to women who rate as *enfants terribles*. The Revillon designer, Fernando Sanchez, has no time for shirtwaist dresses; he has been taken prisoner—like young people all over the United States and Europe as well—by Lo, the noble red man. The Sanchez outfits go in for frontier fringe, leather-and-fur combinations (including lots of monkey fur), beads, and other war-whoop trappings. One midi deal of black Swakara has long, long black suède fringe down the outer sides of the black suède sleeves; more black suède makes the pointed collar and the wide belt. Canadian wolf is the substance of a midi whose green suède sleeves are beaded and fringed on the outside. And a midi of white mink (this sounds a little meek) has white leather sleeves and belt, both with fringed edges.

When you trot the rounds of the custom furriers this season, you soon learn not to say "stole," because people look at you as if no such a phenomenon had ever existed. Stoles do exist elsewhere; visit any country club and you will find out that the damned things last forever, like Grandma's fur coat. There is also a dearth of small furs, except for the handkerchief shawl with the point in back coming below your bottom. Ben Kahn, for one, has done it appetizingly in white ermine, edged with tails, and Alfred Rainer has thought up a sarape of white mink with an edging of white silk fringe. Rainer understands the art of making things like this so that they cling to the shoulders without your having to clutch them. Rainer has also turned out (you still wear suits, perhaps?) a sable scarf eighty inches long, with a loop at one end through which it is to be slipped for draping. Have I ever spoken of Creole mink before? Ben Kahn has it, all to himself—a smoky, taupey brown. It comes to the fore on a fitted jaguar coat with an exaggerated petal collar and brass buttons. The mink makes the collar, a band down the front, and the edging of the flaring skirt. All by *it*self, Creole becomes a double-breasted trenchcoat with a sash tie. Mr. K., now that we've got around to him, is a great one for flounces this year. The prime



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example, a coat, is of mink or broadtail and fitted to below the hips, where a flounce takes over. When the tulip collar is worn up, it hugs the neck. The whole thing is very dressmakery, even in heavy fur, such as mink.

That ends the briefing on the news events of the season. On, now, to a safari toward several points in Custom Country:

MAXIMILIAN has always made a great thing of informality—the throwaway, casual look I was talking about last week. A useful raincoat begins on the outside in plain, raincoat-colored poplin, but it is lined in tourmaline mink and has a big mink muffler; underneath, you're supposed to wear a brown turtleneck sweater and a miniskirt of tourmaline. Shirtdresses are rife here. One of them, in black Russian broadtail, is finished off with a turnover collar; black satin does the patch pockets, and a front panel, and a sash. Then comes a cheetah jumper (for romps) worn over a beige knit dress with sleeves of black seal. Oh, Maxi (which is what some of us love to call the place) is never mini; the shop has absolutely *every*thing. Such as beige India broadtail, making a long tunic and pants, with gilt coins going down the sides of the pants and massing to produce a collar. Or natural Russian broadtail (it's brown) in the simplest of dresses with four patch pockets, for when you are in a hamburger-dinner mood. More formal occasions are handled by black Russian broadtail in the shape of a maxi sleeveless coat accompanied by pants and a vest with (yes!) red *chinchilla* sleeves (this for informal meetings at the palace in Monaco). Next of all, there is a brown ermine caftan (maxi) with a lining of gold lamé, short sleeves, and a wrappy cape of white mink in midi length, with tails going all around it. Now comes a maxi Russian broadtail lined with black mole and sporting a white fox collar. Someone has surely been looking at the Silents at the Museum of Modern Art. And a pleasurable suit of white ermine wears a jacket that is sleeveless; from inside this, a brown chiffon blouse with ermine cuffs and a pointed collar emerges. Grandmother should have lived to see the day, and the Ladies' Aid would never have got over it.

UP at Saks Fifth Avenue, Revillon's Fernando Sanchez has scrapped all pretense of sober gentility in favor of outright fun. A special process of his takes the skin side of ranch mink, glazes

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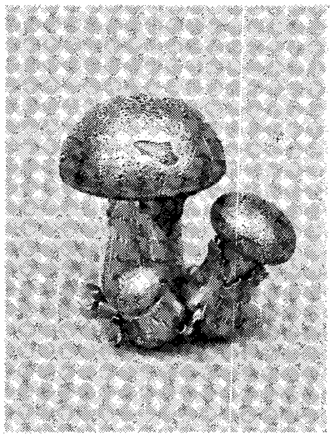

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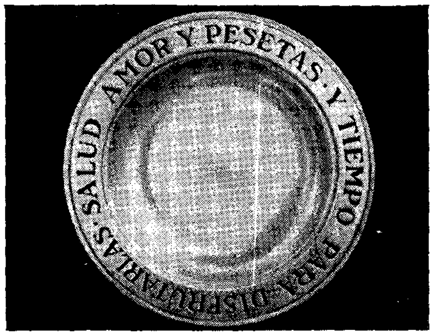

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and glosses it, and then prints it in the wildest colors imaginable—everything that's fit to print. (The print job is done in Milan.) One result is a midi-coat with ranch sleeves and a ranch lining, plus a ranch band down the front and around the hem. Then, he has got someone in this country to do patchwork snakeskin in many colors. One coat of it uses ranch-mink paws for the lining, and lynx cat makes the hem and a band down the front. Now, really! Lo, the noble red man, and the frontiersman are prominent around here, too, and I'd like to see Matt Dillon in a tunic of Autumn Haze mink with fringed sleeves and pants of suède. Even a professional quarterback might hesitate. A duffel coat of Autumn Haze has four tab suède fastenings across the front. There are patch pockets near the knees, and the hood is lined with suède. Badger, which sometimes seems to have gone to earth, emerges from its hole again for a coat of dark-brown nutria on which badger makes the huge lapels, the cuffs, and that apparently ubiquitous front panel. I happen to adore monkey, and especially in a coat of midi length, the hair worked up, really spiky, at the top and worked down, comparatively trim, at the bottom. Another deal is a monkey jacket that goes with a Russian-broadtail skirt. Still, as anyone can see, it isn't just monkeyshines at Revillon. We proceed now to the plethora of magnificent Revillon capes. One is of chinchilla, all swirling diagonals, with one button at the front, and it is to be wrapped in any number of ways; another, of Russian sable along the same lines, ends in an edging of sable tails. One more is of Russian broadtail edged with monkey. (This is sacrilege, even for monkey-lovers.)

BEN KAHN can do absolutely anything, and he does it all the time. His collection shows a particular interest in men's fancy goods when he tackles brown Lakoda seal (very sleek), which

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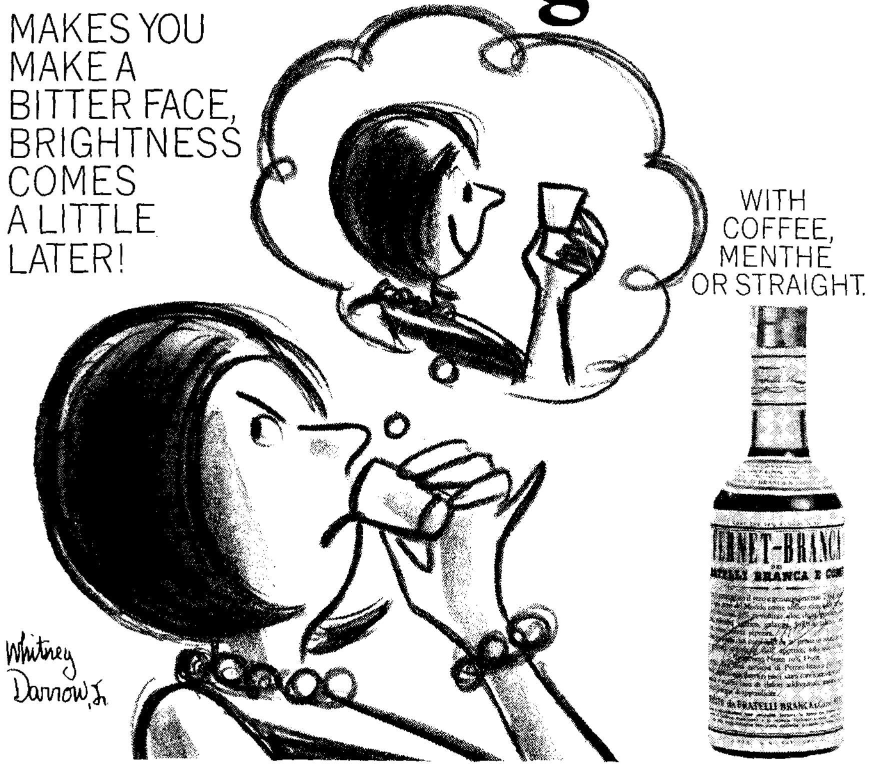
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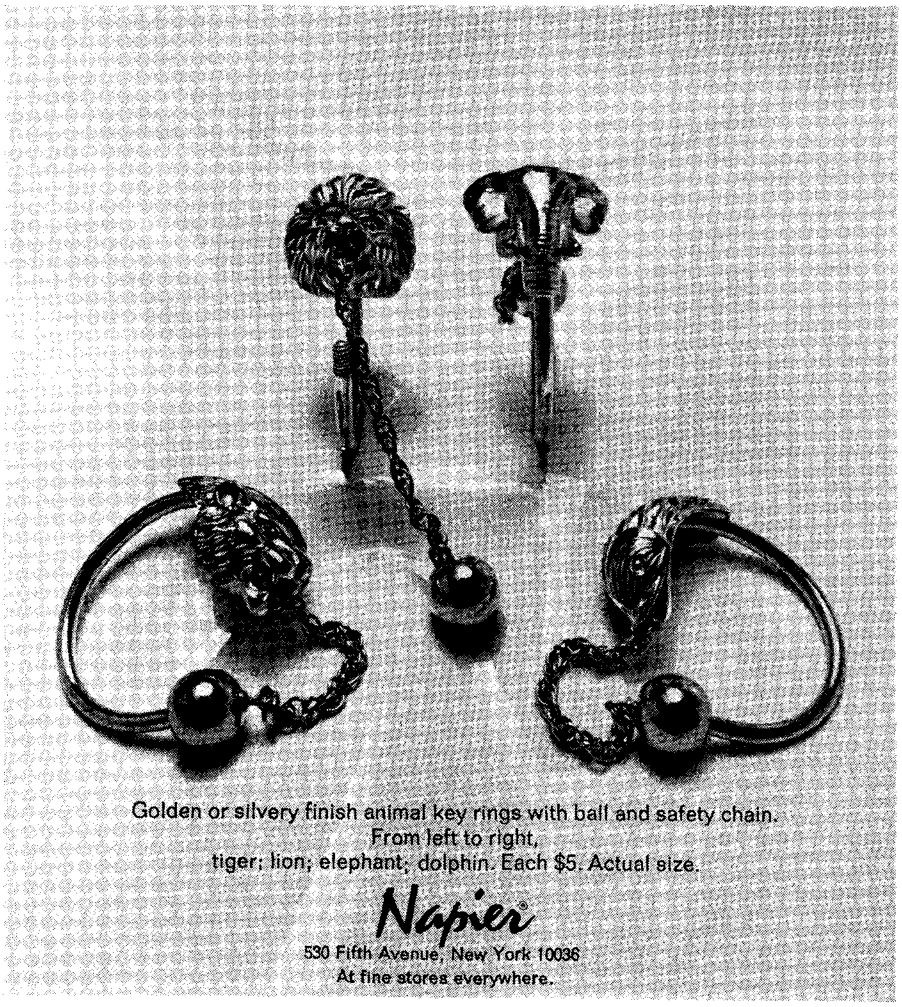

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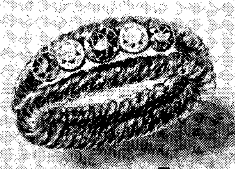

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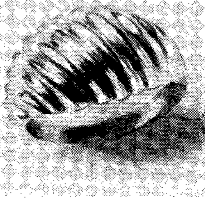

becomes a double-breasted coat, and Mexican mountain lion, of below-knee length, with an extra-deep vent in back and four bone buttons down each side in front. It looks more probable for a baseball player (as a matter of fact, Tom Seaver got one) than for an interior decorator. Ranch mink vertically worked makes one of the most masculine fur coats I've ever seen—knee length this time. Kahn also does this one in sable, and I am slightly querulous; even World Series money can't go that far. For women, who are still Kahn's first consideration, Lakoda the color of wet sand makes a prim dress with a Puritan collar, and sable makes an enveloping coat, with huge lapels and oversized patch pockets, that is shaped in the middle. For this one, Kahn provides a leather belt for day and a gold one for dress-up—look how versatile! A suit of apricot Swakara has badger lurking on the tunic top; flaring pants or a miniskirt bring this job to completion. For other extravaganza, there is sea otter with a fisher collar, and these two furs make a lovely couple. And there is Kojah, that rather new long-haired mink that resembles sable, made up into a cape with a side closing. The fur is horizontally placed, and twin kangaroo pockets are set low indeed. Many off-white furs appear, such as Shadow Blue fox, with just a hint of a blue tone, for a coat in which the skins are worked diagonally. Another off-white is Glacial mink. This does a coat with sable back of the collar and sable-edged slanting pockets. Another coat, collarless, is of white Saga mink, with a belted back and a ranch-mink muffler; the coat bows to the current revival of big bell sleeves. And if I haven't got around to your favorite fur, go anyway; Ben Kahn will probably have it.

ALFRED RAINER uses, besides the small furs I referred to earlier, some go-anywhere furs for far-flung customers, among them an officer's coat of hair seal with stormy markings and shaped down to the waist, and a princesse coat of beige Afghanistan-Persian with amber fox going around its circular hem and making the cuffs. This one is midi length. A short coat of ocelot with huge sable lapels wears that conventional sable band down the front, as well as a sable hem. We rarely hear about beaver lately, but Rainer has it, and good it looks, too, particularly in a six-button almost-to-the-knees double-breasted white coat with a back belt. It is shown with pants. Of course, *everyone* needs a coat cut like a bath-

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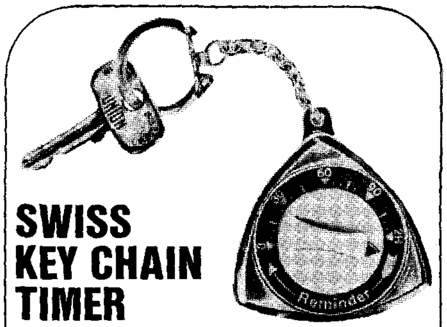

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robe. It's of white beaver with a white sash and a collar and cuffs of sable; what would your hostess's maid think of you if you didn't have one? Jaguar makes an appearance as a coat with black capeskin piping. The coat curves deftly in at the waist, and black double-breasted capeskin buttons finish up the pretty thing. And the offhand approach to luxury furs could not be better exemplified than in Givenchy's brown stretch-gabardine coat with slanting patch pockets, the whole thing lined with sable.

IF you are going to dress opulent, you ought to smell opulent. It seems to me seldom (like decades) that a covey of really great new perfumes comes up, but last year produced two—Norell's Norell and Estée Lauder's Estée—and now more have arrived. One is Hanae Mori's, which is named after her, and which, despite her Japanese origin, is not insistently Oriental; it just haunts you. Another is Calandre, an astonishingly pert and worldly fragrance by Paco Rabanne. This goes on you as sweet as springtime but rapidly develops a true zing; I'm told there's a metallic touch to it, but no radiator grille I ever smelled smells anything like it. And Polly Bergen, putting forth a whole new line of goods that rates calloohing and callaying from me, leads with Tortue, a rich perfume that makes the wearer feel pampered. And there's not much of *that* feeling anywhere anymore. —LOIS LONG

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A spokesman for The New York Times confirmed yesterday that the newspaper and its advertising agency, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, would end their relationship with the end of the year. Except for a brief lapse, The Times and B.B.D.O had been together 14 years. Reasons for the split could not be obtained from newspaper or agency.—*The Times.*

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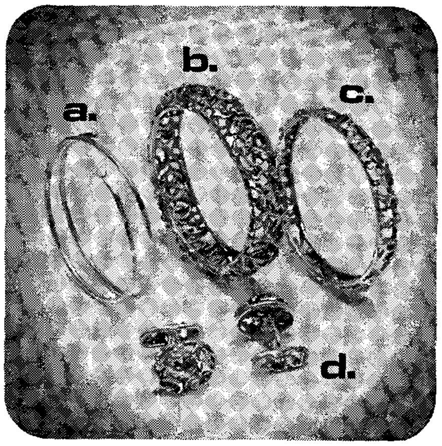

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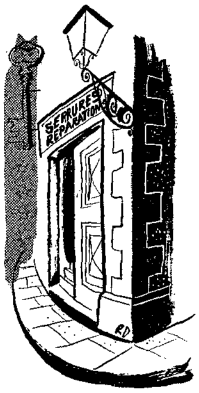
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 5



THE phenomenal best-seller here is still the huge volume called "Papillon," or "Butterfly"—the incongruous underworld nickname of a former unimportant safeblower, Henri Charrière, convicted on false testimony (he said) of the murder of a Montmartre pimp and condemned to life imprisonment on the various penal isles of French Guiana and the South American coast, from which he made eight attempts to escape before his final, terrifying success. This was his escape from Devil's Island, where Dreyfus had been imprisoned, also on false denunciations. The book is a *récit* of Papillon's thirteen years in prison, brought forth as if intact from his memory and burnished by his obvious gift as a raconteur who, when he finally began to put it all down on paper, had, with time and bitterness, forgotten nothing important. In 1931, in Paris, he was condemned at the age of twenty-five to hard labor for life. In the summer of 1967, in Caracas, where he had become a naturalized free citizen in good standing, he saw in a shopwindow the book "L'Astragale," by the petty criminal Albertine Sarrazin, who, by describing her two escapes from her Paris prison, had achieved a sale of more than a hundred thousand copies. Papillon's father had been a country schoolteacher in southern France, and Papillon himself had a gift for mathematics. He began figuring how much his multiple escapes might be worth, if published. At the age of sixty-one, with his energy still almost unimpaired, he began writing, and last year he posted his manuscript to "L'Astragale's" Paris publisher, who sent for him. Published this year in the first week of May, "Papillon" has been on the best-seller list ever since, has now sold eight hundred thousand copies, and has been bought for translation and a movie in the United States.

Because of its sensational popularity, the book has raised peculiar problems. There has been a great deal of discussion among the middle-class French of whether decent French people should read it at all, especially in such quanti-

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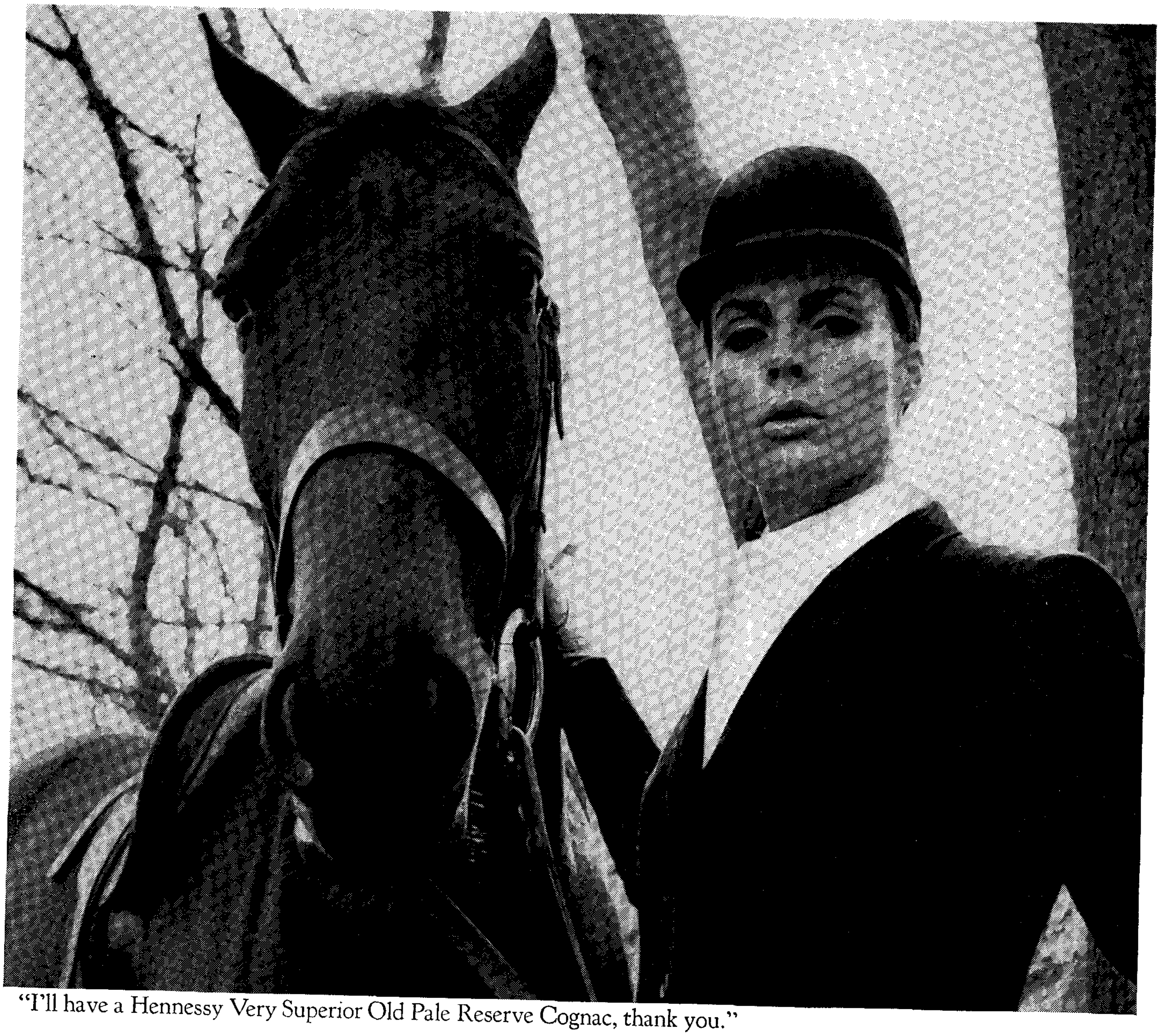

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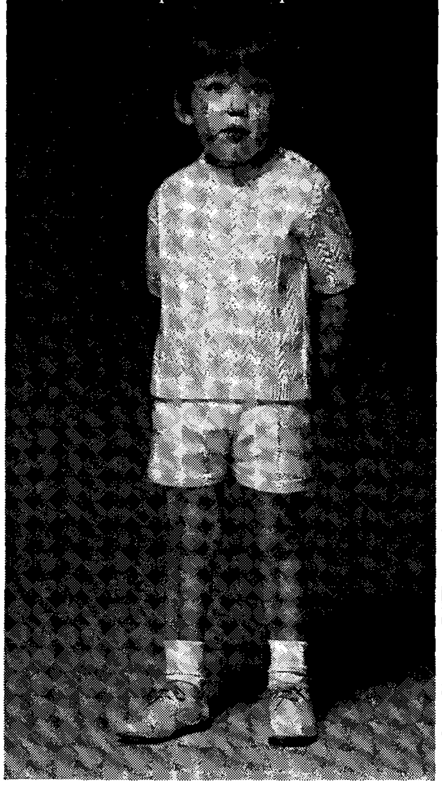

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ties, though it contains no indecencies and only a few of those coarse, classic words now proliferating in freewheeling American magazines and novels. It is undoubtedly a shocking book, on account of the brutal inhumanity of the traditional penal system practiced in the overseas French prisons, which Charrière describes in animated detail, because it was the former life he lived, and life is clearly what he has been violently attached to, with a rare physical intimacy that over the years kept his courage, and even his hopes, at blood heat. A fortnight ago, Alain Peyrefitte, the former Minister of Information, speaking in Parliament on the alarming increase in the use of drugs here, added his reproof of "the general degradation of French morals," citing as examples "the indecency of clothing styles," meaning miniskirts; "a veritable invasion of frankly obscene publications;" and "the success of 'Papillon.'" Official and ultrapatriotic French have been incensed by the book, because what Charrière relates shames them, and, above all, because it is no longer true, since all the Guiana prisons were done away with at the end of the last war. To ordinary readers, the worst punishment he describes—especially for a talkative man like him—was that given him for his sixth attempt to escape, when he was sent to St. Joseph Island for two years of solitary confinement and complete silence, forbidden to speak aloud even to himself, let alone to the guard who watched him through the roof of his six-by-nine-foot cage. He writes, "I never imagined that my country, France, mother of liberty in the entire world, the very earth that gave birth to the Rights of Man, could have had an installation as repressive as this." Each week, some prisoner in the solitary section went crazy or committed suicide. Charrière walked twelve to fifteen hours a day in his cage to keep his health and sanity, and in order to be "tired almost to death" by night, so that he could *dédoubler*, or make an imaginary playback of some part of his former free life, and thus sink into the confused false comfort of sleep. In his attempted "*cavales*"—prison slang for breakouts—he had already travelled twenty-seven hundred kilometres, mostly by water. According to the Dictionnaire Littré, the verb "*cavaler*" was first used by Victor Hugo as an extension of "to take to horse," which came to mean "to flee."

It is, naturally, for the excitement of reading about Papillon's attempted escapes that people have been drawn to

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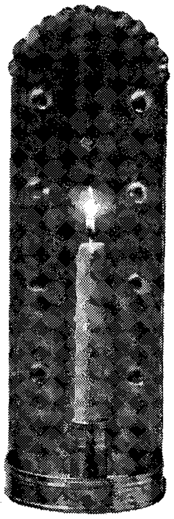

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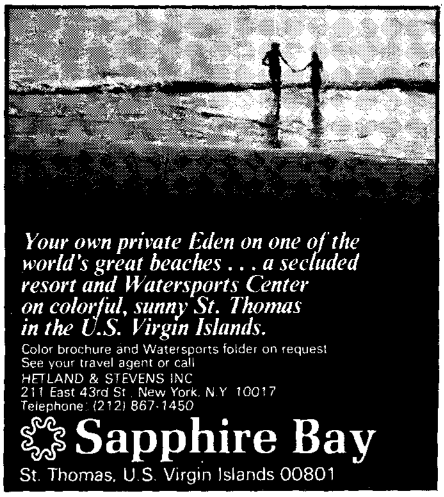

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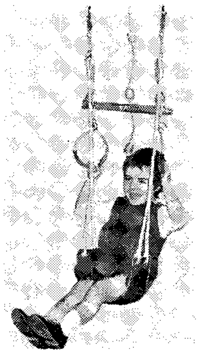

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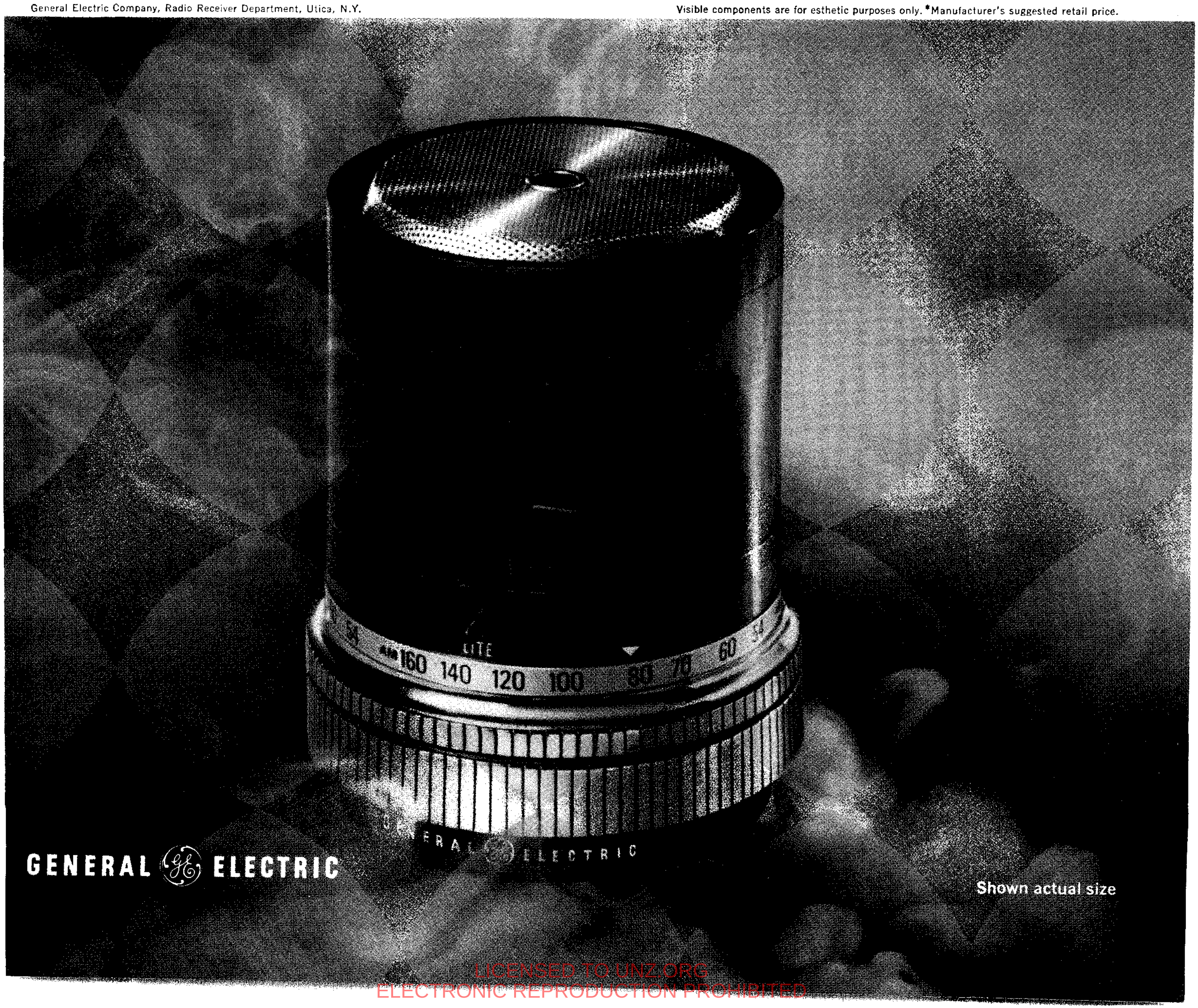

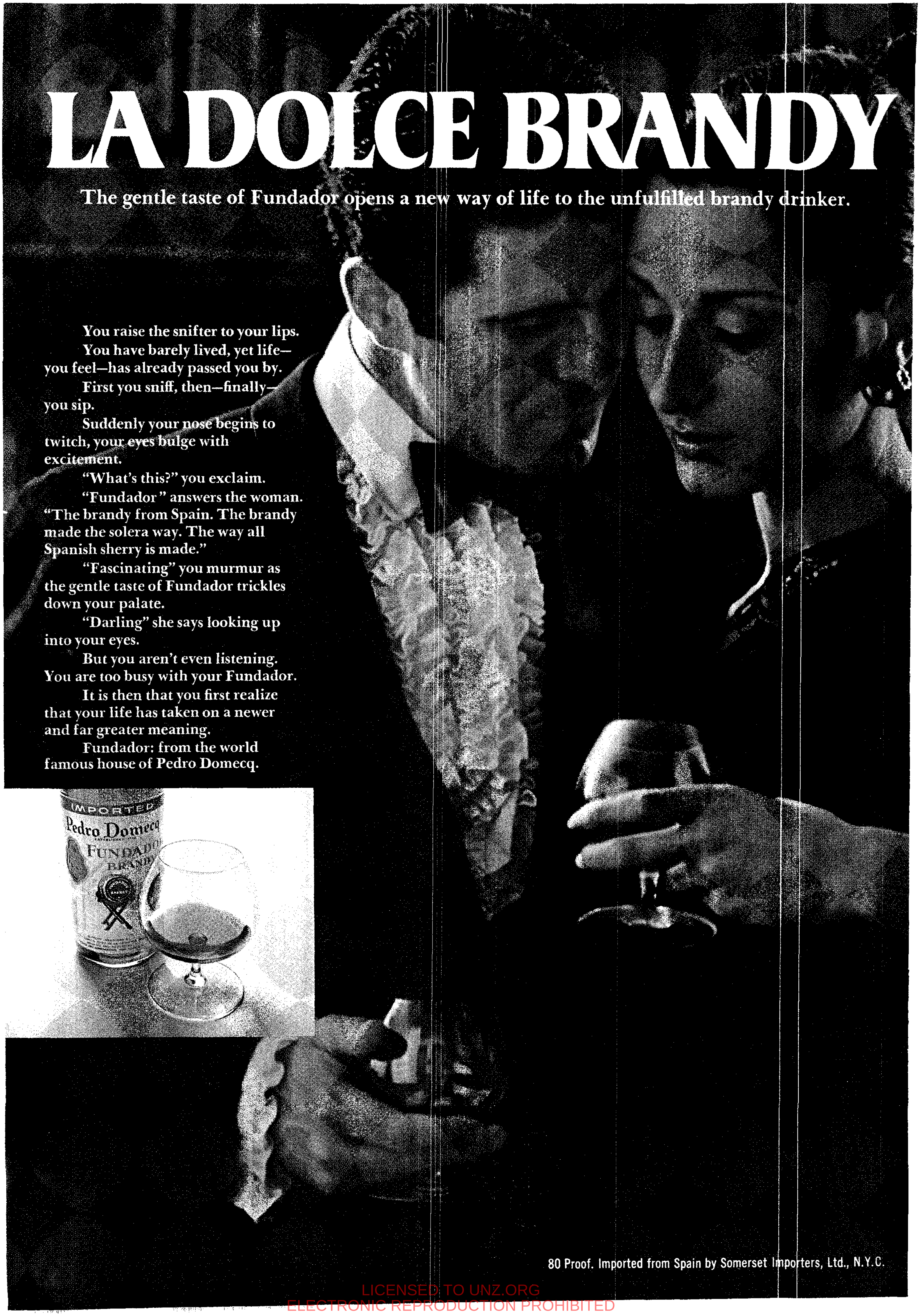

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the book, though his daring, meticulous preparations for them are almost equally interesting. Most escapes were effected with the guards' connivance and were usually paid for, with money physically secreted on the prisoner's person. Papillon's first *cavale* was simple and unsuccessful; with two companions, he set out in a rotted canoe with sacks for sails (the guard had rooked him), hid in a leper camp en route to the sea, but was picked up by a Colombian police launch. His next prison was in Colombia, at Riohacha, on the northern coast, from which he escaped easily, spending six delicious months with a kindly tribe of Guajira Indians, where he annexed two young wives—sisters, and both pearl-fishers and both pregnant when he finally abandoned them. He was again picked up by the Colombian police and was incarcerated in the small prison of Barranquilla, from which he made his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth attempts to escape, all elaborate, all unlucky—the dynamite failed to make a big enough hole in the prison wall for him to squeeze through, the guard he drugged was at the last minute replaced by another guard, thus wasting the precious drug, and so on. After his solitary confinement on St. Joseph, he was sent to Île Royale, most easygoing of the lot. As a rule, nobody tried to escape from there, for fear of making collective life harsher for the Royale prisoners, all of them relatively comfortable with "poker, pederasty, black market, and fishing." Even here, Papillon tried to escape—he built a raft, was betrayed, killed the informer, and was given eight more years of solitary. He then faked insanity and was sent to the hospital, from which he tried another escape by raft—it broke up, drowning his companion. After that, he was sent to Devil's Island, usually reserved for political prisoners.

Because the book is far too long, many readers bog down before they come to its really astonishing and close-to-great chapter—the chapter on his breathtaking escape from Devil's Island after drawing up preliminary tidal and lunar calculations based on observations he made from Dreyfus' Bench, a big rock high on the north end of the island, where Dreyfus used to go and look out to sea. Papillon was aided in his deductions by his Chinese prisoner friend Chang, formerly a professional pirate, who brought along some fishing tackle, so that if they were discovered they could pretend they were trying to catch sharks. Papillon noted that directly below Dreyfus' Bench,

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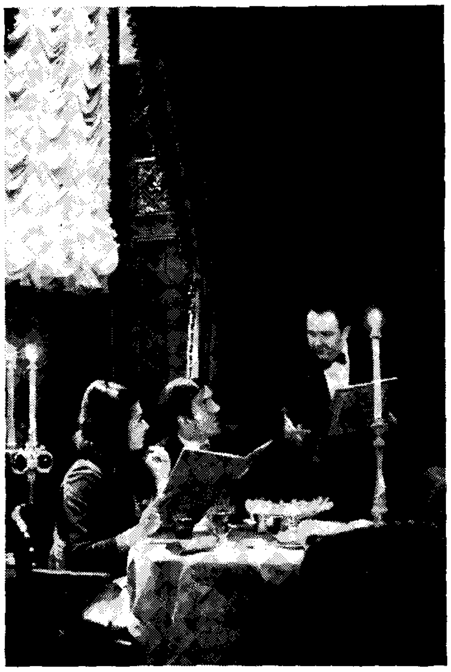

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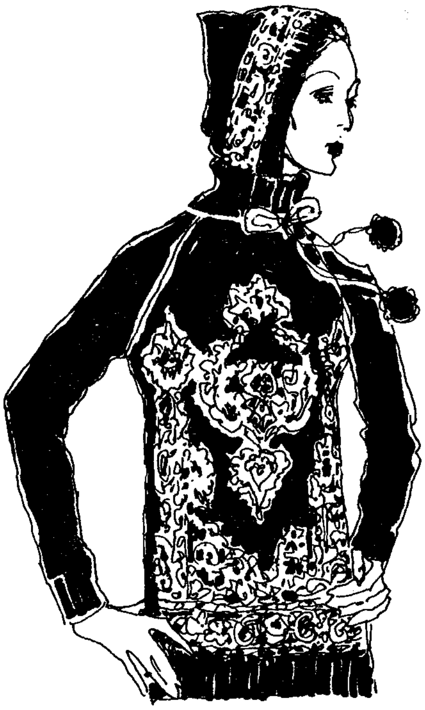

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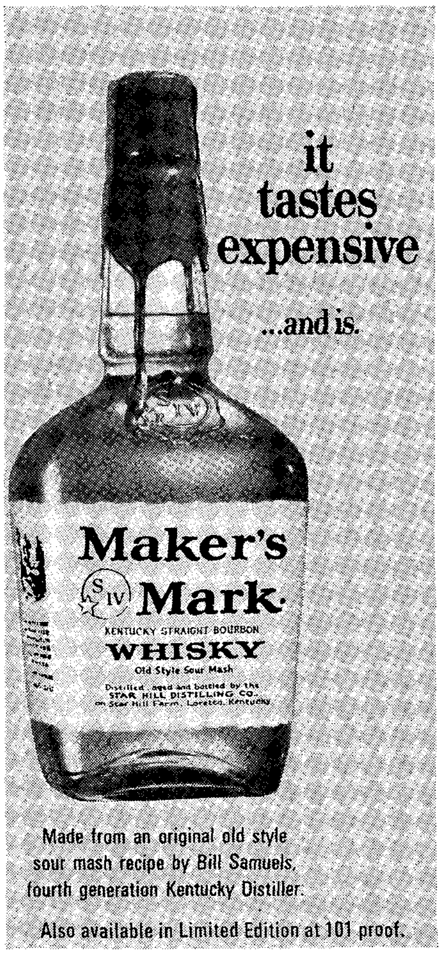
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at the foot of a cliff, the incoming waves were constricted by a horseshoe of rocks, about six yards in circumference, from which the water could not escape, except with great force through a single opening. By moonlight, which shone as bright as daylight, he tossed out two sacks tied together—one containing a stone representing his own weight and the other containing coconuts for buoyancy—and, to his joy, he saw them sluiced out to sea. Chang wisely said, "Wait and see; maybe the sacks will come back"—which they did, a few waves later. Next day at high noon, in heat that seemed to boil the moist atmosphere, Papillon suddenly discovered the antique rule of thumb that the seventh wave is always the highest. Sacks cast on the seventh wave were, on its receding, carried straight out to sea. Papillon urged Sylvain, a newcomer to the island, with the build of an athlete, to risk a *cavale* with him, and Sylvain was at first terrified when he saw the boiling wash of the seventh wave. "Escape yes, suicide no," he said. Chang helped make the preparations—two small rafts; two sacks of coconuts for moisture and food; two cleavers, stolen from the island tool shop, for cutting them open; two waterproof sacks, each containing cigarettes, a lighter, and a gun; two gourds of fresh water; and one small, ineffectual compass. Their aim was a seaside settlement on the mainland called Kourou, where Chang had a brother in a forest camp. It was Chang, too, who warned them of the quicksand on the beach, charging them to wait until they floated in to the edge of the forest, where ropelike vines could help them to step out and land safely on solid earth. They fixed their departure for a Sunday evening at ten o'clock, at the highest equinoctial tide. The seventh wave rolled in "as straight as a church steeple," Papillon writes. Chang embraced him in farewell, and the two men on their rafts set out—rising, sinking, rising, sinking on the seventh wave's torrential swells. Papillon had figured that, with luck, their voyage would take sixty hours. As told in his book, it is a modern classic of courage and excitement afloat. Soon separated, the two men occasionally waved to each other in the morning light. By noon, Papillon's lips had lost their skin in the sun's heat. The wind went down, and he cried with pain from cramps in his legs—"as if anybody could hear me." The moon rose again with such brightness that it made a lunar daylight. His brain ached with fatigue. He burned his arm with his

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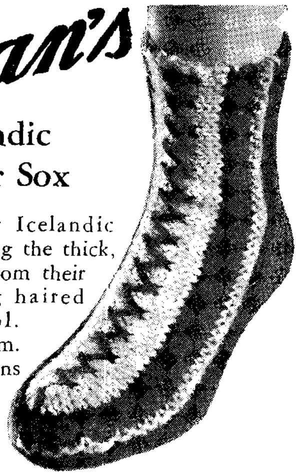

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lighter to remain awake. He smoked, he ate some coconuts. On the second night, a chill wind kept him more wakeful. There were no sharks. Then the sun—"the monster of the tropics"—rose behind him. Ahead he could see land. On a rising wave, he saw Sylvain for a moment. The two men waved their shirts at each other like banners. By afternoon, they were close to the beach. Papillon saw Sylvain leave his raft, and tried to shout in warning, but he had no moisture in his throat to cry out with; when he finally saw Sylvain again, Sylvain was standing on the beach, sunk to his waist in the quicksand. Papillon tried to paddle nearer to him. Sylvain, sunk to his armpits, stared at him. A large wave covered Papillon, and when it left him free Sylvain had disappeared. "My reaction," he wrote in his book, all those years later, "was horribly bestial, disgusting—the instinct for self-preservation dominated any other. 'You are alive,' I said to myself." The next day, he found a Negro in the bush who, after being menaced by Papillon's gun and also offered five hundred francs, became docile and kindly and took him to hunt for Chang's brother, another day and night distant. The *cavale* was finished a week or so later, in company with Chang's brother, on the streets of Georgetown, in British territory.

THE award of the Nobel Prize to Samuel Beckett was, with few exceptions, very popular among the French, who had been instantly attracted to "En Attendant Godot" without understanding it any more than anyone else did, and without having heard of the author before. In 1930, Beckett's first writing ever to appear in English was published in Paris by Nancy Cunard's Hours Press, then operating across from the Mint, in the Rue Guénégaud. In her posthumous, recently published memoirs, called "These Were the Hours," she tells how, in collaboration with Richard Aldington, she decided "to offer a prize for the best poem on a certain subject," adding, "In that way new talent might be discovered and it would get the press even better known." So a card was printed and sent out to literary reviews in England and elsewhere which read, "Nancy Cunard, Hours Press, in collaboration with Richard Aldington, offers £10 for the best poem up to 100 lines, in English or American, on Time (for or against). Entries up to June 15, 1930." It was not a large prize, but the poem could be short—

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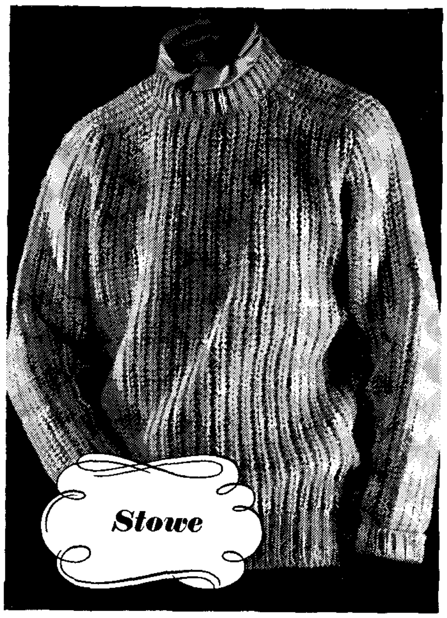

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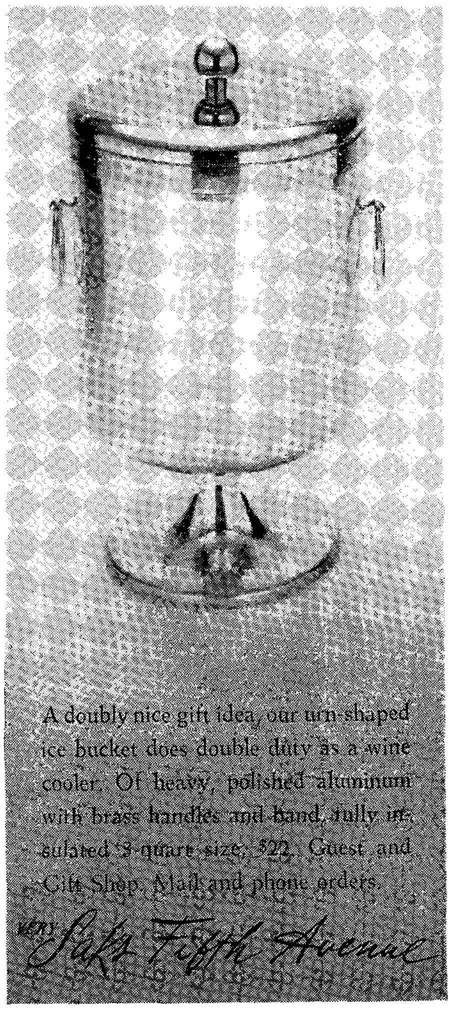

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maybe four perfect lines. All the entries that arrived at the press were mediocre, when not bad, and none by anyone who could be remotely regarded as a poet. On the morning after the close of the contest, she found under her door, where it had been slipped the night before, a small folder marked "Whoroscope" and bearing the name Samuel Beckett. His unrhymed poem of ninety-eight lines—mysterious, intricate, and obscure—was centered on Descartes. "Immediately sent for," Beckett arrived and told of "Whoroscope's" having been written the afternoon before, when he had first heard of the competition. Half of it was done before dinner. Then came "a guzzle of salad and Chambertin at the Cochon de Lait," after which he went back to the École Normale Supérieure to finish it, later walking down to the Rue Guénégaud to put it under her door. In describing her first sight of him that day, she wrote, years later, "He is a man of stone, you think, until he speaks, and then all is warmth if he be with someone sympathetic to him. He is fair, with a direct gaze, at times coming to pinpoint precision, in his light-blue eyes. . . . He is very self-assured in a deep, quiet way, unassuming in manner, and interested in mankind, despite all the despair in his plays, which, to me, are imbued with the strange paradox of compassion-contempt." She added, " 'Whoroscope' was quickly set by hand and printed in Caslon eleven point." It was bound in dull scarlet covers with black lettering, "had good reviews, and sold well," including the five-shilling signed edition. A copy of this edition was sold recently in London at Sotheby's for the equivalent of four hundred dollars. —GENÊT

•

Virna Lisi she is not, but resourceful the bumpy Joanna has always been. As a child ("when I was pretty") she spent her weekly allowance of $2 in the photo booth at Woolworth's in Montreal: "You'd get four pictures for a quarter," she explains. "I used to sell them to my boyfriends at a quarter a picture. That way I'd end up with $4, a $3 profit."
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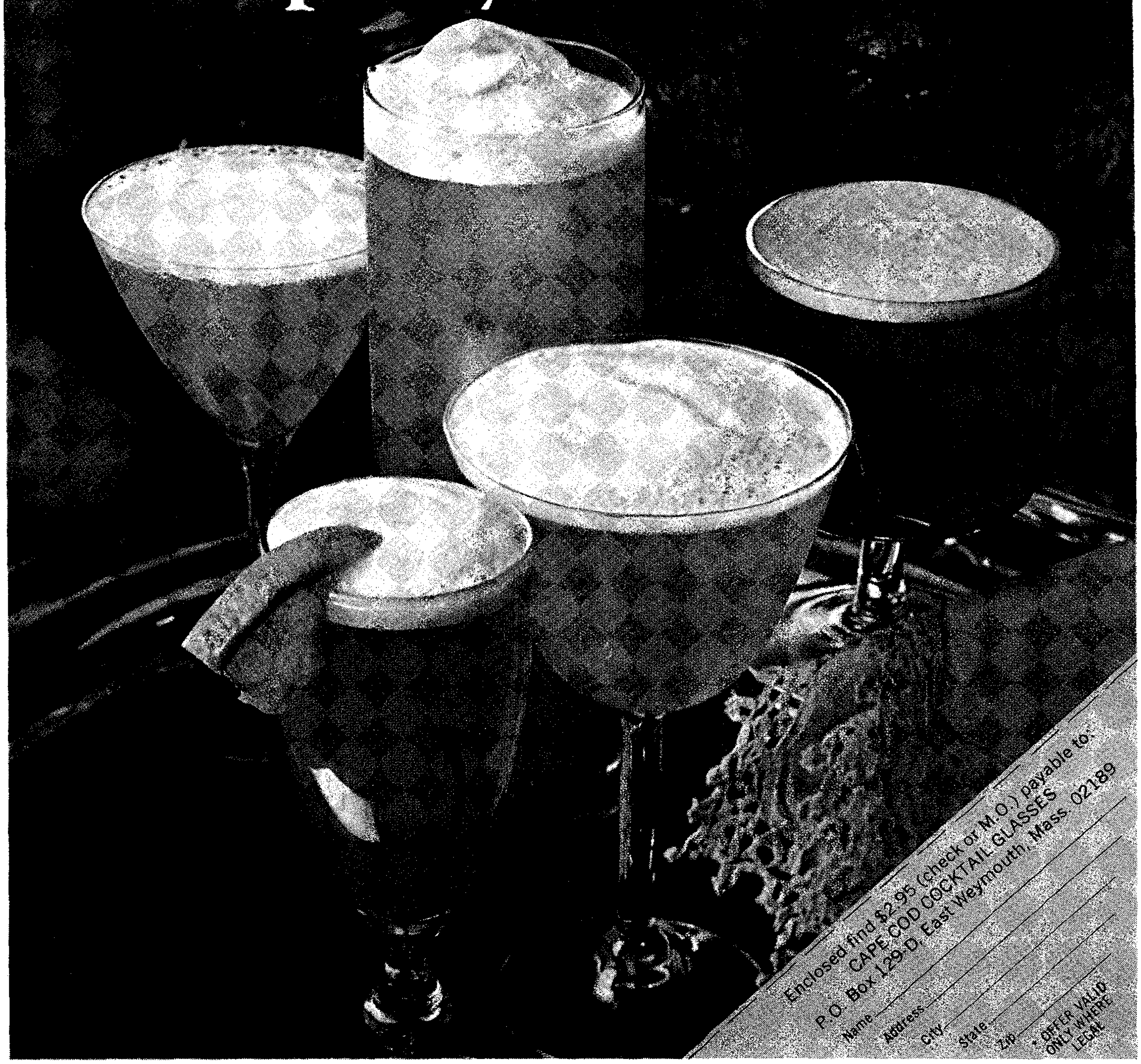

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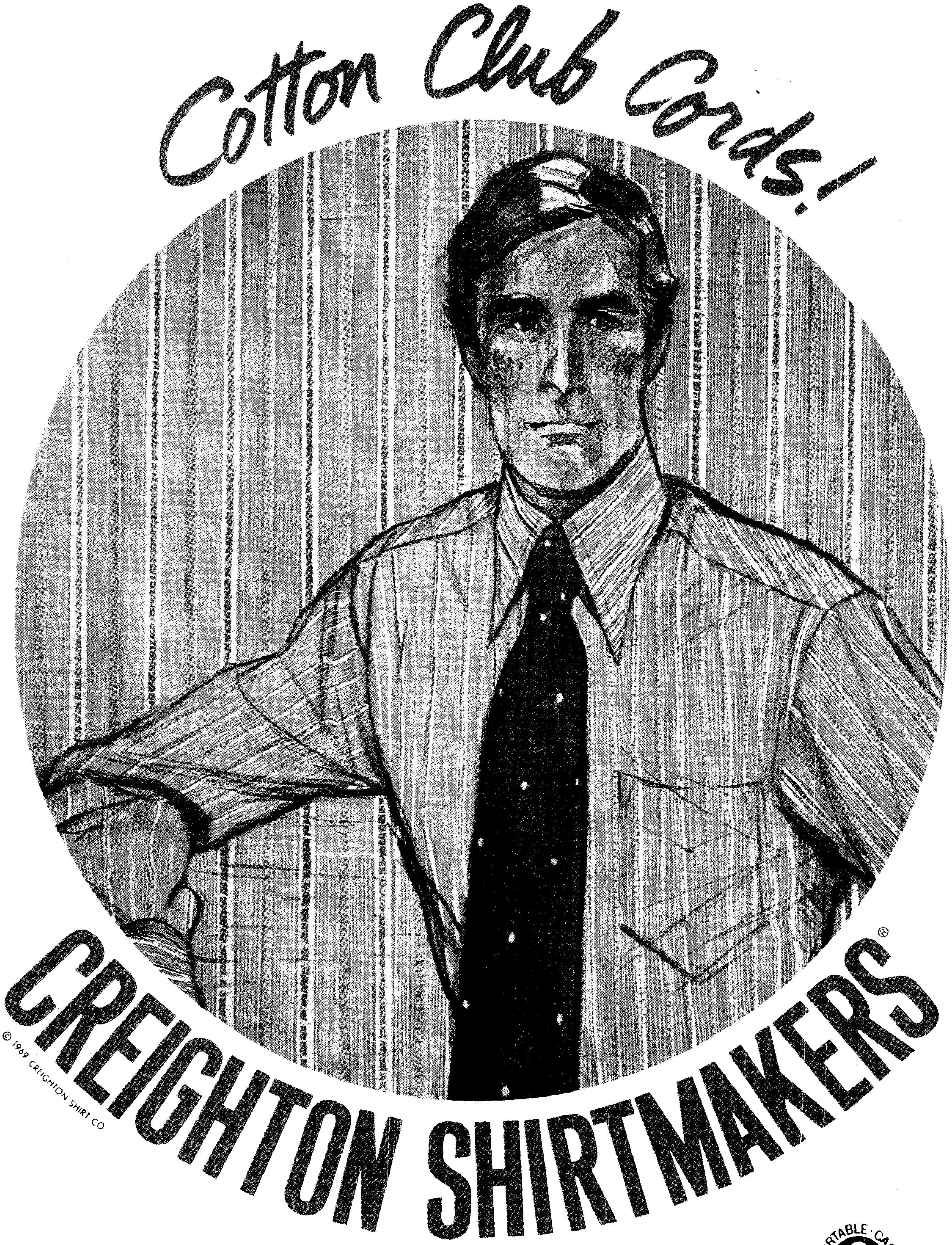
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Working on the Rock Pile

ONE of the more interesting events in our recent musical history took place last week when the Music Educators National Conference, a large organization made up of teachers of music, announced that it was endorsing the teaching of rock in schools and universities. The president of the conference, Wiley L. Housewright, says, in a special section on the subject in the November issue of the *Music Educators Journal*, that "Young people's music can be held at bay outside the institutions of society as it largely is at present, or it can be recognized as a vital and welcome new regenerative force and invited to assume a respectable position in the American musical culture." When I had read Mr. Housewright's statement, I began to wonder whether anything as spontaneous as rock could be taught, or reduced to the sorts of formulas that are required for pedagogical use. Then I read further in the special section of the *Journal*, and found an article by Thomas MacCluskey, a Denver music critic and member of the faculty of the University of Colorado, which constitutes the first effort I have encountered toward a serious musicology of rock. Mr. MacCluskey has examined rock, analyzed it, and come up with a number of generalizations about it that many of us have sensed but none of us have as yet put down as theoretical formulations. I hope that Mr. MacCluskey goes on to write a book on the subject.

He starts out by noting that today's rock, an outgrowth of rhythm and blues and country music, is built on a basic rhythm of eighth notes of equal duration, usually with the second and fourth beats of the measure, rather than the first and third, accentuated, and that numerous polyrhythms are imposed on this basic rhythm. This much we have already learned from Henry Pleasants and others. But then Mr. MacCluskey goes on to examine the melodic elements of rock, and discovers the interesting fact that a great deal of rock is not built on the major and minor scales that have been the foundation of Western music since Bach or a bit earlier. Some of rock's

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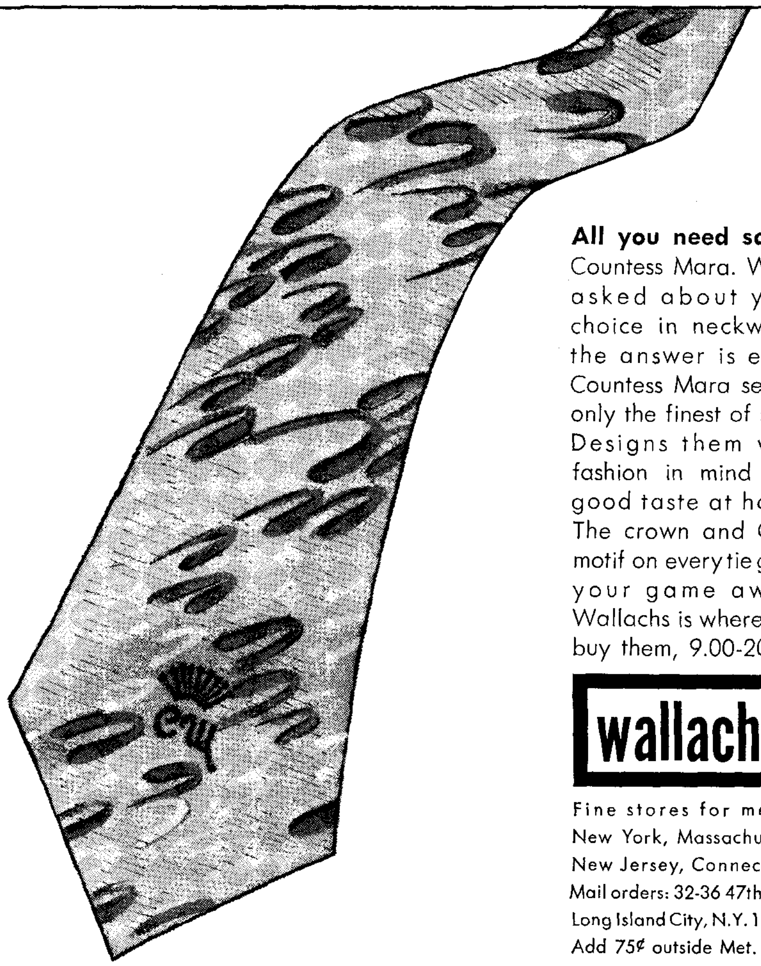

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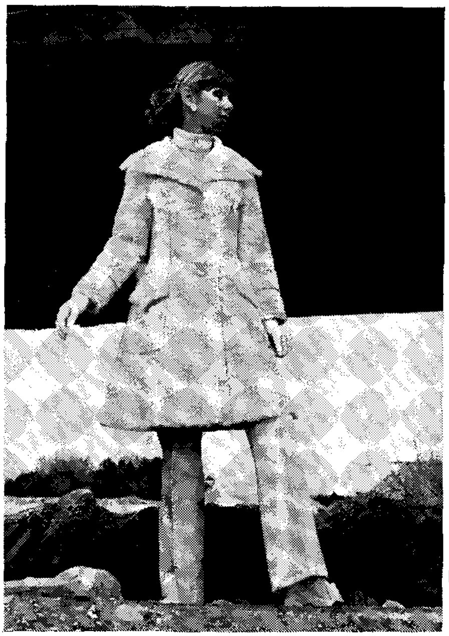
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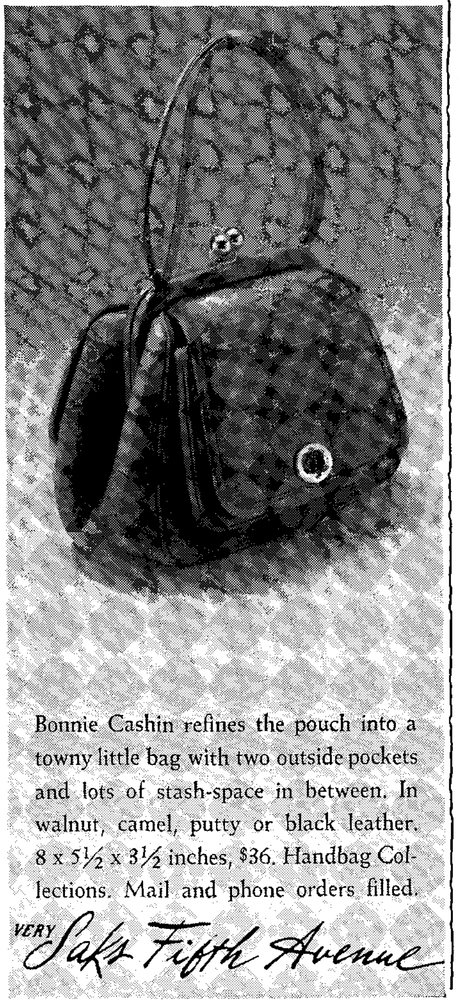
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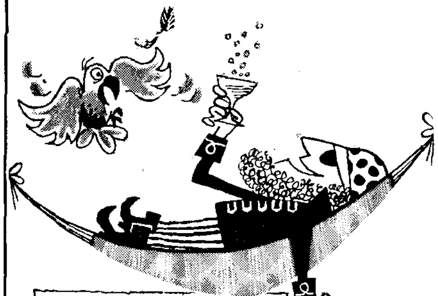
melodic structure is built, instead, on modes—very much the kinds of modes that were codified by Gregory the Great and that were the basis of the medieval Gregorian chant. These modes more or less disappeared from the Western tradition during the Renaissance, though they have appeared sporadically in folk song and have been used by such contemporary composers as Vaughan Williams, often for archaic effect. MacCluskey adds to these modes the blues scale, with its lowered third and seventh, which has, of course, been integral to jazz since its origins.

But jazz has never been modal, and rock is decidedly so. It shows a preference for certain modes and ignores certain others. The commonest mode in rock, according to MacCluskey, is the Ionian, which contains the same notes as our common major scale. Next comes the Aeolian, which, if you will consult your piano, consists of the notes C-D-E flat-F-G-A flat-B flat-C. Then, in order of more or less constant usage, comes the Mixolydian mode (C-D-E-F-G-A-B flat-C), which has not been in consistent use in Western music for five hundred years. After that comes the Dorian (C-D-E flat-F-G-A-B flat-C). The first two, of course, are used commonly in all tonal music, but the last two are employed almost uniquely by rock musicians. The Beatles' "Norwegian Wood," The Mamas and The Papas' "Got a Feelin'," and Jimi Hendrix's "She's So Fine" are all in the Mixolydian mode. The Lydian mode (C-D-E-F sharp-G-A-B-C) is seldom used, but MacCluskey has found one example—something called "Pretty Ballerina," by the defunct Left Banke.

Now, it is not to be thought for a moment that the composers of rock have dipped into music history and purposefully revived a long-disused system. That would be to imagine a great deal more scholarship and deliberation, and a lot less imagination, than these composers employ. They have, obviously, merely gone back to an instinctive musical style that has been in abeyance since equal temperament and the harpsichord, organ, and piano came into vogue. After all, the ancient Greeks used these modes (with a slightly different nomenclature), and they are particularly suited to vocal music. Moreover, the Hindus use them, too, but these Gregorian modes are only a small part of their enormous repertoire of ragas. Evidently, there is something about these modes that transcends the conventional history of Western musi-

where all the pampered pirates stay and play...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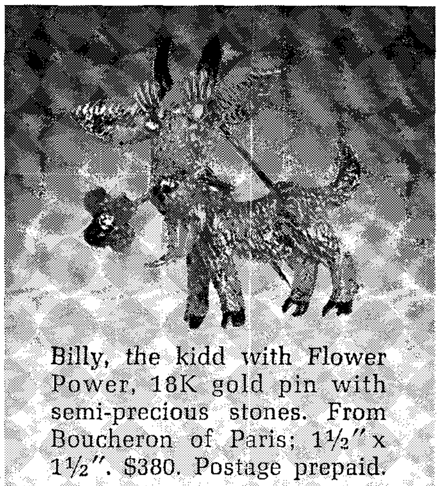
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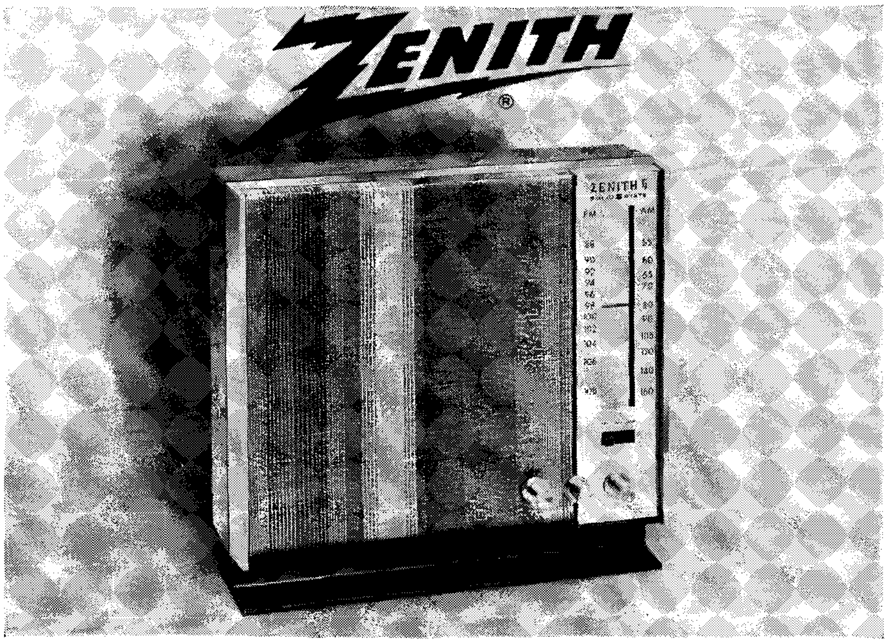
Mr. MacCluskey also considers the subject of rock harmony, pointing out that the old swing from dominant to tonic, or from subdominant to dominant to tonic, which was basic to classical European music, has become less pervasive. The use of the modal system is to some extent responsible for this. The commonest harmonic progression (or sequence of chords) in rock, according to MacCluskey, is I to a flat VII to I again; that is, C-E-G to B flat-D-F and back—a progression that, as he points out, is almost entirely foreign not only to the classics but to Broadway musical show tunes (as well as, I might add, jazz). Another common rock progression is I up to iii, or C-E-G to E-G-B—a progression not unknown in the classics but less common there. Still others are ii to IV, or D-F-A to F-A-C; I to Flat III, or C-E-G to E flat-G-B flat; v to I, or G-B flat-D to C-E-G; I to II, or C-E-G to D-F sharp-A; II to IV, or D-F sharp-A to F natural-A-C; and i to IV, or C-E flat-G to F-A-C. I apologize for the technicalities, but you can search them all out on your piano, and they are extremely interesting. MacCluskey notes that, in rock, an entire composition may be built on one or two chords; he sees nothing wrong with that, and he cites a late-Renaissance score by William Byrd that has the same peculiarities. Some of the modal progressions, such as D-F sharp-A to F natural-A-C, and C-E-G to A flat-C-E flat, involve remarkable chromatic changes.

As for form, MacCluskey says, unsymmetrical phrases began to appear in rock after 1960. This music no longer necessarily consisted of neat four-, eight-, or sixteen-bar phrases. Seven-bar phrases appeared (e.g., the first phrase of the Beatles' "Yesterday"), and sixteen-bar phrases were sometimes divided into ten and six instead of eight and eight. All this is fascinating. A new musical language, and a legitimate one (unlike the arbitrary twelve-tone system), has been evolved. I foresee a danger, however. Once it has been formulated for pedagogical purposes, the system may become conscious and then progressive, and finally atonal rock may kill rock much as atonality has killed both symphonic music and jazz.

My dippings into the New York musical scene last week were not particularly happy. On Monday night, I went to Town Hall to hear the



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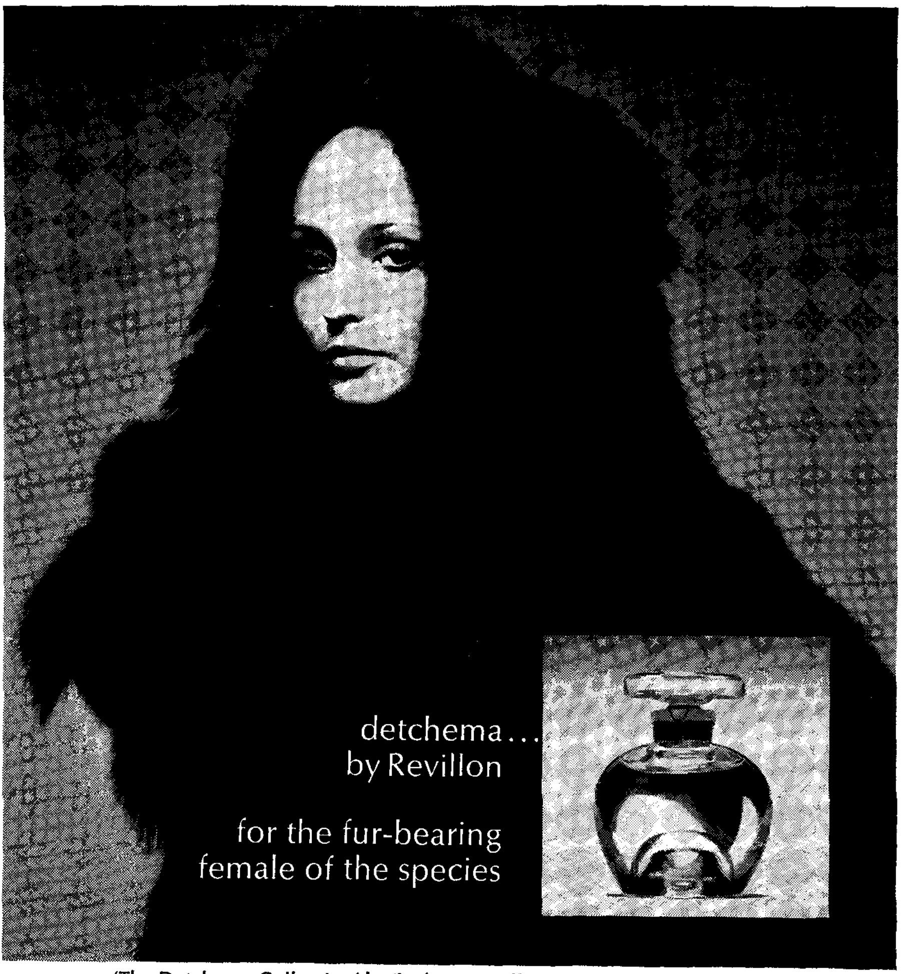

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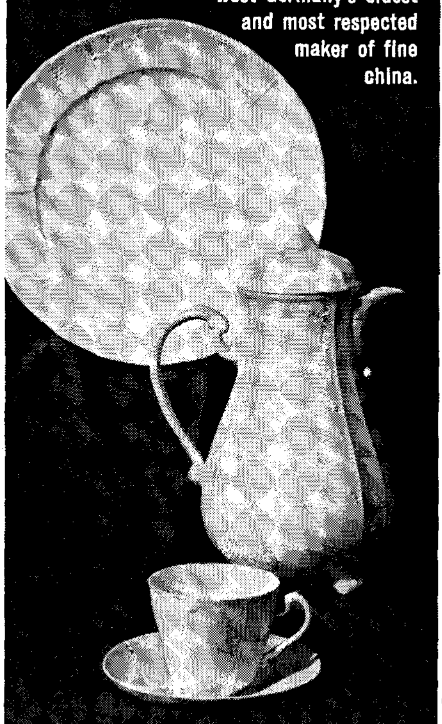

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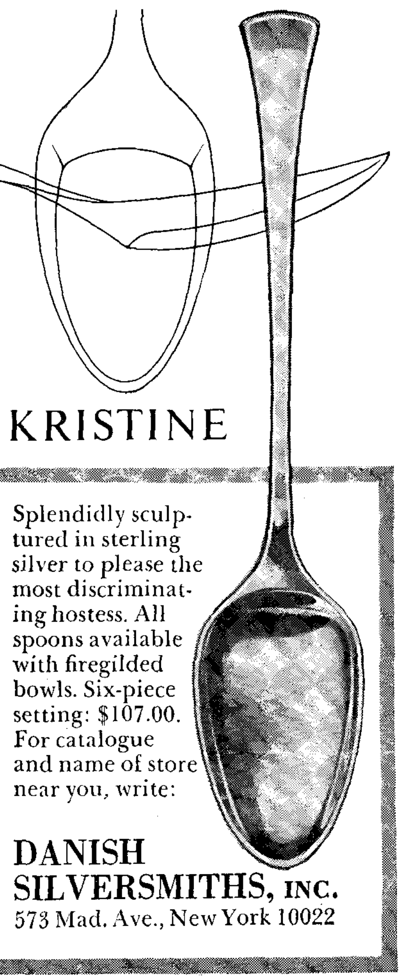

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Baroque Trio of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis (meaning from Basel). Many of those present had that peculiarly placid look that proclaims the Swiss nationality. The music was placid, too. August Wenzinger, an elderly, scholarly-looking man, and Hannelore Mueller, a younger woman, played violas da gamba, while Robert Conant, a young man with a mustache, played the harpsichord. I am not a connoisseur of any of these instruments. Along with the guitar and the organ, they remain mysterious and not entirely congenial to me. These artists played some contemporary music written for their type of ensemble, of which only a Sonate en Trio, Opus 46, by Julien-François Zbinden, seemed to me worth listening to. Then they embarked on a Sonata in G Major, "La Nimfa del Reno," by Johann Schenk, and a Suite in D Major, Book III, No. 5, by Marin Marais—both baroque works. I daresay that Mr. Wenzinger and Miss Mueller are the greatest viola-da-gamba players in the world. Anyhow, they played in tune. But I found myself yawning long before the concert was over.

Tuesday night I devoted to the Clarion Concerts, in Alice Tully Hall, where what was supposed to be a program of Czech music was being presented under the baton of Newell Jenkins. This program started off with a Sonata à 12, by Augustin Kerzinger, which proved that Czech baroque music is indistinguishable from other baroque music. Next, we had Mozart's Piano Concerto in C Major, K. 503, with a rather wooden pianist named Ivan Moravec as soloist. The only thing that was Czech about this, obviously, was Mr. Moravec. Bohuslav Černohorský's "Regina Coeli" proved the same point that the Kerzinger work had. Then a kittenish soprano named Louisa Budd sang a series of nonsense songs, "Cvičení pro Gydli," by Jan Kapr, which turned out to be based on the baby talk of his unbearably adorable little daughter. The evening ended with Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, which was substituted for another genuine Czech item. Well, it's called the "Prague" Symphony, though he wrote it in Vienna. I guess there's something vaguely Czech about that.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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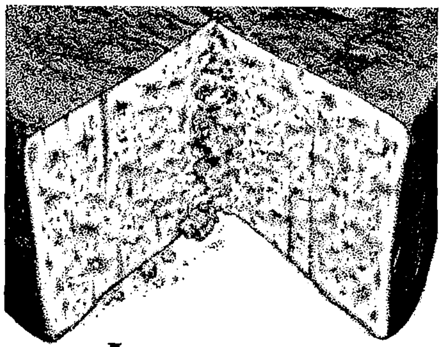

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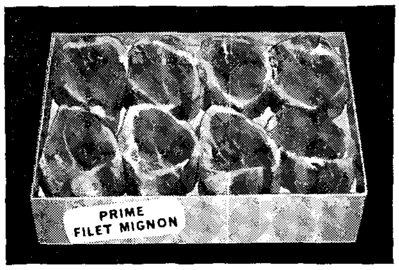

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BOOKS

The Tongues of Men

TO the public at large, Professor Noam Chomsky, of M.I.T., is one of the most eloquent, indefatigable critics of the Vietnam war and of the role of the military-industrial complex in American life. He has marched on the Pentagon; he has supported the most extreme tactics of pacifist and conscientious dissent; he has labored to extricate his own university and the American academic community from what he judges to be its corrosive entanglements with military technology and imperialist expansion; he has run drastic professional risks on behalf of his beliefs and his intimations of catastrophe. His voice was one of the first to pillory what he sees as the injustice and folly of the Vietnam operation, and it has been one of the most influential in altering the mood of educated Americans and in bringing about the present drive for disengagement.

There is a second Noam Chomsky. To epistemologists, to behavioral psychologists, to theoreticians of child development and education, to linguists, Chomsky is one of the most interesting workers now in their field and a source of heated debate. His contributions to the study of language and mental process are highly technical and of considerable intellectual difficulty. But, like the anthropology of Claude Lévi-Strauss, with which it shows affinities, Chomskian generative and transformational grammar is one of those specialized conjectures which, by sheer intellectual fascination and range of implication, reach out to the world of the layman. Chomsky himself, moreover, is a fluent expositor and willing publicist of his technical work; at his best, he is an "explainer" in the tradition of Mill and T. H. Huxley. Thus a good deal of his professional argument is accessible in part, at least, to the outsider. The effort at understanding is well worth making, for if Chomsky is right, our general sense of man's habitation in reality, of the ways in which mind and world interact, will be modified or, more precisely, will join up with modes of feeling that have not had much influence or scientific weight since the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

The "Chomskian revolution" predates Chomsky. To a greater degree than recent disciples are always ready to acknowledge, the groundwork was laid by Chomsky's teacher, Professor Zelig Harris, of the University of Pennsylvania. Harris is himself a linguist of great distinction, and it is in his "Methods in Structural Linguistics," which appeared in 1951, that certain key notions of grammatical depth and transformation were first set out. Chomsky's "Syntactic Structures," which is to many the classic and most persuasive statement of his hypotheses, followed six years later. Then, in 1958, came an important paper, "A Transformational Approach to Syntax," read at the Third Texas Conference on Problems of Linguistic Analysis in English, and "Some Methodological Remarks on Generative Grammar," published in the journal *Word* in 1961. In 1963, Chomsky contributed a severely technical and far-reaching chapter on "Formal Properties of Grammars" to Volume II of the "Handbook of Mathematical Psychology." "Current Issues in Linguistic Theory," a year later, marked the commanding prestige and wide influence of the whole Chomskian approach. "Cartesian Linguistics" (1966) is an interesting but in certain respects deliberately antiquarian salute to those French grammarians and philosophers whom Chomsky regards as his true forebears. His "Language and Mind" (Harcourt, Brace & World) was first delivered as the Beckman Lectures at Berkeley in January of 1967 and published a year later. (It has more recently been published as a paperback by Harcourt.) It represents both a summary of generative linguistics and a program for future work. Around this core of his professional writing lie explanatory or polemic interviews—notably with the English philosopher Stuart Hampshire, reprinted in B.B.C.'s *Listener* of May 30, 1968—and a number of recent lectures given in packed halls in Oxford, London, and Cambridge.

The best place to start is Chomsky's assault on Professor B. F. Skinner, of Harvard. Chomsky tells us that hearing Skinner lecture triggered his own line of thought, and the behavioral sciences, as Skinner represents them, are his constant target. Skinner's "Verbal Behavior" came out in 1957. Chomsky's attack, a lengthy review in *Language*, came two years later, but it had already been circulating in manuscript. What Skinner had sought to do was to extrapolate, from his famous work on stimulus-and-response behavior in animals, to human linguistic behavior. He seemed to argue that human beings acquire and make use of language in a far more sophisticated but not essentially different way from that in which rats could be taught to thread a maze. A precise understanding and predictive theory of human speech would, therefore, involve little more than a refinement of those techniques of stimulus, reinforced stimulus, and conditioned response that enable us to teach a rat to press a certain spring in order to reach its reward of food. Concomitantly, the

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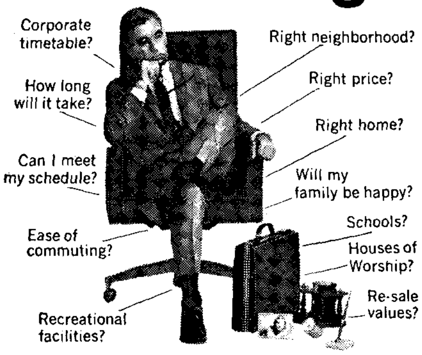
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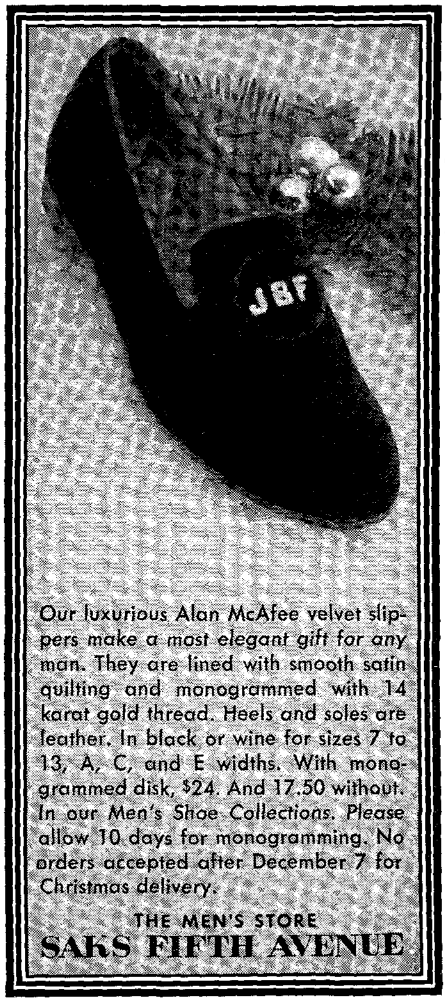

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child would learn language skills (what Chomsky was to call "competence") by some process of stimulus and response within a model fully comparable to that which had proved effective—or at any rate in part—in the "teaching" of lower organisms. The qualification is needed because there is of late some doubt about what Skinner's rats have in fact "learned."

Chomsky found Skinner's proposals scandalous—in the restrictions they seemed to impose on the complexity and freedom of human consciousness, as well as in their methodological naïveté. Skinner's alleged scientific approach, said Chomsky, was a mere regression to discredited mentalistic psychology. It could give no true account of how human beings, *who differ in this cardinal respect from all other known life forms*, can acquire and use the infinitely complex, innovative, and at all levels creative instrument of speech. Chomsky saw—and this has, I believe, been his most penetrating insight—that a valid model of linguistic behavior must account for the extraordinary fact that all of us perpetually and effortlessly use strings and combinations of words which we have never heard before, which we have never been taught specifically, and which quite obviously do not arise in conditioned response to any identifiable stimulus in our environment. Almost from the earliest stages of his linguistic life, a child will be able to construct and to understand a fantastic number of utterances that are quite new to him yet that he somehow knows to be acceptable sentences in his language. Conversely, he will quickly demonstrate his instinctive rejection of (that is, his failure to grasp) word orders and syntactic arrangements that are unacceptable, though it may be that none of these have been specifically pointed out to him. At every stage, from earliest childhood on, the human use of language goes far beyond all "taught" or formal precedent, and far beyond the aggregate of individually acquired and stored experience. "These abilities," says Chomsky, "indicate that there must be fundamental processes at work quite independently of 'feedback' from the environment." The dynamics of human communication arise from within.

These processes, remarks Chomsky, are likely to be of enormous intricacy. They may well be located in that intermediary zone between "mental" and "physical," between "psychic" and "neurochemical," that our outmoded vocabulary, with its crude but deeply entrenched mind-body distinctions, is

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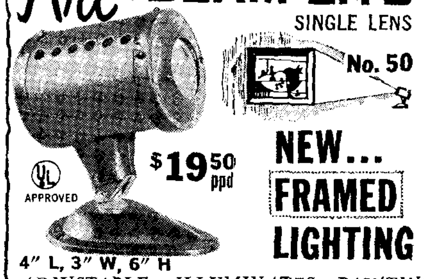

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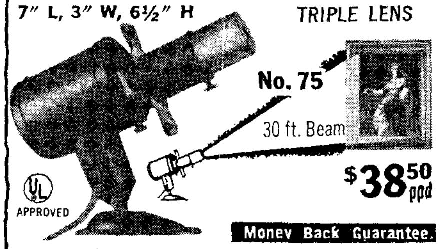

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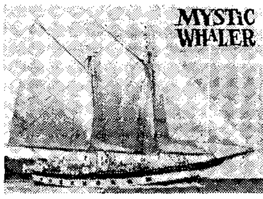

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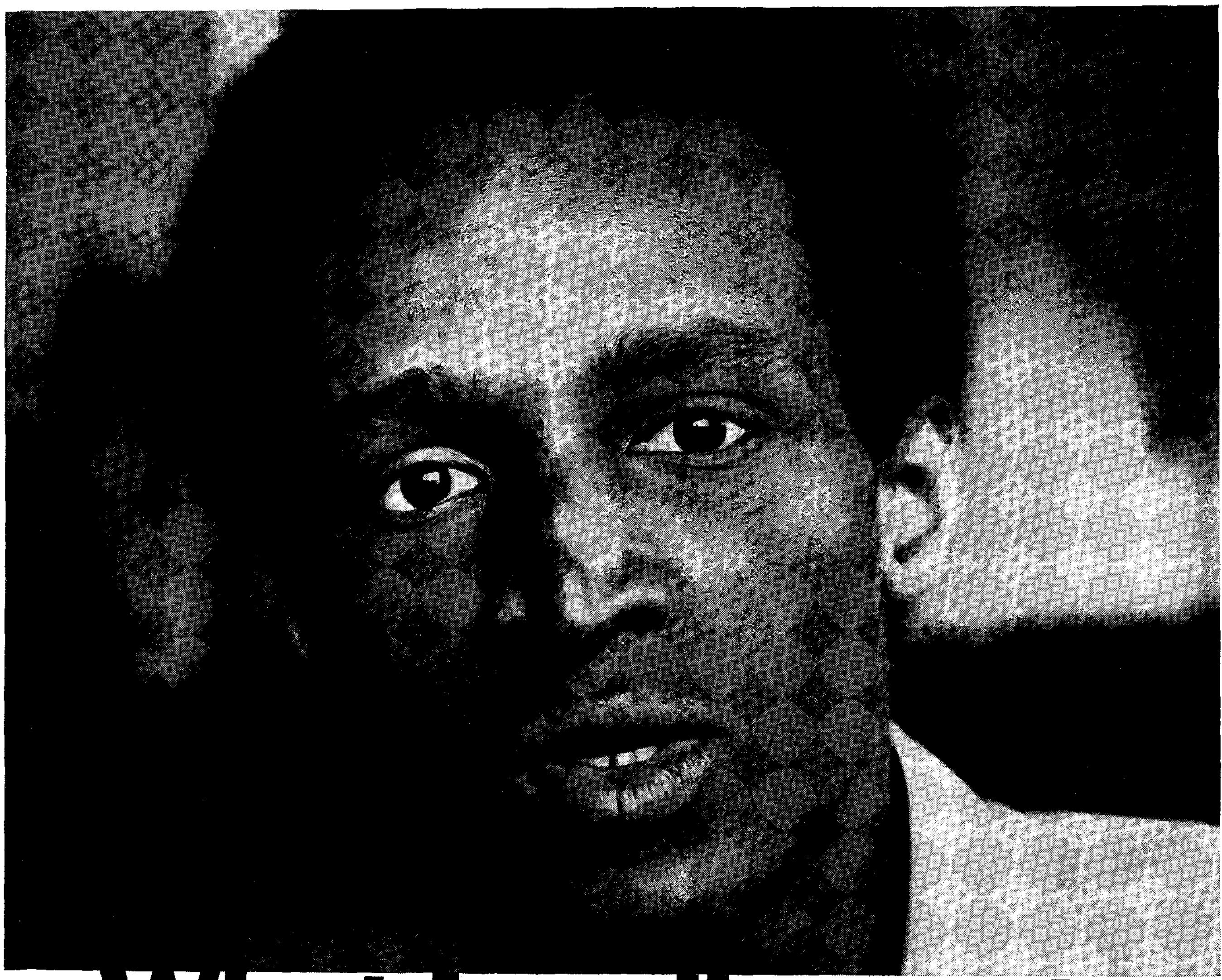

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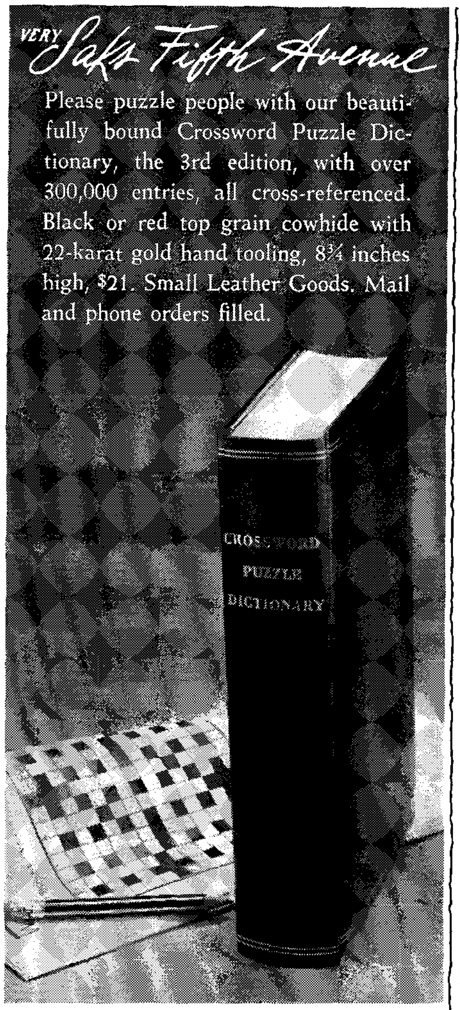

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poorly equipped to handle. The child hypothesizes and processes information "in a variety of very special and apparently highly complex ways which we cannot yet describe or begin to understand, and which may be largely innate, or may develop through some sort of learning or through maturation of the nervous system." The brain produces "by an 'induction' of apparently fantastic complexity and suddenness" the rules of the relevant grammar. Thus we recognize a new item as a sentence in our language not because it matches some familiar, previously taught item in any simple way "but because it is generated by the grammar that each individual has somehow and in some form internalized." Human language, as Chomsky was to reaffirm in 1967, is a unique phenomenon, "without significant analogue in the animal world." It is senseless, contrary to what numerous biolinguists and ethnologists have felt, to theorize about its possible evolution from more primitive, outwardly-conditioned modes of communication, such as the signals apparently conveyed by bird calls. The spontaneous, innovative use of language somehow defines man. It looks as if people are beings "specially designed" to generate rules of immediate linguistic understanding and construction, as if they possess "data-handling or 'hypothesis-formulating' ability of unknown character and complexity."

The vocabulary of the early Chomsky is worth a close look, particularly because its underlying force will be augmented later. "Special design," "data-handling," his later references to the key "presetting" of the brain all point to the image of a computer. Chomsky would deny this, but the evidence is strong that the notion, perhaps partly unconscious, of a very powerful computer deep inside the fabric of human consciousness is relevant to much of his argument. In the history of philosophy and of the natural sciences, such buried pictures or metaphors play a large role. It is doubtful whether the most recent breakthrough in molecular biology would have taken place when the Morse code was the ruling image of quick communication. The uses of "code," "feedback," "storage," and "information" in current genetics point to the implicit presence of computer technology and of the electronic processing of data. The same is true of Chomskian linguistics, and this may prove important when one tries to determine whether or not it is valid.

Chomsky's interpretation of these

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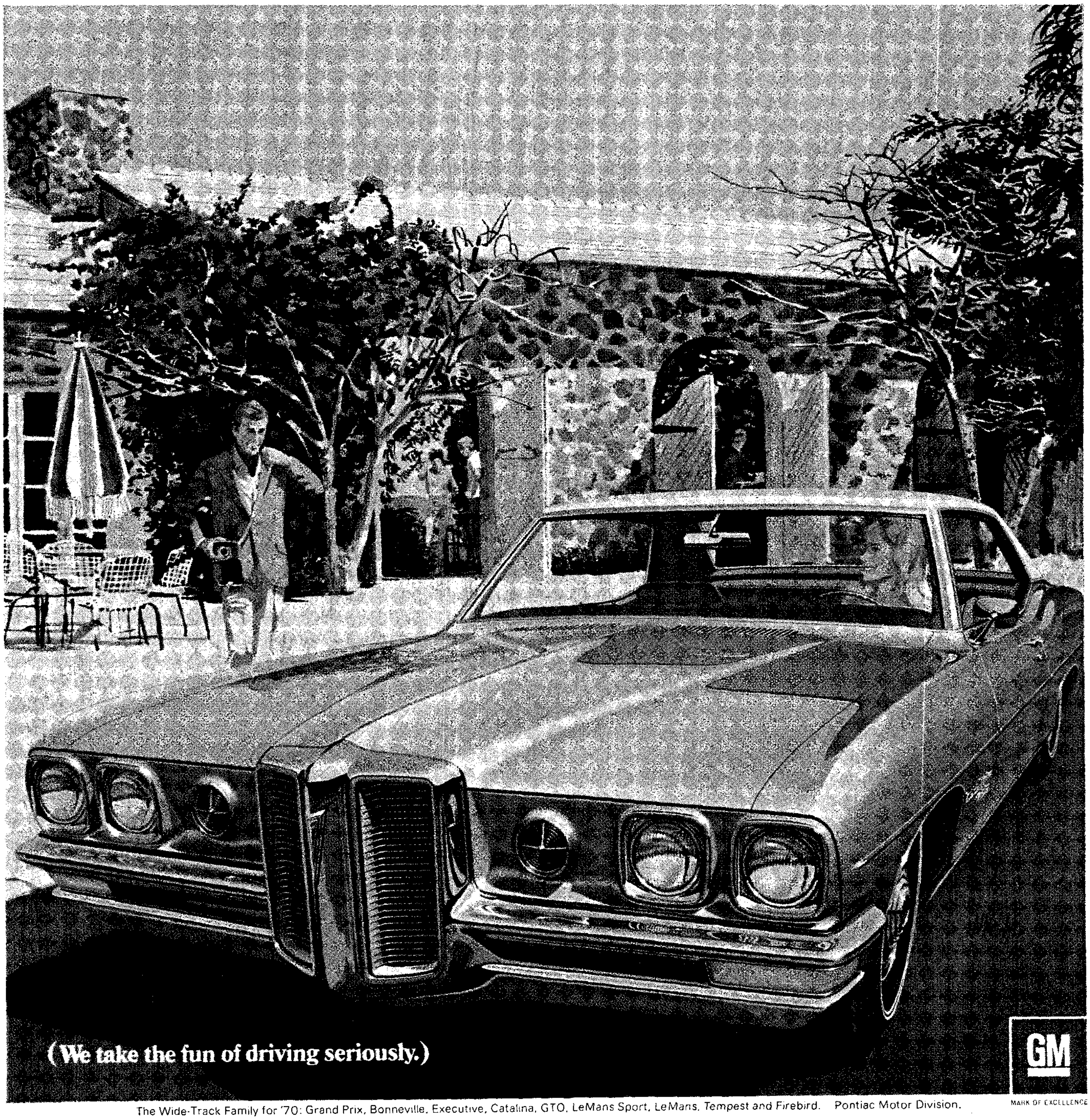
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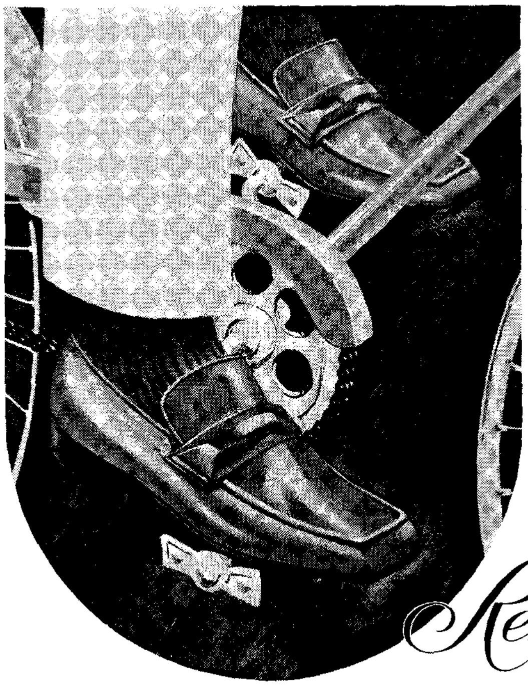
abilities of "unknown character and complexity" proceeds on two levels. One, highly technical, consists of an attempt to devise and describe a set of rules that will produce, or "generate," grammatical sentences in English, or any other language, and that will not produce ungrammatical ones. The other level can most fairly be termed philosophic or epistemological. Chomsky's views on transformational grammars lead to certain inferences about the nature of the human mind and about the relations between being and perception. Except for purposes of study, these two planes of argument cannot really be kept apart. Nor ought they to be. The difficulty is that Chomsky sometimes argues as if they could, and then, at other—and often decisive—points, he buttresses his formal hypotheses with inferences that are philosophic and introspective in the old, loose sense. Formal logic tends to overlap with hunches that are occasionally quite nebulous.

Around the turn of the century, both mathematics and logic went through a phase of rigorous self-examination. Both sought to establish formally consistent and self-contained foundations for the processes of reasoning and calculation that had developed with tremendous force in earlier centuries, but on a somewhat ad-hoc basis. Extraordinary holes and bits of patchwork had been left in the foundations of logical and mathematical proof and analysis. The results of this shoring up, with which one associates thinkers such as Russell, Carnap, Tarski, and Gödel, include combinatorial logic, the theory of sets, and symbolic notations of great refinement. These tools were applied to mathematical propositions and to formal structures of logical argument. Noam Chomsky set out to apply them to the far more recalcitrant and varied material of actual human speech. (Whether he has in fact done so is one of the very difficult problems of the entire Chomskian achievement.) Only the analysis of common speech, he insisted, could lead to a genuine understanding of how language is put together.

Chomsky argued that all possible grammatical sentences in English (or any other tongue) could be derived, or "generated," from a small number of basic, or "kernel," sentences, plus a set of rules of operation and transformation. We may think of these rules as in some way comparable to those surprisingly few conventions of addition, subtraction, substitution, and equivalence from which we can build up the enormously manifold and com-



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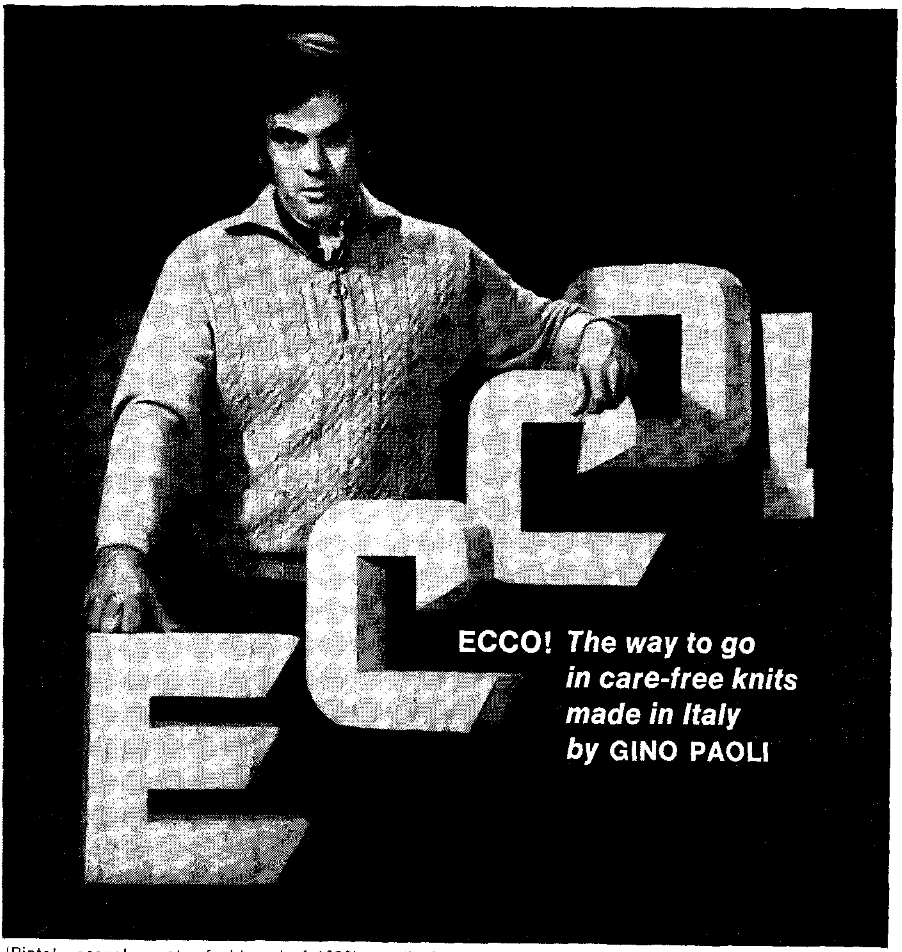

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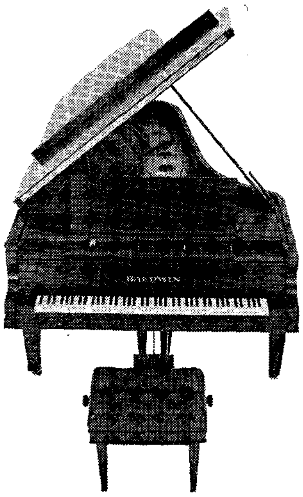
plex structure of arithmetic and algebra. Given the right manipulative rules, few building blocks are needed. The rules of Chomskian grammar "transform" certain primary configurations, such as noun symbol followed by verb symbol, into related configurations, even as algebraic equations will yield other equations if the proper rules of substitution are observed. Thus "John loves Mary" is pivoted, by a transformational rule that is not only specific but also, presumably, of very comprehensive and generalizing power, into "Mary is loved by John." This particular transformation, from active to passive, allows a human speaker to recognize and manipulate correctly the literally innumerable number of similarly organized and related propositions that he will come up against during a lifetime. The fact that the rules for transformation are "correct" insures that no ungrammatical or randomly ordered sentence is generated. If no such mechanism were operative, each new verbal situation—say, "I cut this loaf," "this loaf is cut by me"—would offer intractable dilemmas and demand a new, specific act of learning. This, urges Chomsky, is plainly not the case.

A sentence generated in this way has two distinct levels, and it is by virtue of this duality that Chomsky considers himself related to certain grammarians and logicians at work in France in the sixteen-sixties and after. "John loves Mary" is the *surface structure* of the sentence. It constitutes the sort of "physical signal," or phonetic articulation, to which we can perfectly well apply the traditional syntax we have learned in school: noun, verb, object, and so on. But this surface structure tells us little and obviously differs for every language. "Far below," as it were, lies the *deep structure*, from which our phonetic expression has been generated and of which the spoken, audible sentence is in some respects a projection or mapping.

What is this purported deep structure like? On this point, crucial as it is to his entire theory of language, Chomsky is elusive and not always consistent. It might have been best, though by no means satisfactory, had he said that we cannot adequately describe in words a psychic system that somehow operates before or very far beneath language. In the Kantian sense, there might be a "final skin" of consciousness and self, which we cannot describe because we cannot step outside it. Instead, Chomsky offers suggestions that are often rather obscure and tangential. The deep structure "may be highly ab-



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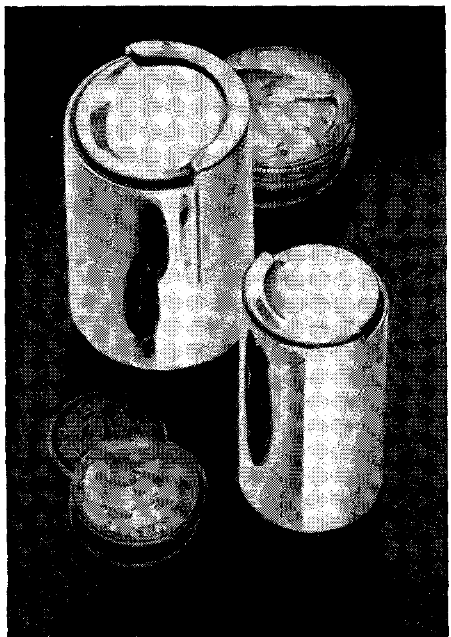

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stract." It may or it may not have a close, "point-by-point correlation to the phonetic realization." That is, the visible contours of the landscape may or may not simulate or parallel the subterranean geological strata and dynamics from which it has been shaped and thrown up. What is worse, the visible terrain may be thoroughly misleading. Surface structures—the sentences we actually speak and hear—are not "like" the kernels from which they are generated by transformational rules. The deep structure from which, according to Chomsky, our understanding and use of all languages stem involves properties of a hitherto incomprehensible generality, abstraction, and formal power. We are not, obviously, to think of these "kernels" or primal linguistic units as verbal or syntactic in any ordinary sense. It is, if I follow Chomsky's hints rightly, *relations* that are involved—formidably simplified yet functional "presettings" that relate subject to object, person to verb. Again, I would suppose, the image of a computer, with its ability to transcribe computer speech into a print-out in English or any other idiom, is involved at some vital though perhaps unacknowledged stage in Chomsky's argument.

In any case, what has been shown is this: the unbounded variety of sentences human beings grasp and make use of upon every occasion in their lives can be derived from a limited set of formal counters and from a body of rules, also presumably limited, for the manipulation and rearrangement of these counters. To have shown this—and I think Chomsky has done so—is of itself a feat of great logical force and elegance. Substantively as well as historically, the exemplary suggestion came from mathematics and mathematical logic. In the binary system of notation, for instance, two symbols, 0 and 1, together with a body of rules about how they are to be put together and "read," suffice to operate with any number or group of numbers in the universe. Logic strives for a comparable economy and rigor at the base. Chomsky's hope that human language can be similarly schematized is understandable and intellectually exciting. But there is more to it than that. Chomsky is not arguing a mathematical model, a *hypothesis*—as Renaissance scientists called any of those formal proposals to which they did not necessarily attach material truth. Chomsky addresses himself to the human fact. He contends that only some such scheme of generation and transformation out of deep structures can account for the way in which

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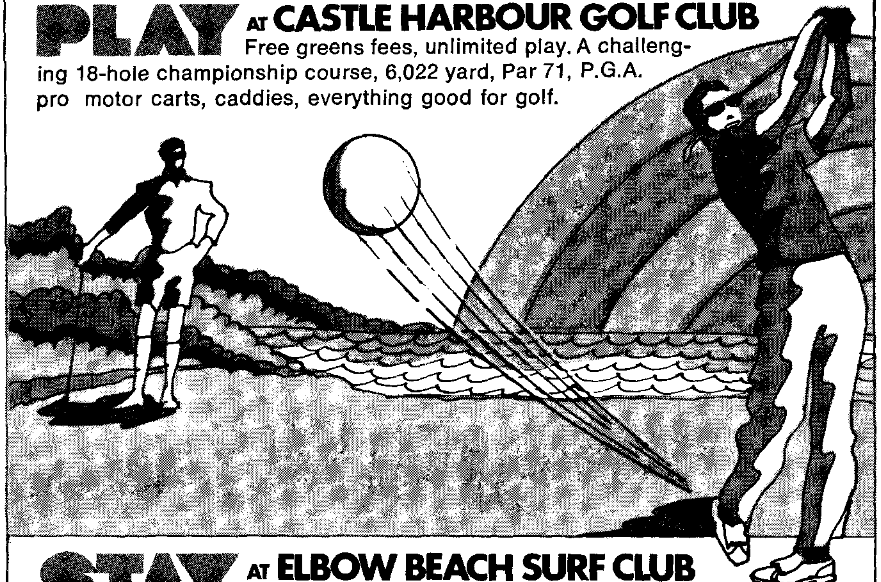

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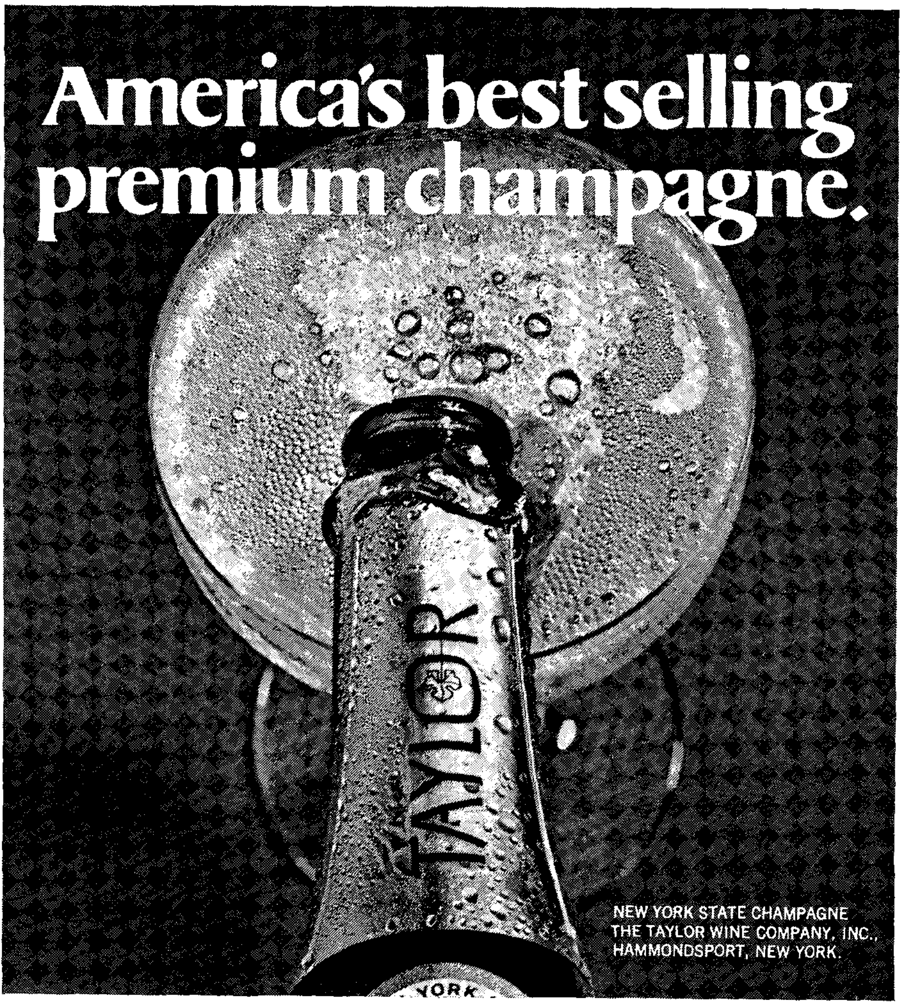
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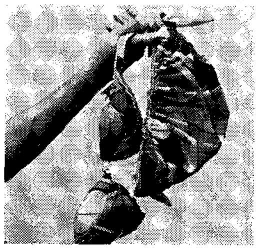

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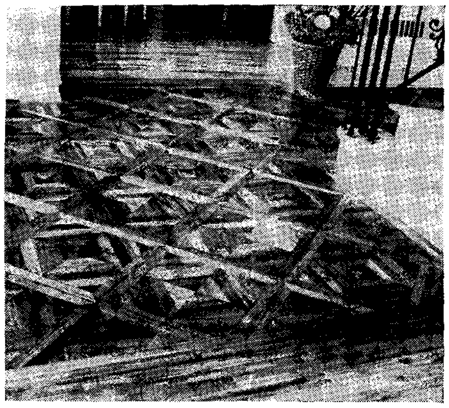
Homo sapiens actually acquires language and communicates. He summarized this contention in his first Locke Lecture, at Oxford last April:

> A person who knows a language has mastered a set of rules and principles that determine an infinite, discrete set of sentences each of which has a fixed form and a fixed meaning or meaning-potential. Even at the lowest levels of intelligence, the characteristic use of this knowledge is free and creative . . . in that one can instantaneously interpret an indefinitely large range of utterances, with no feeling of unfamiliarity or strangeness.

The postulate that language is unique to man (with which I entirely concur) and the correlative notion of *deep structures* have wide philosophic consequences. Of late, Chomsky has been readier than before to examine these and to move outside the confines of formal linguistic analysis. The key question is that of the nature and location of these deep structures and of the process through which human beings have achieved their singular capacity to articulate meaning and express imaginary concepts. In his attack on Skinner, Chomsky stressed the "completely unknown" character of the whole business and admitted that it might result from some form of learning or from a gradual maturation of the nervous system. But as his hypotheses have gained confidence and prestige, Chomsky has come to adopt what he himself calls a Cartesian position but what might more exactly be termed a development of Kant's theories of perception.

It is innate ideas or innate programs for all potential experience and mappings of experience that Chomsky is inferring. The existence of an "innate mental structure" seems to him indispensable to the generation of language. The "schema of universal grammar," whereby all men can operate in their own tongue and reasonably acquire another, must be assigned "to the mind as an innate character." Knowledge of language can be gained only "by an organism that is 'preset.' " Only man is innately equipped or programmed in this immensely specific yet creative fashion. All men being thus organized, there exist between them the bond of universal grammar and the concomitant possibility of translation from any one language into all other languages. It follows as well that no lower organic species will be able to master even rudimentary language forms (which is rather different from saying that certain animals may not be taught to mime human speech sounds). As Chomsky notes, recent studies of



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animal vision suggest that various species see angle, motion, and other complex properties of the physical world according to the special ways in which their nervous systems are patterned or "hooked up." These patterns are innate, and unalterable except through artificial lesion. Precisely in the same way, man communicates reality to himself and to others in linguistic forms because he has been uniquely imprinted with the capacity and need to do so.

We are now back with Kant and those a-priori mental structures or categories of space, time, and identity through which man interacts with the "outside" world and which govern both the freedom and the conceptual limits of that interaction. We are also back with the doctrines of the great grammarians of Port Royal in the second half of the seventeenth century regarding the universal grammar from which all human tongues ultimately derive their local forms.

How far can we probe into these deep structures and "settings" of consciousness? What kind of evidence are we looking for? Again, Chomsky is elusive and inclines toward modest disclaimers: "In fact, the processes by which the human mind achieved its present stage of complexity and its particular form of innate organization are a total mystery, as much so as the analogous questions about the physical or mental organizations of any other complex organism." Inasmuch as Chomsky has just drawn, and shrewdly so, on the positive results being achieved in the study of animal perception, this rider to the sentence is odd. Elsewhere, moreover, he is less circumspect. Linguistic universals, says Chomsky to Stuart Hampshire, must "be a biological property of the human mind." He adds, in a move strikingly reminiscent of those made by Freud when he was hoping for neurophysiological confirmation of his model of the subconscious (confirmation that never came), that there will "definitely someday be a physiological explanation for the mental processes that we are now discovering."

Does this confident assertion signify that generative linguistics is committed to materialism, to a view of consciousness as being purely and simply neurochemical? Some of its adherents seem to believe so. Chomsky's own formulation is subtler. He rightly points out that the boundaries between "mental" and "physical" are continually shifting. Numerous phenomena once regarded as wholly spiritual and out-

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side the reach of empirical study have now become comprehensible in a physiological and experimental sense. There is beginning to be a chemistry of schizophrenia and a biochemistry of dreams as there has for some time now been a physiology of digestion or procreation. It is by keeping our descriptive categories open and negotiable that we can extend knowledge. "What is at issue," says Chomsky, "is only whether the physiological processes and physical processes that we now understand are already rich enough in principle—and maybe in fact—to cover the mental phenomena which are beginning to emerge" (again, the phrasing might be Freud's). The work done in the past fifteen years on the genetic code and on the neurochemistry of nervous impulse goes a long way toward suggesting how fantastically complicated and creative the energies at work in organic molecular processes are. The development of such work may—Chomsky is saying that it must—lead to some understanding of the "anatomy" of innate deep structures and linguistic generation.

In a simplified, obviously abbreviated form, these are the theories Professor Chomsky has put forward over the last twelve years. No one since the great French-Swiss linguist Saussure, in the early part of the century, and I. A. Richards, in the nineteen-thirties, has had more impact on the study of language or done more to suggest that linguistics is indeed a central discipline in the understanding of mind and behavior. But this does not mean that Chomsky's views have been universally accepted. They have been sharply queried by other linguists, and there are now signs that the Chomskian wave may be receding. That such a recession might occur at a moment when Chomsky's ideas are receiving their widest public and "journalistic" echo would be a coincidence common in the history of science and of ideas.

A good deal of the controversy in the profession is of an extremely technical nature. It involves differences of approach in regard to combinatorial logic, mathematical psychology, and semantics which are scarcely accessible to the layman. Nevertheless, a number of salient doubts can be made out. These are stated with great penetration by Professor Charles F. Hockett, of Cornell, in "The State of the Art" (Mouton, 1968). Hockett rejects the whole Chomskian model of the generation of grammatical sentences from hidden finite sets and rules. Chomsky's

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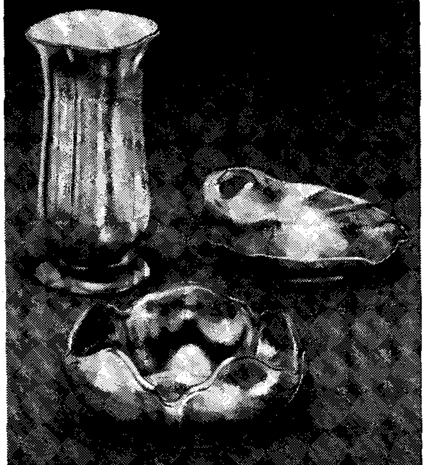

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picture of language, says Hockett, is absurdly over-abstract; it is a fiction patterned not on real human speech but on the artificial propositions and tautologies of formal logic. Hockett's way of putting this decisive point is arduous but unmistakable: A mathematical linguistics on Chomskian lines is an absurdity because human speech is not a "well-defined subset of the set of all finite strings over a well-defined alphabet." In simpler terms: When we deal with human speech we are not dealing with a rigorously definable, closed system all of whose variants can be derived from a single set or cluster of unchanging elements; we are not looking at the periodic table of chemical elements all of whose structures and atomic weights can be reduced to combinations of certain primal, strictly defined units. Chomsky's transformational grammar fails to account for the vital, fascinating ability of human speakers not only to know how to string words together to form a sentence but to know when and how to stop. This is one of those apparently obvious but deep points on which the cogency of a theory of language may well depend. Let me make it as plain as I can. "One plus one equals two" is a completely acceptable English sentence. "One plus one plus one equals three" is already faintly awkward and almost implies a didactic or special context. "One plus one plus one plus one equals four" is intolerable, and so will be all further sentences built on the same pattern. Yet formally all such sentences are transformations of the first by virtue, presumably, of the "additive rule" somehow established in the passage from deep to surface structure. According to Chomsky's theory, nothing is *grammatically* wrong with a string of "one"s connected by "and"s or "plus"es, or, as Professor Victor Yngve, of the University of Chicago, has pointed out, with other, more complex sentences that are incomprehensible. Yet we know, and know at an early, precise point, that we are no longer speaking acceptable English, that we are at best aping a computer language. What gives us this definite but extraordinarily subtle, perhaps "musical," knowledge?

There is no genuine evidence, argues Hockett, for anything like the deep structures that Chomsky postulates. There is, on the contrary, plenty of evidence that different languages handle the world in very different ways and that all languages have in them "sources of openness" that Chomsky ignores. His fundamental error, urges

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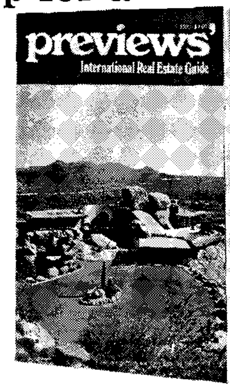

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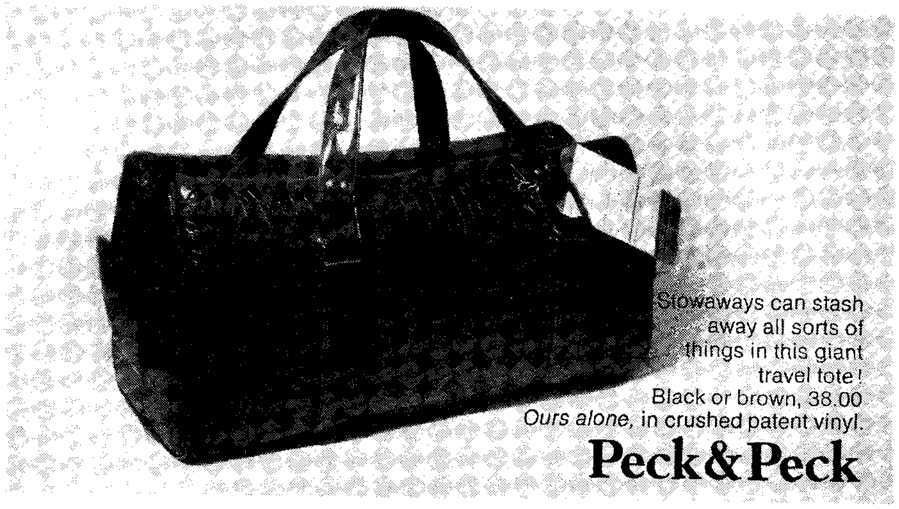
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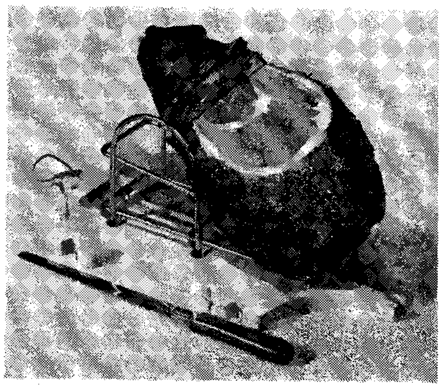

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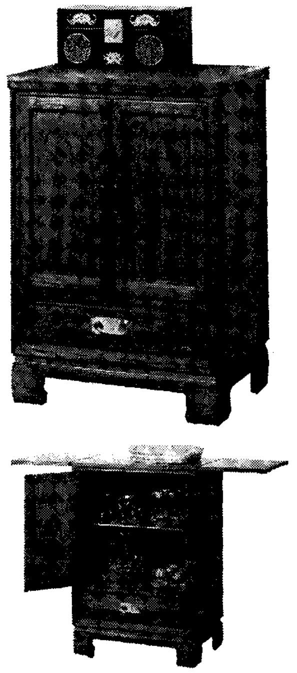

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Hockett, is the belief that a study of semantics can ever be separated from a study of the actual grammar and lexicon of the relevant language or family of languages. By patient comparison of languages as they are in fact spoken, and by careful induction, we may come to discover "cross-language generalizations." Joseph H. Greenberg's "Universals of Language," published in 1962, and comparative analyses of Southwest American Indian languages, now in progress, are steps in the proper direction. The empirically located and verified common traits or language habits that emerge from this kind of ethnolinguistic study may have nothing to do with universal deep structures. A universal grammar in Chomsky's sense is, according to Hockett, a pipe dream. It is not universal kernel sentences and transformational rules but a manifold context of specific political history and social sensibility that makes a man "stand" for office in English English and "run" for it in American.

Hockett's charge that Chomsky leaves out the spontaneous, altering genius of actual speech touches on a larger philosophic dissent. This is well put by Dr. Yorick Wilks in a recent review of "Language and Mind." Dr. Wilks, it may be worth noting, is a sometime associate of the Cambridge Language Research Unit, a group whose philosophic approach to linguistics may be more searching than Chomsky's and whose "thesaurus method" attempts to deal with units of speech more complex and realistic than those usually cited in generative grammar. Wilks suggests that despite all its acerbity and conviction Chomsky's quarrel with Skinner is quite spurious. The dispute is not between a mechanistic model and a free or idealistic vision of the production of human speech but "between two alternative mechanistic theories: Skinner's the simple one, and Chomsky's the more complicated." In the terms I have been using, the quarrel would be between a model based on an old-fashioned adding machine and one founded on a super-computer. Wilks then argues, in a subtle and incisive critique, that the kind of mechanistic scheme devised by the behaviorists would, if sufficiently refined, produce the types of basic sentences and transformations posited by Chomskian grammar. That is—and this is a penetrating observation—the language picture postulated by Chomsky does not depend necessarily or uniquely on the theory of generation from deep structures. What were called "finite-state" and "phrase-structure" rules of gram-

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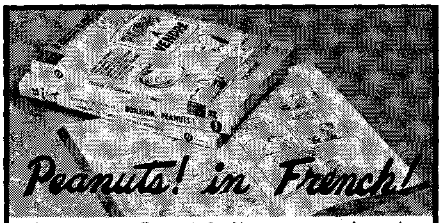

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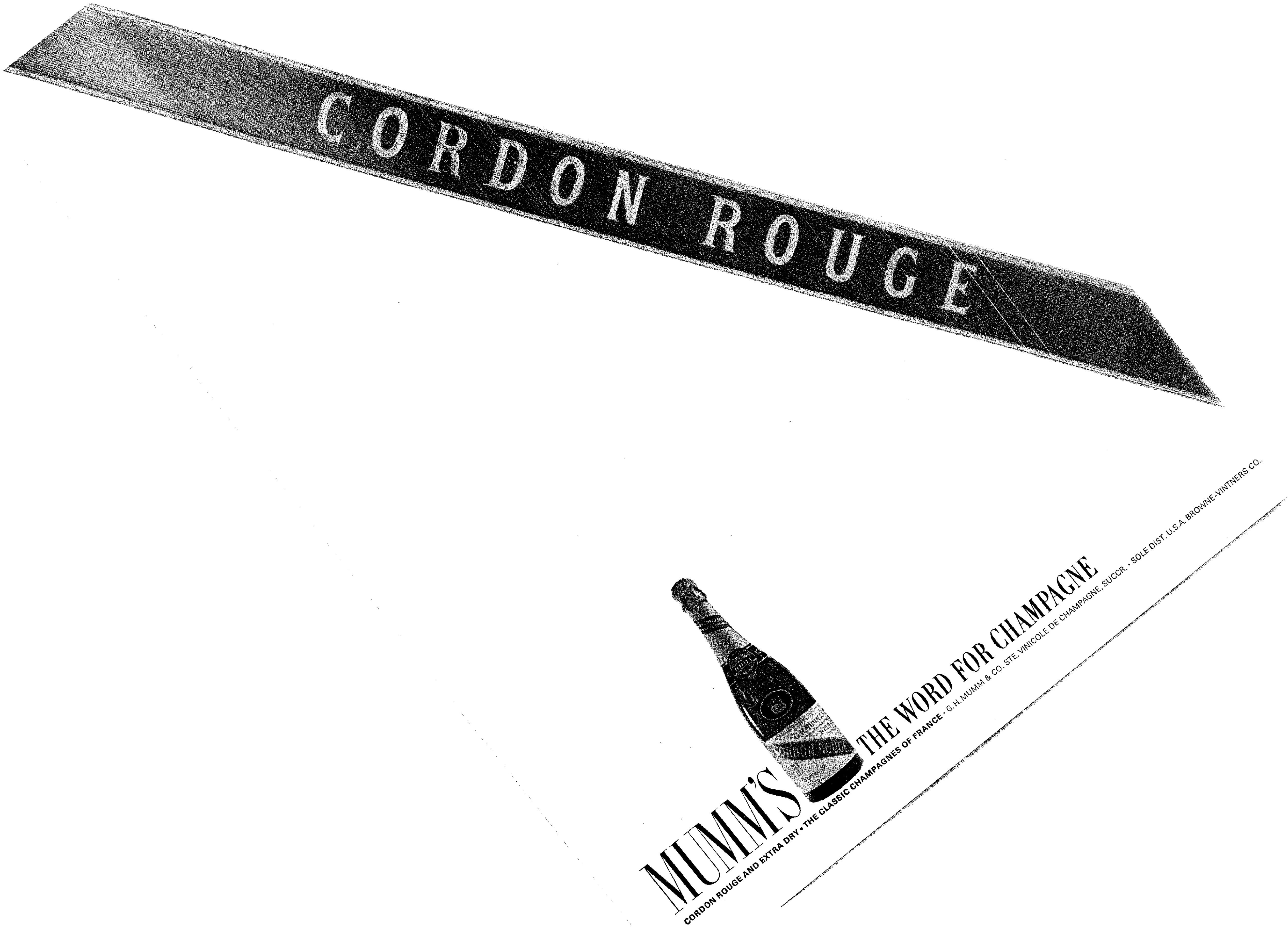

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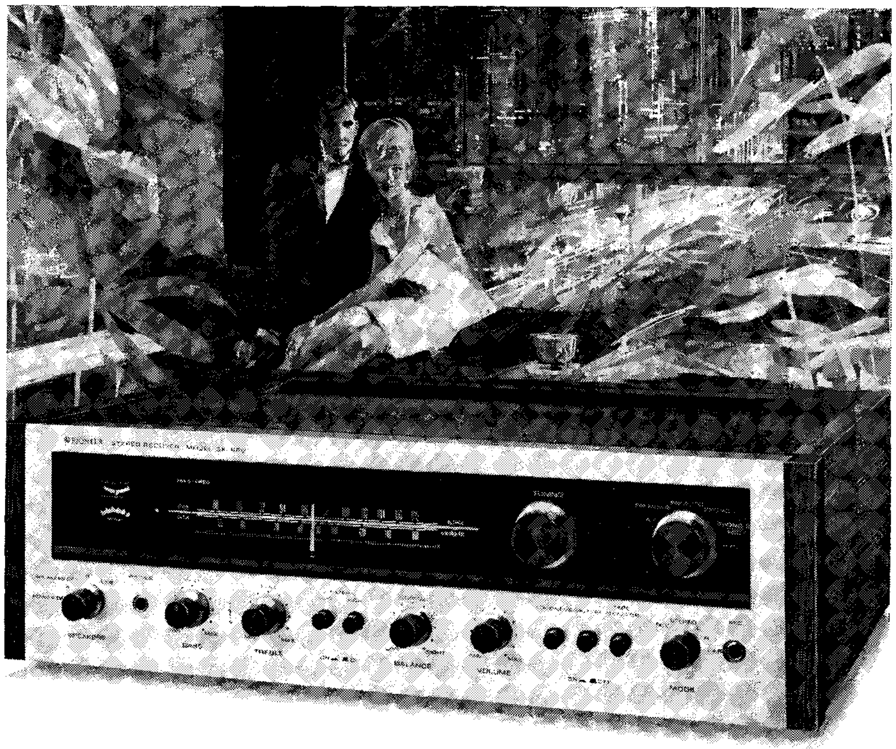
mar could also do the job: "If anyone came in and watched the two machines chugging away, he could never tell that they had been programmed with quite different rules."

How can we ever hope to look "inside the machine" (an image as Cartesian as it is Chomskian)? Chomsky's "innate structures," says Dr. Wilks, may well represent a "retreat from the facts," a refusal to submit his formal design to any possibility of experimental investigation. How can we expect to find out *what* is innate in the mind? "We can't look; external behavior is no guide at all, and, of course, it's no help to ask what people think." In view of this impenetrability of "innate presettings," it is a very odd step, suggests Wilks, to pass from categories of grammatical description that may be "natural" and "deep" in Western languages to the assertion that there are universal mental patterns underlying *all* languages. Classical Chinese (and what other evidence have we?) seems to have no need of our noun-and-verb structure. How, then, can we assign to it innate grammatical properties obviously patterned on our own habits of syntax? Chomsky may, almost inadvertently, be tending toward a mechanistic doctrine of his own, all the more disturbing in that it would be culturally as well as formally deterministic. Though Wilks does not make the point, the radical humanism of Chomsky's politics would render such a position deeply ironic.

Dr. Wilks' point about Chinese relates immediately to my own main difficulties in regard to Chomsky's theory of language. Some four thousand languages are in current use on our crowded planet. There are numerous territories in Africa, Asia, and Latin America (not to mention corners of Switzerland) that are splintered by distinct, mutually incomprehensible tongues, though these territories are uniform in climate, way of life, and economic needs. These four thousand languages, moreover, are almost certainly the remnants of an even greater number. So-called rare languages disappear every year from active usage and the recollection of aged or isolated informants. This proliferation of human idiom is an immensely exciting but also scandalous fact. Few linguists since Wilhelm von Humboldt, in the early decades of the nineteenth century, have thought hard enough about its enigmatic implications. Today, the professional divisions between formal, mathematical linguistics (if such really exists), on the one hand, and the com-



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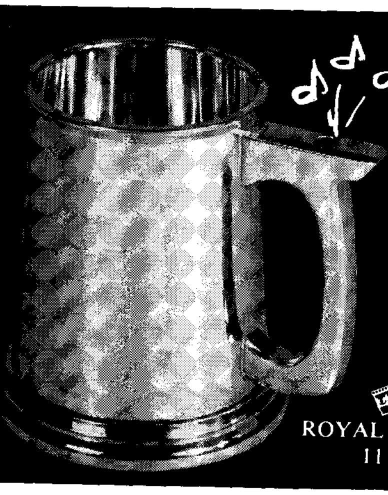

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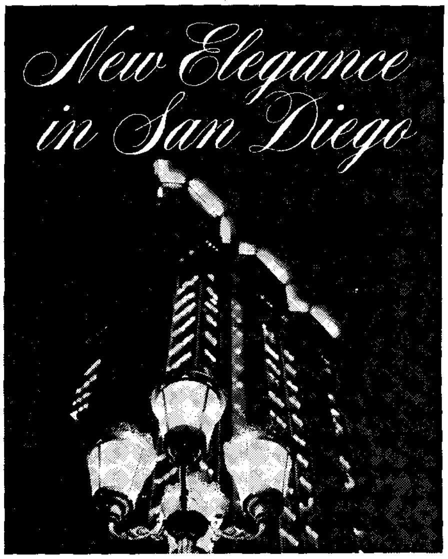
parative and anthropological study of actual languages, on the other, have further blurred the issue. I myself am unable to consider intellectually satisfactory or adequate to the truth any model or formula of human verbal behavior that does not in some way account for this fantastic multiplicity. Why four thousand or more languages? Why, by a factor of a thousand, more languages than, say, there are human races or blood types? No Darwinian analogy of variation through natural selection and adaptation will do. The vast variety of fauna and flora represents a wonder of specific adjustment to local conditions and to the requirements of competitive survival. The contrary is true of the proliferation of neighboring tongues. That proliferation has been one of the most evident and intractable barriers to human collaboration and economic progress. It has left major areas of human habitation internally riven and largely isolated from history. Many cultures that have come to stagnation or ruin may have been linguistic dropouts—which is not to say that we have any solid evidence that one language is better suited than another to the realization of individual or social achievement. We know of no people that does not have in its mythology some variant on the story of the Tower of Babel. This is eloquent proof of men's bewilderment in the face of the multiplicity of tongues that has set between them constant walls of seeming gibberish and silence. Translation is not a victory but a perpetual, often baffling necessity.

To my mind, it is now the main job of linguistics, working with anthropology and ethnography, to get our actual language condition into clear focus. (We do not even have a truly exhaustive language atlas as yet.) We must learn to ask the right questions about the deeply puzzling phenomenon of linguistic diversity. There *are* clues. But they do not, I think, point in Chomsky's direction.

The fundamental matter of language proliferation hardly turns up in the theory of generative and transformational grammar. A cryptic remark occurs toward the close of "Language and Mind": "The empirical study of linguistic universals has led to the formulation of highly restrictive and, I believe, quite plausible hypotheses concerning the possible variety of human languages." First of all, it is a moot point whether this is so. The preliminary investigation of what certain linguists provisionally assume to be syntactic universals has until now been



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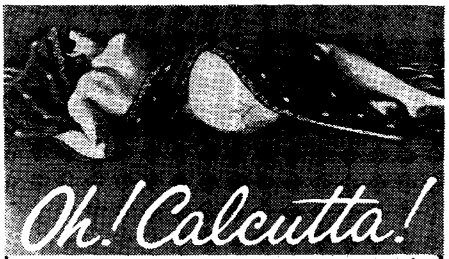
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limited to but a few languages, and the results obtained have been at an almost intangible level of generality (i.e., "in all known languages there are verbs or parts of speech that indicate action"). But let us suppose that the kind of empirical study that Greenberg, Hockett, and others are pursuing does in fact produce verifiable "cross-language generalizations." These would not necessarily support Chomsky's theory of universal grammar and innate deep structures. The point is crucial and must be put carefully.

Chomsky postulates "innate presettings" deeply embedded or imprinted in the human mind. They "must simply be a biological property." Now, such settings *could* lead to the production, through transformational rules, of thousands of human languages. They could, but there is absolutely no obvious reason for them to do so. On the contrary: given a scheme of kernel sentences and functional rules, complex but certainly finite, we would expect the generation of a very restricted, clearly interrelated number of human tongues. What we *should* find, if the Chomskian theory of innate biological universals is true, is the order of diversity shown by human pigmentation and bone structure. The degree of variety here is totally different, both qualitatively and quantitatively, from that which we find in language. Let me go further: The linguistics of Noam Chomsky *could* account, and could account with beautiful economy and depth, for a world in which men would all be speaking *one* language, diversified at most by a moderate range of dialects. The fact that generative and transformational grammar would be beautifully concordant with such a result, that such a result is in some manner both natural and obvious to Chomsky's postulates, seems to me to cast serious doubts on the whole model. Like the great language mystics, who extend from Nicholas of Cusa to Jakob Böhme, Chomsky often seems to conjure up the radiant fiction of that single tongue spoken by Adam and his sons but forever lost and pulverized at Babel. In short, key features of the Chomskian language revolution appear to go against the grain of the linguistic situation in which the human race actually finds itself and in which it has existed as far as history and conjecture can reach back.

The controversies initiated by Chomsky's own polemics against behaviorism are only in their early phase. It may be that the arguments urged against universal grammar will be met and that

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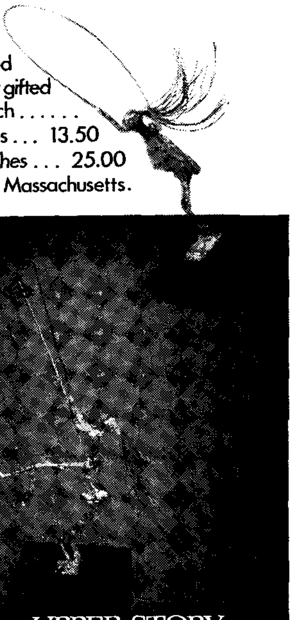

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the notion of deep structures will acquire better philosophic or physiological support. Recently, claims have been put forward suggesting that children between the ages of eighteen months and two years formulate sentences in a way that exhibits deep structures not yet overlaid by any particular language. Notably, it has been claimed that there are Chomskian analogues in the way in which Russian and Japanese children acquire their respective languages. I wonder. But, obviously, time and investigation will tell. One thing is clear: Chomsky is an exhilarating thinker, possessed, as was Spinoza before him, by a passionate appetite for unity, for complete logic and explanation. There is a strong streak of monism in Chomsky's desire to get to the root of things, be they political or linguistic. But it might be, to advance a cautionary platitude, that neither politics nor language is quite like that. Unreason and the obstinate disorder of particular facts may prove resistant to the claims of either political justice or formal logic. It is part of the stature of Chomsky's work that the issues of disagreement raised by it are basic. To me, man looks a queerer, more diverse beast than Chomsky would have him. And Nimrod's tower lies broken still. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A SEA CHANGE, by J. R. Salamanca (Knopf). Michael Pritchard, forty-one years old, a scholar who is devoted to his work in the Library of Congress, takes a three-month holiday at Cap Ferrat in the hope of salvaging his marriage, which is thirteen years old and has been heading into the doldrums for a long time. Michael and his wife, Margaret, are bored with each other, but while he is resigned to the boredom, she is determined to dissect it. The marriage is childless, and Margaret hopes to dispel her sense of being wasted in a "long discussion" that will dramatize her role in life, first by compelling her husband to give her his complete, *anxious* attention, and, second, by giving her the chance to act out and analyze all the parts, or personalities, she feels struggling for expression inside her small, aching mind. Michael is a bit lazy for all this emotional exercise, and, besides, he likes the comfortable, attractive life they have built up for themselves. Margaret suits him very well as a wife, especially since he has begun to be unfaithful to her. His first

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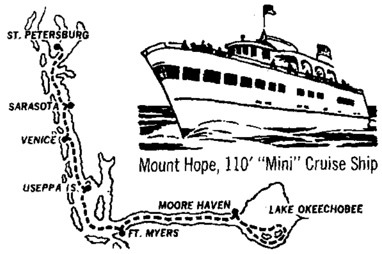

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affair, in Slagheap, Pennsylvania, was with a beautiful and surpassingly responsive art student of twenty-three named Hilda. The second affair, which takes place all over Cap Ferrat, is with a surpassingly responsive British actress of twenty-one who has a magical face and, like Hilda, a salaciously impertinent manner with older men. Both young ladies are talented artists, and poor Margaret has only her good looks, which have been subdued by familiarity; her fine spiritual quality; her touching lack of confidence in herself as a woman; and the part-time welfare job that is waiting for her at home in Washington. The story is told in the form of a reminiscence written by Michael as he sits alone in his Georgetown house waiting for Margaret to telephone him or send him a letter, or maybe even come back home to stay. He has been *waiting* for three years, going to work every day and keeping the house open. He has adopted a cat. This is a long and not convincing book. Mr. Salamanca's style is so luxurious and dreamy, and so colored with tender regret, that his work is more a fantasy of lovely, elusive women than the story of two perfectly real flesh-and-blood individuals of willful nature who are man and wife forever, in spite of the separation achieved by distance and the passage of time.

GENERAL

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, edited by Lucien Goldschmidt and Herbert Schimmel, translated by Edward B. Garside (Phaidon). More than two hundred letters written by Lautrec between 1871, when he was six and a half, and 1901, the last year of his life. They show the painter in an entirely new light. Most of them are to his mother, with whom he had a very close relationship, and many others are to members of his large family—remembering their name days, asking about the well-being of their pets, sending regards to their grooms and maids, and so on. He was very affectionate, and most of the time he was enthusiastic—about art school, about his new friends in Paris, about places he visited and the food and drink he enjoyed, about the success he was beginning to have by the early nineties as a painter, draftsman, and poster designer. Never does he open a window on what

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must have quite often been a tortured existence, and there is nothing at all to suggest the satanic and prurient little monster that some writers have tried to make of him. Some of the letters prove that Lautrec's relationship with his father was a warm and loving one—contrary to much that has been written—and a batch of letters written by the Countess Lautrec's maid, Berthe, who took care of Henri in Paris in the bad period just before he was committed to the asylum in Neuilly, should correct some of the accounts of his penultimate illness and folly: it was not all that melodramatic, it was just sad. The editing and annotating of this correspondence have been very ably done, and the original French versions of the letters are printed at the end of the book, which is helpful. Illustrations. Ten dollars.

THE AVENUE OF THE PRESIDENTS, by Mary Cable (Houghton Mifflin). Washington, Jefferson, and Pierre L'Enfant envisioned Pennsylvania Avenue between the White House and the Capitol as the nation's grandest boulevard, but it became instead a higgledy-piggledy, styleless commercial street. It has, as Mrs. Cable tells us, served as the scene of great American ceremonial march-pasts, but the moment the bunting comes down it returns to its disappointing everyday self, because Congress has not cared to spend money to beautify a city where no constituents live. Right now, though, a committee headed by the architect Nathaniel Owings has a plan, and the chances look good for a planted, zoned, permanent upgrading of the country's main Main Street. Mrs. Cable's cheerfully written history is decorated with lots of engaging anecdotes and plenty of excellent illustrations. Ten dollars.

NOTE: McGraw-Hill has published "Casualties of War," by Daniel Lang, an account of the ordeal of a young American soldier who was an eyewitness to the rape and murder of a Vietnamese girl by four men in his patrol. The whole report originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DIVIDE BY SEVEN, by Robert Chambers (Bobbs-Merrill). A real New York murder story, but with the touch of romance (evil romance) that heightens the atmosphere and makes the realism more real, and certainly more true, than it could

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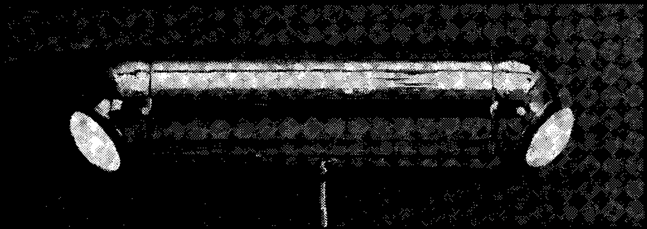

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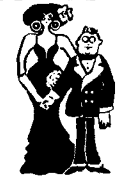

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ever be if Mr. Chambers kept things altogether down-to-earth. Trafficking in drugs in New York City is what the book is soaked in, but the people—each one a skillfully sketched character—move freely about, showing their individual colors in the kind of deliberate, feverish action, with gathering suspense, that makes a crime story entirely readable. The story begins in an exquisitely swanky town house on Beekman Place, where an ex-confidence man lives the life of a wealthy dandy, and it ends in a dismal First Avenue restaurant not far from the Ninth Precinct station house. Hank Moody, Detective Second Grade, doesn't look or talk much like a hero, but that's what he is.

HANGING BY A THREAD, edited by Joan Kahn (Houghton Mifflin). Another midnight reader by the connoisseur who gave us a year or two ago the aptly titled "The Edge of the Chair." It contains, like its predecessor, both fact and fiction, and it is similarly distinguished by a serene indifference to fashion. Indeed, only a handful of its thirty-six contributors are alive: Alan Paton, John D. MacDonald, E. V. Knox, Thor Heyerdahl, Helen Eustis, Roald Dahl, Jorge Luis Borges, and Algis Budrys. Miss Kahn's criteria, as before, would seem to be excellence and durability, and she has included with equal aplomb the unforgettable (Stephen Crane's "The Blue Hotel") and the inexplicably forgotten ("The Haunted and the Haunters," by Edward Bulwer-Lytton). She also includes a foreword, in verse, by Ogden Nash and an introduction by Eudora Welty.

•

Under Executive Order 11222 approved by the President on May 8, 1965, "Prescribing Standards of Ethical Conduct for Government Officers and Employees," it is required that a new conflict of interest be made annually.—*Communication from the Department of Transportation, Federal Aviation Administration.*

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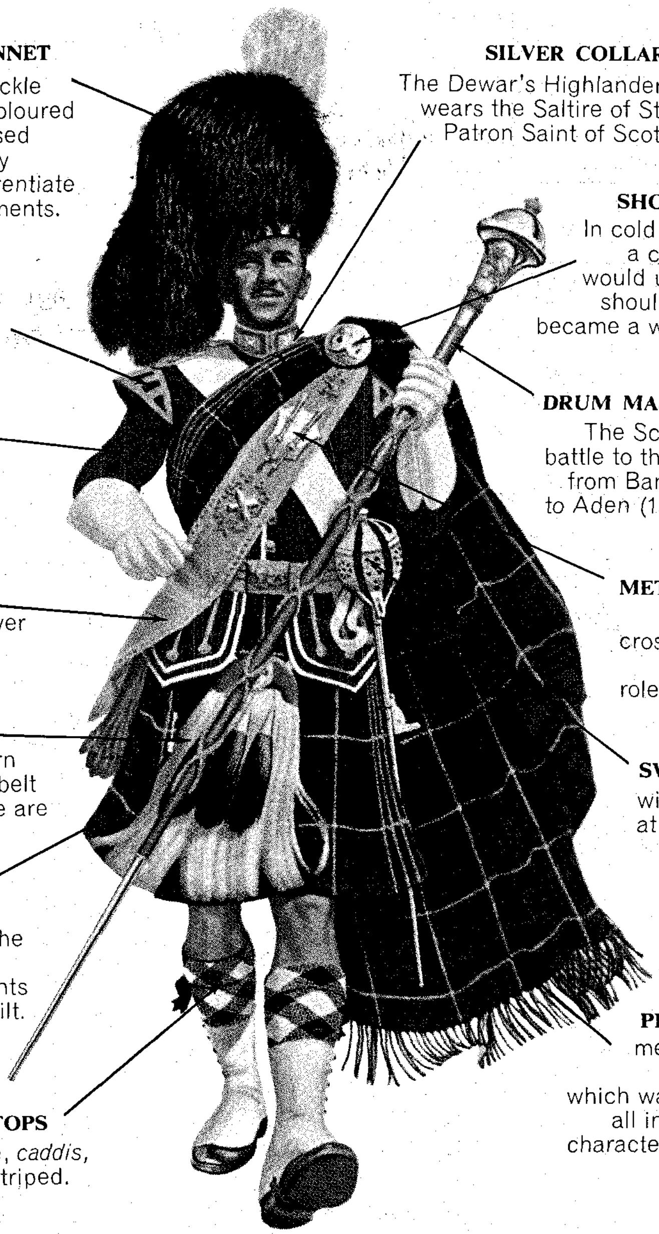

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